The Outlook

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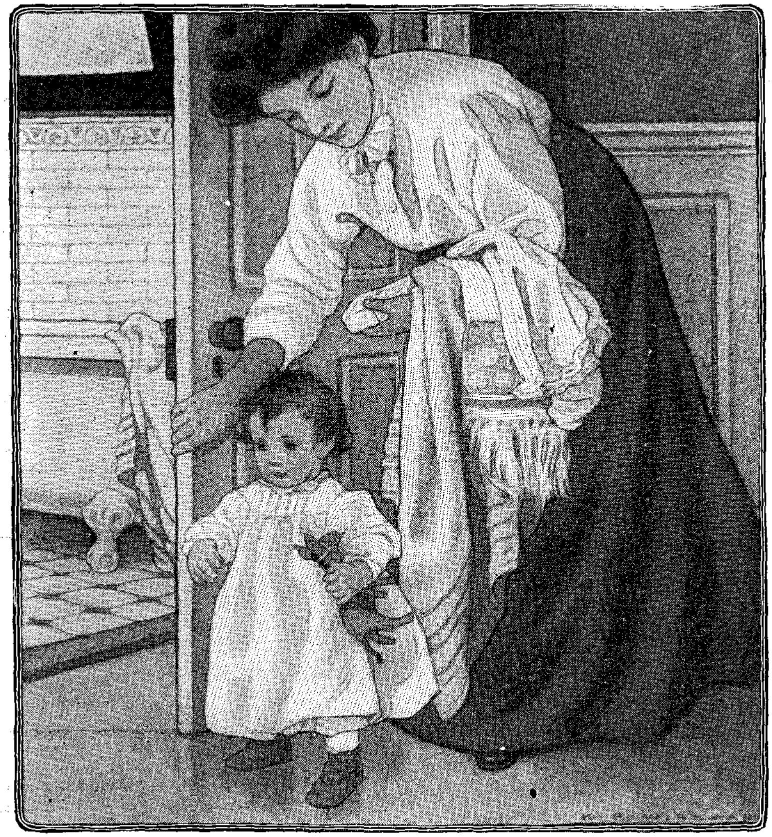

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The Outlook

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The Renomination of Governor Hughes

The renomination of Charles E. Hughes for Governor of New York at Saratoga last week was an impressive demonstration of the power of public opinion. On its face the nomination was made by a united party. Governor Hughes received the votes of 827 out of 1,005 delegates, while an irreconcilable minority of 151 voted defiantly for the Speaker of the Assembly, James W. Wadsworth, Jr., and a negligible group from one small interior section of the State gave 31 votes to a favorite son, John K. Stewart. It seemed unfortunate for the Speaker that his name was presented to the Convention not so much on his own merits as with the intention of rebuking Governor Hughes and discrediting his administration. The young man who made the nominating speech began with the assertion that the Convention had met to "nominate a Republican," with the too evident implication that the present Governor has no claim to that title. He proceeded to set forth the view that the Governor's "irregularity" was such as to make him unworthy of consideration by a party gathering. The seconding speech was made by William Barnes, Jr., the boss of Albany County, whose opposition to the race-track gambling bills was of a kind to disgust all lovers of law and order. His speech was a sarcastic and bitter attack upon Governor Hughes, but its reception by his hearers showed that it had little sympathy among the audience, however it might express the feelings of some of the less decent factions of the party. The contrast between his conception of party government and the ideals of Mr. Hughes is aptly illustrated by comparing a sentence in his speech, "We don't want a man who is bigger than his party," with a quotation from the Governor, "He best serves his party who best serves his State." Although the overwhelming majority on the first ballot seemed to indicate a harmonious Convention, an inside view of the situation showed three distinct elements at work: a strong public demand for the Governor's renomination, represented at Saratoga by a body of delegates of indeterminate size, variously estimated by the Governor's foes and friends to constitute from a small minority of the Convention to a clear majority; a strong and somewhat bitter feeling on the part of most of the local party leaders and their subordinate party workers that the Governor has had too little sympathy with the party organization and has too much subordinated party interests to other considerations to make a satisfactory party candidate; and the conviction on the part of President Roosevelt, both as a leading member of the Republican party in New York and as the National leader of the party, that the renomination of the Governor was necessary both for the public interest and for Republican success locally and throughout the country. The strategic weakness of the position of the party leaders lay in the fact that they had no strong candidate to present in opposition to Governor Hughes. Each local leader and his followers had a candidate, but no two, to say nothing of all, could unite on any one man. In addition, none of their candidates was of large enough stature to fill the gap which would be left by the elimination of Mr. Hughes. For weeks before the Convention the leaders had busied themselves in the attempt to crystallize the opposition. In the three days at Saratoga their efforts became almost frantic. They chafed against the pressure of public opinion, and seemed to be hoping that some miracle would happen which would give them a man large enough to placate the

Hughes supporters and sufficiently unlike Mr. Hughes to satisfy themselves. In their perplexity they turned to Mr. Root, who was present as the Chairman of the Convention, but his loyalty to the President, if nothing else, prevented him from even considering the suggestion. Unable to discover any satisfactory alternative, the leaders, with the exception of the friends of Mr. Wadsworth and some of the most violent of the Governor's enemies, consented to follow the President's advice and help to nominate Mr. Hughes. Whether he could have been nominated without their assistance must remain an unsolved problem; no satisfactory estimate of his strength on a final ballot under those conditions can be made. Certainly the President's influence with the organization forces was responsible for many of the votes which made up the Governor's great majority.

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A Nomination by Public Opinion

In the last analysis the President's intervention was the outcome of public opinion. His advice cannot, at least, be ascribed to personal favoritism or partisanship. He seems to have realized, as the sectional leaders in New York, blinded by their own antagonism to the Governor's methods, could not or would not, that the best sentiment of the State demanded Mr. Hughes's renomination, and that the popular approval of the Hughes administration in many other parts of the country was a Republican asset not to be lightly sacrificed. The renomination was a triumph of public opinion, and not less a personal triumph for Mr. Hughes. In all his administration he has steadfastly refused to build up a personal machine. His only act looking toward a renomination has been to announce that he would accept the nomination if it were offered him. At Saratoga he had no headquarters, no one was authorized to speak for him, no one was influenced by him to work in his behalf. For the second time the office has sought the man. Both times, it is true, the influence of the President has been a strong factor in directing the seeking, but only because the Republican party in New York has no other leader with clearness of vision and breadth of mind to perceive the strength which Mr. Hughes would add to the party cause. The history of the Saratoga Convention is an argument for the system of direct nominations. Surely the party leaders who for three days conferred and temporized in their effort to avoid doing what the people wanted did not represent the party. If the nomination had been made at direct primaries, the Governor, we believe, would have been named overwhelmingly. When the delegate system threatens to thwart the popular will, it needs radical modification. It is a danger of party government that party workers tend to make the organization an end in itself instead of a means toward public service, and that the "leader," wisely guiding and faithfully expressing public opinion, tends to become the "boss," representing private interests and personal ambitions. This danger the direct primary helps to avert. It holds leaders and workers to more rigid responsibility, and reduces their opportunities for arbitrary and selfish action. Direct nominations, in connection with the Massachusetts form of ballot, have been one of the most important items in Governor Hughes's programme during his first administration. We hope, in spite of the fact that the platform adopted at Saratoga indirectly opposes the one and declares flatly against the other, that he will not give up his fight for these admirable measures.

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The Democratic Nominations in New York

On the day after the Saratoga Convention the New York Democrats met at Rochester to select their State ticket. The long-standing conflict between Mr. Charles Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, and Senator Patrick McCarren, the leader in Brooklyn, threatened for a time to inject discord into the proceedings of the Convention. But, at the request of Mr. Bryan, it is said, the two warring factions were brought together in at least outward harmony. The nominations for all the places on the ticket, with the exception of one, were made by acclamation. In the nomination for State Engineer the Murphy-McCarren quarrel again raised its head for a moment, but the McCarren forces were not strong enough to accomplish anything by their protest. For Governor, Mr. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the State, was the unanimous nominee of the Convention. The present Secretary of State, Comptroller, and State Treasurer were also put forward for another term, each in the office which he now occupies. Mr. Chanler during his two years as Lieutenant-Governor has made an admirable record, not so much by what he has done (for the Lieutenant-Governor, like the Vice-President, has little opportunity for positive action) as by his general attitude toward public affairs, and especially toward the work of Governor Hughes. He has often expressed frankly and generously his admiration for Mr. Hughes and his belief in the work which he was trying to do. In a speech at a county fair last year, after speaking in appreciative language of Mr. Hughes, he said: "To those who think it strange that I, as a Democrat, speak thus of a Republican, I must remind them that we are Americans first and partisans afterward. If we, as Americans, are going to help our country, State, and party, we cannot do better than give respect and honor to whom it is due, without respect to party." The wisdom of the New York Democrats in naming to oppose Mr. Hughes a man of so admirable a character and so clean a record as Mr. Chanler, and in associating with him so excellent a ticket, gives assurance that the campaign will be waged on a high plane. Mr. Chanler, though he is young and without practical administrative experience, would probably make a good Governor. But we should consider it a misfortune to have the great work for popular government, and against domination by the bosses and exploitation of the people by corporations, which Governor Hughes has begun, interrupted by the election of another to succeed him at this time. The danger that the work so well begun would not be carried on if the Democrats were successful is emphasized by the attacks upon the Governor in the Democratic platform. It says: "The promises of reform on which the present Governor was elected have not been kept. We point as proof of this fact to the expenditures of 1907 . . . we charge him with responsibility for this waste, and with giving his time and attention to the pursuit of spectacular methods and self-advertising issues, rather than to the work of reforming and retrenching. . . . In the two Public Service Commissions which have been brought into existence at his suggestion and dictation, he has created office-holders who have woefully failed to better the condition of affairs confided to their charge. . . . We denounce the system which has come into vogue under Republican rule, of governing the State by commissions, a system never contemplated by the Constitution, which has gradually taken from the constitutional officials of the State the power which should be wielded by them and not delegated to irresponsible appointees. . . . The Democratic party wants less noise, less legislation on new and untried lines and of doubtful constitutionality, and less interference with personal and economical liberty."

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Mr. Taft on the Negro Question

Mr Taft's address to the members of the African Methodist Episcopal Conference in Cincinnati reaffirms, with one exception, the principles which he had before affirmed in public addresses. The one exception was his declaration that he had not always been in favor of higher education for members of the negro race, but, after full consideration of the needs of the race, was convinced that this was an error. This was said in an address in which he expressed sympathy with the negroes in their struggle for better things (a sympathy inherited from his father, Alphonso Taft), declared his belief that agriculture furnishes the most hopeful field for its advancement, and that, primarily, an industrial training is the form of education on which the greatest emphasis should be placed. He truly declared that it was by industrial prosperity that the negro would most speedily get his civil and political rights. "Prejudice against the race fades away most rapidly when there are pecuniary reasons for its disappearance." He condemned in vigorous language lynching in all its forms, nor less vigorously those who "in their discussions of the negro question used language calculated to arouse in the ignorant a deep contempt for the negro race and an altogether unfriendly attitude toward it." But he believes sincerely that throughout the South a better feeling is growing up, that the negro should be of good cheer, that he has good reason to believe that he can win his way in the community by industry and thrift. Briefly, we might characterize this speech by saying that it takes the Booker T. Washington attitude, and will appeal to those members of the race who have accepted Dr. Washington as a representative and a leader. We hardly need say to our readers that it expresses the views which have long been held by The Outlook.

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The Election in Maine A fair comparison of the result of the State election in Maine last week should be made, not with the figures in the State election of 1904, but with those for the State election in 1906. The reason is perfectly obvious and incontestable. In 1904 there was no local issue of paramount importance, while in 1906 the condition was almost exactly that of the present year; that is to say, the campaign was fought chiefly upon the question of resubmitting to the popular vote the Maine prohibitory law. It is indeed remarkable how closely the comments made by The Outlook in its issue of September 22, 1906, correspond with those called for in this issue of September 26, 1908. Now, as then, the Republican Governor was elected by greatly reduced votes; now, as then, this majority was in the neighborhood of eight thousand; now, as then, the large cities of the State cast a heavy vote for the Democratic candidate; now, as then, the country districts, which, as The Outlook in 1906 remarked, do not suffer as do the cities from the open violation of the prohibitory law, saved the Republican candidate from defeat; now, as then, the Sturgis Law has increased the opposition to prohibition because it has made it more of a reality than it had been before. It is perfectly natural in a Presidential campaign that the figures of a preceding State election should be utilized as campaign material by party papers and party managers, but to any fair-minded man acquainted with the situation it is apparent that the Maine election furnishes small material for prediction as to the result this autumn and has little or no National bearing. Practically, National issues did not enter into the question at all; the Republican speakers from outside the State were few, and the campaign, so far as National issues go, inert; on the other hand, the Democratic campaign was active and hotly pressed, but it was waged on the resubmission issue. The result was a very large vote (the largest, we believe, since 1880), a slight decrease in the Republican vote for Governor as compared with that of 1904, and a large increase of the Democratic vote for Governor—something like fifteen thousand. The personal popularity of Mr. Gardner, the Democratic candidate, among the farmers of the State was also an element in the large vote of his party. The majorities for the Republican Congressmen were relatively higher than that for Governor. The constitutional amendment for an optional referendum and a direct initiative by petition was carried. The one conclusion that can safely be drawn from the Maine election is that a large number of the voters continue to feel that the present prohibition law, whatever may be said of the principle of prohibition generally, is not suited to the needs and life of a community containing large cities, but that this feeling has not yet gained the support of an absolute majority of the voters or overcome the traditional position of those rural voters who do not see the unsatisfactory working of the law in the large cities.

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The Law's Delays At the August meeting of the American Bar Association a report was submitted by a special committee, which had been appointed to suggest remedies and frame a law to prevent delays and unnecessary litigation. We have waited until we could get authoritative information as to the action taken on this report by the Association before commenting upon it. One recommendation referring to procedure on trial was referred back to the committee; rather, however, on a question of form than on one of substance. The rest of the report was adopted by a vote of 62 to 18. The action is the more significant because there was an elaborate and, we may add, able minority report signed by one member of the committee. The public, therefore, have the assurance that neither the action of the committee nor of the Association was that kind of formal action which sometimes slips through such an Association, either because no one cares to discuss it or because the views are expressed in such general terms that no one can well object to them. The report of the majority of the committee, and the action of the Association, abundantly confirm the position which The Outlook has taken in the last two years, both editorially and through correspondence, upon this subject, and to these articles reference is made by the committee in its report. The evils which the committee suggests as requiring correction may be summarized as follows: (1) "On appeal, the question too often is solely, Has reversible error been committed in the court below? In our judgment, the rule for deciding appeals and writs of error should be this: Was the judgment of the court below right, upon the merits, as the case appears upon the record? If not, what judgment ought to be rendered upon the merits?" This evil, as we have heretofore pointed out, makes the appellate court try, not the question, Which of the two parties is justly entitled to the judgment of the court? but, What technical legal skill did the trial judge display? The committee recommend that, the facts being settled by the verdict, the appellate court should have and should exercise the power it had at common law, to render final judgment upon the facts without the necessity of ordering a new trial. (2) In the trial proceedings "questions of law, fundamental to the right of action or defense, are debated on the trial often in the presence of the jury. The trial is thus protracted, and the impression of the evidence is blurred." The committee would have such fundamental questions of law reserved for the decision of the appellate court after verdict rendered. (3) Under our practice of granting an unrestricted right to appeal in criminal cases, appeals are constantly made solely for delay, and the punishment of notorious criminals is consequently postponed, in violation of justice. This is especially flagrant in appeals to the Supreme Court of the United States from the decisions of the higher courts of criminal jurisdiction in different States. The committee would allow no such appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States unless a judge of that Court certify that there is probable cause to believe that the defendant was unjustly convicted. The committee points out effectively how these delays of justice have incited to lynching: "The innocent suffer. The guilty escape." It also points out that the evil is not modern. It is referred to by one of the Hebrew wise men in the proverb, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." The committee would allow the appellate court in all cases to dismiss the appeal if they consider that no substantial miscarriage of justice has occurred, and, if they think a different sentence should have been passed, to pass such other sentence as in their judgment is warranted by the law and the facts. The committee propose a bill to regulate the procedure of the different courts of the United States in accordance with these recommendations. We hope that Congress may be induced to take this matter up at an early date and that the excessive conservatism which has heretofore controlled the Judiciary Committee in the House may not operate to prevent these much-needed reforms. The example once set by the United States Government, it may be hoped, will be followed by the different States.

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Ethics of the Legal Profession

The Association also adopted the code of professional ethics recommended by another special committee, with one slight modification, verbal rather than substantial, respecting contingent fees. As modified it provides that contingent fees "where sanctioned by law should be under the supervision of the court in order that clients may be protected from unjust charges." The code adopted wisely affirms that no set of rules can particularize all the duties of the lawyer. Such a code is valuable chiefly as the expression of public opinion, and its value, therefore, will depend upon the degree of social courage with which the standard it furnishes is enforced by the bar in different communities. The most important recommendations in this code appear to us to relate to the following subjects: The duty of the bar to secure suitable men for the bench, and to prevent political considerations from outweighing judicial fitness in the selection; the duty of the lawyer assigned as counsel for an indigent prisoner to serve and to exert his best efforts on behalf of the one whom he is appointed to defend; the right of the lawyer, regardless of his personal opinion of the guilt of the accused, to undertake his defense and to use all fair and honorable means to present every defense that the law of the land permits, "to the end that no person may be deprived of life or liberty but by due process of law;" the right of the client to receive from the lawyer whose advice he asks a candid opinion of the merits and probable result of pending or contemplated litigation; the impropriety, in fixing fees, of charging a client in excess of the value of the service because of his ability to pay such excess charge—"it should never be forgotten that the profession is a branch of the administration of justice, and not a mere money-making trade;" entire devotion by the lawyer to the client's interests, but that "does not permit, much less does it demand of him for any client, violation of law or any manner of fraud or chicane." Other rules relate largely to the conduct of the lawyer before the court, and we shall leave our legal readers to get the information from the report itself or from their professional journals, contenting ourselves with putting emphasis on this paragraph from the last of these thirty-two canons: "No client, corporate or individual, however powerful, nor any cause, civil or political, however important, is entitled to receive, nor should any lawyer render, any service or advice involving disloyalty to the law whose ministers we are, or disrespect of the judicial office, which we are bound to uphold, or corruption of any person or persons exercising a public office or private trust, or deception or betrayal of the public."

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Preservation of Water Powers An electrical engineer of high standing and authority, Mr. H. W. Buck, of New York, has called our attention to a somewhat new phase of one of the problems involved in the attempt which the Nation is making to conserve its natural resources. Mr. Buck's practical experience in the development and maintenance of large water powers is such as to entitle his opinion to respectful consideration, and we therefore print his letter in full:

> An announcement has been made within a few days by Governor Chamberlain, of Oregon, that a prominent Pacific railway system is soon to construct a railway in that State up the Des Chutes River from the Columbia River. This brings up a very important question of National policy which seems to have been quite overlooked by those who have in recent months been calling so loudly for the conservation of natural resources. It seems to have been granted by all parties in the recent discussion of the subject that the water powers of the country are of National importance and should be protected. Here is a case where one of the largest and best power streams in the Northwest will have its power-producing possibilities wiped out by the construction of railway tracks alongside the bed of the stream, and the fact is allowed to pass apparently unnoticed. If an individual or a power company were to ask Congress for the right to construct a dam across a river to develop only a small portion of its power, it is probable that such application would be held up and argued over for a long time, with much talk about compensation to the public, etc. But a railway corporation can, under its charter and rights of condemnation, wipe out the development of over 1,000,000 horse-power on a river and nothing is said. Prevention of the development of a water power is certainly worse than development without direct compensation to the public. The economical development of water powers on most of the rivers of the country under modern methods requires the construction of dams of from 100 to 150 feet in height. This, of course,

raises the level of the water in the river at the dam by this amount, and results in the flooding of considerable land above the dam site. Railway construction upon the area to be flooded would, of course, make the power development impracticable, except under payment of prohibitive damages. This condition exists to-day all over this country where many good water power developments, aggregating thousands of horse-power, are shut out by railway construction in the river valleys, and I believe that serious attention should be given to the matter in order that the occupation of all valleys of power-producing rivers by the railways may be prevented. It is, of course, of advantage to a railway to follow a watercourse, and in many cases necessary in order to reduce the grades, but frequently the elevation of the tracks above the river can be raised so as not to interfere with power development by the construction of dams. Before railway construction along a stream is permitted by the Federal or a State Government, it would seem proper to have the matter passed upon by a competent board of engineers who can impartially estimate the necessities of both railway transportation and water power, and arrange a compromise with minimum hardship to the railway right of way and minimum prevention of water power development.

Our correspondent is right in asserting that the Des Chutes River case ought to arouse public concern and command immediate attention of the proper Government officials. He is in error, however, in supposing that this aspect of the preservation of water powers has not been carefully considered by the Federal Government in its effort to conserve the natural resources of the country. The question was raised in connection with the Colorado River, but Congress decided that under the conditions in that case the Federal Government had no power to act. It is probable that the Des Chutes case is one for the State authorities to deal with, but in any event the citizens of Oregon ought not to let the potential wealth of the Des Chutes River be taken from them without a word of protest.

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Cholera Abroad During the past week the cable has informed us of the prevalence of cholera in three different countries, China, the Philippines, and Russia. No serious disquietude is felt as to the possible spread of a cholera epidemic in western Europe or America. Since Dr. Koch discovered the bacillus of cholera, in 1883, and since modern ideas as to sanitation, quarantine, and local treatment of the disease have prevailed, it is almost impossible to conceive of such epidemics of cholera as that which occurred in America in 1852, and even later than that in Germany. Asiatic cholera, as the name indicates, almost always starts and gains headway in India or China, and is carried into the ports of other nations through ships. If it really spreads so as to be a national calamity in the countries into which it is thus carried, the governing power of those countries is nowadays known to be reprehensible. Thus, the statement last week from St. Petersburg that three hundred and five cases and one hundred and fifteen deaths had been reported within twenty-four hours is accompanied with scathing criticism of the municipal administrations for their failure to observe the elementary precautions of disinfection and cleaning. On the other hand, on the same day a decrease of the epidemic in Manila, which had reached an average of twenty new cases a day, is accompanied with an account of the rigid measures taken by the Board of Health of Manila to prevent the spread of the disease through school children, and of active work in disinfecting native houses, including the interesting and unusual experience of using for this purpose four chemical fire-engines. It is thought in Manila that by the time our battle-ship fleet arrives there the epidemic will be all but over. It is a significant indication of the benefit of American rule in the Philippines that the present epidemic is being handled in a masterly and intelligent way, whereas in the old Spanish days the provinces were ravaged until the disease had practically spent its force from natural causes. As to China, the affliction of cholera seems to be centered in and near the city of Amoy. The American Consul has contradicted certain sensational and exaggerated statements, and probably the estimate that there have been about one hundred and twenty deaths in ten days, and that the heavy rains have reduced the cholera to such an extent that it may soon be entirely eradicated, is correct. Clearly the most serious epidemic is that in Russia.

The Moral Education Congress

An article in the Fortnightly Review, reprinted in the Living Age for August 8, gives an interesting account of the coming International Moral Education Congress to be held in London September 23–26 this year. Many of the highest educational officials in various countries are lending their support to this Congress, which has the approval of the Education Ministers of France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, and Rumania. Other European countries are also to be represented, though we do not see from this article that any representatives from either Canada or the United States, or from any South American countries, will be present. The writer of the article in the Fortnightly Review believes that the dogmatic instruction afforded by church schools or by theologians in State schools does not provide what childhood requires:

> The morality embodied in their "religion" has been a thing apart from the education given to children on subjects that it has been considered necessary to teach them. This contention is not open to dispute. The aim of the pioneers of moral education is to permeate every subject and every single lesson with the moral idea. The intense vitalization, the added human interest, this will impart to all instruction will be obvious when the ends and methods aimed at by the Congress are made clear.

The writer maintains that all education can be permeated with this religious spirit. Thus, in history the unity and independence of the human race can be shown; in geography continents, countries, and towns can be invested with a living interest by the introduction of ethical considerations, so that the whole human race will come to be regarded as one vast family whose interests and aims are recognized as identical; mathematics rightly taught should train the mind to accuracy of statement, and to a realization of the unalterable law of cause and effect and the responsibility of each individual for his own action. If all learning is thus vitalized and humanized, it will be rendered interesting, if not distinctly attractive. Experience shows that where subjects are thus vitalized "the absorbed interest in what they are being taught, manifested by the pupils, renders threats and prohibitions altogether superfluous. The question of discipline solves itself by eliminating the conditions which give rise to the need for the extraneous coercion by which the word 'discipline' is usually understood." The Outlook hopes that America may be represented at this Congress. Certainly if it is conducted in the spirit indicated in this article it is very desirable that its influence should extend to our American public schools.

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The Eucharistic Congress

Not since Reginald Pole, a relative of Henry VIII, came to England as Papal Legate in the reign of Queen Mary, 1554, has another such personage set foot in England until this month. This noteworthy incident on the occasion of the nineteenth annual meeting of the Eucharistic Congress would have attracted little attention but for an outburst of ultra-Protestantism which drew the world's notice. The programme of the Congress included a street procession of Catholic societies on Sunday, September 13, with the Host (the sacred wafer) borne by the clergy in full canonicals. Against this the Protestant Alliance, including some fifty societies, vehemently remonstrated, alleging that it would provoke riot and bloodshed—a prediction improbable except to excited alarmists. No evidence of popular sympathy with them appeared, and the London press regarded the flurry as due to an insignificant minority of extremists. The appeal of the Alliance to the Government would probably have been fruitless had not an old law favored it. Catholic emancipation from civil disabilities was enacted in 1829, but some minor restrictions remained, most but not all of which have since been abolished. Among the restrictions which remain is one, "if any Roman Catholic ecclesiastic shall exercise any of the rites or ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, or wear the habits of his order, save within the usual places of worship," etc. This forgotten prohibition, being still in force, could not be ignored when appealed to. The appellants strengthened their case by quoting the precedent set in 1852, when a proclamation by

Queen Victoria forbade a street procession by Roman Catholics in Stockport, near Liverpool. The procession, a mere Sunday-school affair, being made notwithstanding, but with studious abstinence from display of churchly insignia, a three days' riot ensued, with loss of life and property. Forced thus to recognize a supposedly obsolete law, the Government did so as inoffensively as possible by a note from the Prime Minister to the Archbishop of Westminster saying that "it would be better in the interests of order and good feeling that the proposed ceremonial, the legality of which was open to question, should not take place." This advice was loyally acquiesced in. The great procession marched, the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, at its head; but not carrying the Host, and the clergy not wearing the forbidden vestments, though many carried these on their arms. A body-guard of Catholic peers escorted the Legate. Fifteen thousand Catholics lined the route as voluntary assistants of the police in keeping the line clear. Enormous crowds thronged the streets, and the disorder which at one time broke the lines of the police was in part at least incident to the size of the crowd and did not take the form of an organized attack on the procession. The intended ceremonial procession afterward took place within the Cathedral, and the Host was elevated from its balcony in presence of the multitude. The net result of the affair is likely to be in sympathy with the disappointed Catholics, and a gain for the principle of religious equality before the law. The object of the Congress, as stated by the Legate, is "to honor the Eucharist and to exalt its worship." Its observance in daily communion, on which a number of papers were read, is especially inculcated. Three thousand clergy were in attendance from various parts of the world, and such an event on English soil roused enthusiasm among them. The sermon, preached by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, exulted in the spread of Catholicism among the English-speaking nations, eulogized the good traits of the English people, and paid "all honor to the Catholic nobility, gentry, and commonalty of Great Britain and Ireland, who amid trials and persecutions have preserved their faith unsullied."

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The Festival of Play and Folk Dance

The Playground Association of America closed its week's congress at New York on Saturday, September 14, with an *al fresco* session of play. This is the established custom of this organization. No more naturally attractive spot could have been found than Van Cortland Park, with its wooded hills and meadow and lake. Groups of onlookers began to arrive early in the afternoon, and continued to come until the green slope surrounding the grass platform was occupied by eight thousand witnesses. Three hundred children and adults participated in the programme. The day was altogether propitious, and the laughing, dancing figures in old country costumes, moving about on the green with the blue lake for a background, made a memorable picture. The first part of the programme consisted of the folk dances of nine different nationalities rendered by public school children. One spectator designated them as just "common American school children," but as the groups flocked to their places on the green, as they circled and passed again in those semi-game dances, their faces and figures told of an uncommon, varied ancestry. The Slavic, Celtic, Latin, and Teutonic characteristics were still plainly written there. The alertness of some of these personalities may even be due to the fact that they are in the first stages of transition from some noble Old World stock into a new and unknown order. Scandinavian blue eyes responded to Irish and Russian as together they enjoyed the rendering of an Italian *saltarella*. The greatest profit of this programme, if one may speak of profit in connection with such a pleasurable occasion, was most surely to the participants rather than to the spectators. They were having a laboratory course in culture history, as it were, widening their knowledge of how other folk dress and dance and make merry. The audience was most hearty in its applause for the colored children who moved in solemn and perfect rhythm through an old reel to the music of the "Suwanee River." The girls in German peasant costume who gave the *lustig Bauerntanz* to the music of "Ach du Lieber Augustin" aroused great enthusiasm. The climax was reached in the Harvest dance, when all the groups, numbering two hundred and sixty children, joined on the green in two great circles, one within the other, dancing in opposite directions a rondo of gladness and spontaneity. The animated mass finally flocked to the center, singing and waving good-bys to the delegates, and followed their leader from the field after the fashion of those other children in the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. This feature of the festival reminded one of the genuine German Spielfest, for the "Ring on Meadow" is the favorite game of a people whose passion is unity, and who do not hesitate to treat with utmost respect such a naïve symbol of unity as the glad unbroken circle of human beings dancing together. The second part of the programme was presented entirely by adults, in several instances by the foreign born. The Brooklyn Gaelic Society contributed the four-hand reel, and, as usual, the Irish stepping surpassed that of any other dance on the programme, both in fineness and finish of movement. The Polish Gymnastic Societies sent a group of foreign-born dancers, including young people, middle-aged women, and one old man, who all joined together in the most characteristic of their national dances, the *cracoviak*. Then came the Hungarian *czardas*, one of the wildest of all folk round dances, rendered with much of the old Danube gypsy quality, and revealing to the thoughtful something of the intensity which smolders in the folk nature of the Hungarian emigrant.

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Little Festivals In addition to the Van Cortland Park exhibition other play programmes were given in honor of the delegates of the Association, one on the green in the rear of the Natural History Museum and others in the smaller playgrounds of the city. The most interesting and picturesque of all these was the little festival in the York Street playground, under the Brooklyn entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. In between the giant arches, open to the sky at the sides, with one of the mightiest bridge structures of the world for its ceiling, with the din and roar of Greater New York's traffic for its music, the children played with natural grace and abandon and joy, which only heightened the pathos of the scene. They played traditional meadow and village games, in the very teeth, as it were, of space and time defying tunnels and bridges. Under the first arch a group of small boys competed in the rabbit race, leap-frog, bull-in-the-ring, and other "stunts," as the children called them. Under the second arch, with grim masonry rising on three sides, the kindergarten boys and girls played the circle games which have been familiar to children from the beginning of playground history. Under the third great arch, in an oblong inclosure of cramped dimensions, the older girls gave a spirited programme of folk games, dances, songs, and wholesome races. A group of girls had caught the carnival spirit to such an extent that they came dressed in "grown-up clothes," just as little girls anywhere else in a backyard playground might do. While the girls were playing a certain ring game, a little brother, held together by one suspender, ducked under the ring into the center and danced a little jig of his own out of sheer contagion. Again, when a certain group finished a folk dance, a middle-aged Italian woman offered to do one too, and, with shawl and apron and downcast eyes, she danced a modified tarantella. The Playground Association has attracted to its membership all classes of public-spirited citizens, including philanthropists, scientists, public officials, and educational experts. The festivals of play, in turn, bring together all classes and nationalities, and may well be called the social solvents of any community or locality.

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Aerial Flight Elsewhere in this issue we publish an article describing the remarkable progress made during the past few years toward solving the problem of the navigation of the air. But events are moving rapidly in the world of flight, and since the portion of the magazine containing the article went to press, unprecedented feats have been accomplished. On September 6 M. Leon Delagrange established a world's record by remaining in the air nearly thirty minutes in his aeroplane. Fifteen and a half times he circled the field at Issy, near Paris, covering a distance of over fifteen miles. But the palm was his for only three days. On September 9, at Fort Myer, Virginia, Orville Wright drove his aeroplane through the air a hundred feet above the ground for fifty-seven minutes and thirty-one seconds. Again the same day he remained in the air an hour and two minutes; the next day he flew for an hour and five minutes, and the day after for an hour and ten minutes. Two days later he set a new mark for heavier-than-air machines by flying for one hour, fourteen minutes, and twenty seconds. He made sixty-three complete circuits of the parade grounds, and at all times had his machine under perfect control. Meanwhile his brother was making successful flights in France, exceeding the record of M. Delagrange, though not equaling the wonderful accomplishments of Orville Wright. The success attained by the Wright brothers seemed to warrant the assertion that the air had been conquered, that the rest was only the working out of details. But a shock was given to such confidence last week when the Wright aeroplane met with a disastrous accident at Fort Myer. Mr. Wright was making a flight, accompanied by Lieutenant Selfridge, of the Signal Corps of the Army. At a height of seventy-five feet a blade of one of the propellers snapped off and the aeroplane fell to the ground. Lieutenant Selfridge was killed, while Mr. Wright escaped with a broken thigh and several fractured ribs. The accident, with its sad result, will keep Mr. Wright from further experiments for probably half a year, but it does not seem to have taken away his courage or lessened his belief in the machine which he and his brother have invented. The mishap serves to point out that there is still a long way to go before aerial flight becomes common. The Wright aeroplanes have flown with astounding success. But they are tricky creatures which require experts to handle them. And their construction is necessarily so fragile, in order to secure the essential lightness, that the danger of collapse or breakdown is always present. But experimentation will not cease. Men will ultimately fly, perhaps only for sport, perhaps in carrying on the arts of war, possibly for purposes of rapid transit and the carrying of freight.

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The Constitution: Anchor or Rudder?

Is the Constitution of the United States a series of inflexible rules which can be changed only by the methods which those rules themselves prescribe, or is it the expression of certain political principles by which a living and growing Nation has resolved to guide itself in its life and growth? Is it an anchor which fastens the ship of state in one place, or a rudder to guide it on its voyage? These two conceptions of the United States Constitution have been held by men equally intelligent, loyal, and patriotic, since the days of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, in his volume on "Constitutional Government in the United States" thus states the difference between the two:

> The Government of the United States was constructed upon the Whig theory of political dynamics, which was a sort of unconscious copy of the Newtonian theory of the universe. In our own day, whenever we discuss the structure or development of anything, whether in nature or in society, we consciously or unconsciously follow Mr. Darwin, but before Darwin they followed Newton. . . . Every sun, every planet, every free body in the spaces of the heavens were . . . governed by the nice poise and balance of forces which give the whole system of the universe its symmetry and perfect adjustment. The Whigs had tried to give England a similar constitution. . . . The makers of our Federal Constitution followed the scheme as they found it expounded in Montesquieu. . . . Politics is turned into mechanics under his touch. The theory of gravitation is supreme.

> The trouble with the theory is that

government is not a machine but a living thing. It falls, not under the theory of the universe, but under the theory of organic life. It is accountable to Darwin, not to Newton. It is modified by its environment, necessitated by its tasks, shaped to its functions by the sheer pressure of life. No living thing can have its organs offset against each other as checks, and live. On the contrary, its life is dependent upon their quick co-operation, their ready response to the commands of instinct or intelligence, their amicable community of purpose. Government is not a body of blind forces; it is a body of men, with highly differentiated functions, no doubt, in our modern day of specialization, but with a common task and purpose. Their co-operation is indispensable, their warfare fatal. There can be no successful government without leadership or without the intimate, almost instinctive, co-ordination of the organs of life and action. This is not theory, but fact, and displays its force as fact, whatever theories may be thrown across its track. Living political constitutions must be Darwinian in structure and in practice.

Dr. Wilson holds the Darwinian view; Professor Stimson, in his two volumes "The American Constitution" and "Federal and State Constitutions," holds the Newtonian view. In a "Diagram of State and Federal Power" appended to each of his volumes, he separates those powers by lines. Each power is sharply defined; all is tabulated and determined; the lines within which the Nation may develop have all been settled for it by the Fathers. It is true that Professor Stimson, as well as Dr. Wilson, believes in National growth. But their conceptions of growth are radically different. The child grows to manhood; but his form is determined by his skeleton, which never changes. The acorn grows to be an oak; the acorn determines the type of tree; but the tree does not, in form, resemble the acorn from which it sprang. The American government can never become an autocracy, with absolute power vested in the President, nor an oligarchy, with absolute power vested in a senate or a bureaucracy, nor a pure democracy, with absolute power vested in the majority, without violating its Constitution. It must always remain a Representative Federal Republic, a United States, with powers so distributed as to prevent absolutism in any of its phases. But, according to the Darwinian conception, so long as this essential principle is maintained, there may be an indefinite variation in the practical functions of the various parts of government. According to the Newtonian conception, the functions of every department must remain, in 1908, in a Republic stretching from ocean to ocean, exactly what they were in 1789, in a Republic of thirteen States lying along the edge of the Atlantic Ocean.

The difference between these two conceptions of the Constitution is illustrated by the different conceptions of the Presidential office presented by these two authors respectively.

Professor Stimson finds the powers of the President defined with great exactness. "Great as they are, however, I can only find seven powers actually given to the President by the Constitution of the United States. *All others are therefore denied.*"[1] These powers are, as he further explains, the absolute command of the army and navy in such way that the President may at any moment bring on a war, limited only by the right of Congress not to vote appropriations; the corresponding right to make treaties; the right to veto legislation; to name Ambassadors to foreign countries; to form his own Cabinet; and to appoint all the Federal officers, even the judges; and to give his advice to Congress on matters of National concern. These powers he possesses; no others. This conception of the Presidency, our readers will readily see, corresponds well with that of Mr. Bryan, who in his article on "My Conception of the Presidency" tacitly assumes that all powers not expressly granted to the President by the Constitution are denied to him.

To President Wilson, on the contrary, no powers are denied to the President which he finds himself in fact able to exercise. "The President is at liberty, both in law and conscience, to be as big a man as he can. His capacity will set the limit; and if Congress be overborne by him, it will be no fault of the makers of the Constitution, it will be from no lack of Constitutional powers on its part, but only because the President has the Nation behind him and Congress has not. He has no means of compelling Congress except through public opinion." This is what Dr. Wilson means by saying that "the President is at liberty to be as big a man as he can." This is what we mean by saying that no powers are denied the President which he finds himself in fact able to exercise. For he has no power over Congress which he is able to exercise as an autocrat; whatever power he possesses is the power of a people whom he represents, whom Congress knows that he represents, and to whom Congress knows itself to be responsible. It is this which makes it absolutely true that "the personal force of the President is perfectly constitutional to any extent to which he chooses to exercise it, and it is by the clear logic of our constitutional practice that he has become alike the leader of his party and the leader of the nation." Certain of the powers conferred on him by the Constitution he can no longer exercise. "The President cannot himself be the actual executive." He cannot, because the country has grown to such dimensions and its business has become so complicated that no one man can administer it. The appointments are still nominally made by him, but are in fact largely and of necessity made by others and simply approved by him. On the other hand, if he has the ability, he can make himself a Premier-President; the Prime Minister of the Nation; the recognized leader, first, of the party whose chosen representative he is, and, secondly, of the whole people who have elected him. And this view tallies with Mr. Taft's article on "My Conception of the Presidency." "In many senses, though most sought after, he is the loneliest man in the United States. Elected directly by the people, their representative head, from them, in the sober thought of the majority, he will get his best counsel. . . . They can center on the President, as their instrument, the expression of their wishes."

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[1] Italics our own.

The Outlook holds the Darwinian conception of the Constitution, as an expression of principles, not as a body of rules, and therefore it regards a Presidential election as a momentous event. If the President were merely an official elected to enforce the law which Congress enacts, if he were a mere Federal High Sheriff, his election would not be a momentous event. This is not the case. No theorizing about the intention of our Fathers can make it the case. If that ever was their intention, the country has long since outgrown it. We are to determine this fall, not merely who shall appoint officers and execute the laws; we are to determine first what man and second what party, that is what type of men and so what political tendencies, we desire should direct the National history and dominate the National life for the next four years. Bryan Democracy represents one tendency, Roosevelt Republicanism represents another tendency. These two movements lead, if not in opposite, certainly in different, directions. And it is between these two divergent highways that the people will choose when they cast their votes for a President next November.

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The Value of Natural Scenery

At the memorable Conference of the Governors in the White House last May, two vitally important subjects relating to the conservation of resources not directly on the programme were brought forward, conclusions upon which were, in consequence, embodied in the great Declaration unanimously adopted by the Conference. John Mitchell, in his admirably concrete address, referred to the lamentable and unnecessary waste of life constantly occurring in the work of using natural resources. President McFarland, of the American Civic Association, urged upon the Conference the vital relation of America's glorious natural scenery to her patriotism, her prosperity, and her happiness.

In his address Mr. McFarland insisted that the glory of the United States rests upon a firmer foundation than that of her purely material resources. The love of country, upon which patriotism depends, is excited and maintained primarily by natural beauties, by the charms of scenery.

Changing the word but not the spirit

of a recent sententious utterance of Mayor McClellan upon city beauty, it may be insisted that "The country healthy, the country wealthy, and the country wise may excite satisfaction, complaisance, and pride, but it is the country beautiful that compels and retains the love of its citizens."

The scenery of America cannot be destroyed, but unthinking commercialism can change, and is changing, its beneficial relation to the lives of men. It was to urge the assembled Governors to consider the real value of beautiful natural scenery as opposed to the hideous waste of ore-dump and culm-bank, of timber-slash and polluted watercourse, that Mr. McFarland spoke.

One of the reasons said to have been given by Speaker Cannon for opposing the White and Appalachian Mountains preservation legislation included a sneer at the very idea of Congressional action involving the spending of money to save scenery. When Congress did so definitely legislate in the admirable Burton Bill, one of the express purposes of which was "for the preservation of Niagara Falls," an eminent lawyer interested in the power development of the great cataract also sneered at the very idea of the constitutionality of the act—but he has not attempted to combat it! Both gentlemen would find, we believe, that a fair argument would prove not only the constitutionality of such legislation for the definite preservation of scenic beauties, but bring into evidence the existence of a vast preponderating desire of the public for such preservation.

The city of Washington has been cited as an evidence of the quickening effect of nationalized civic beauty upon the love of country and the patriotism of those who visit it. Any observant visitor can note the awakening of pride in even the casual tourists who come under the spell of the noble plan devised for "the Federal city" by the great first President.

William Morris urged humanitarian effort "until the contrast is less disgraceful between the fields where the beasts live and the streets where men live." That such effort serves to promote the love of country, the public health, and good citizenship is well shown in the modern city park movement, which after all merely brings back to communities a portion of the natural scenic beauty and the facilities of the open country.

There are strong economic arguments in favor of the preservation of natural scenery. That even those who have "developed" Pittsburgh into unusual ugliness must have for themselves the rest found in unspoiled nature is interestingly shown by the colony from "the smoky city" built about the little city of Cobourg, on the north shore of Lake Ontario. The wealthy iron-makers flee from the ugliness they have created, and spend in a foreign country money to there preserve natural beauties for their own enjoyment. Perhaps a most logical form of "protection" might be proposed in this connection!

But it is the tide of money-spending tourist travel which yearly flows over Europe, leaving in its wake, according to consular reports, some $550,000,000, that furnishes the great economic suggestion as to the value of natural and urban beauty. No one suggests that America's contribution of much more than half this vast sum is because our travelers go to see ugliness such as they leave at home. Switzerland alone sells each year for more than two hundred millions of dollars the mere right and opportunity to look at the natural majesty of the Alps.

The White House Conference greeted with appreciative applause Mr. McFarland's fling at the lumberman who makes his wealth in creating ugliness, taking his family for "rest" to the always beautiful and entirely economic Black Forest of Germany. The coal baron, whose housing of his foreign labor in awful squalor in the midst of the culm-piles by which he has blackened the face of nature and made the streams to run in ebon flow, is quite likely to "motor" his family through the pleasant European villages whence came the defenseless workers whose toil makes his wealth.

Thus those who have grown rich through the destructive development of our unrenewable natural resources, creating meanwhile the dreary waste of ugliness which follows the mine, the coal-breaker, and the sawmill, themselves enjoy abroad in thoughtless selfishness the natural beauties they have aided to destroy at home. On the principle of William Morris, that there shall be "beauty for the few, no more than freedom or education for the few," the toiling millions have some rights in the beauty of America that should be respected, and some reason for insisting that natural scenery be left available for those who cannot travel abroad.

It is interesting to note that it is only the destructive development of these unrenewable natural resources, the lavish spending of our capital, which has led to the substitution of scenic ugliness for smiling beauty. The full and proper use of the renewable resource of the soil which grows our bread and feeds our cattle changes the landscape, but keeps it beautiful. The growing wheat and corn, the blooming orchard, the cattle upon a thousand hills, rest the eye as well as feed the world. It is now urged by Mr. McFarland that the development of the other renewable resources of inland water transportation, and of hydro-electric power—the "white coal" of the future—shall not be permitted, by either inattention or through cupidity, to extend ugliness and make beauty yet more expensive and inaccessible to the "common people." Improved waterways need not be dreary trenches; electric power developments need not destroy all the natural beauty of the hills and the valleys used.

There is value in natural scenic beauty—value in body and soul building, in mental uplifting and regeneration, value in the attraction of travel to see God's glories. No poet has sung of Hoboken or Memphis; the coal hovels of Pennsylvania have inspired no great musician; few foreign tourists visit intentionally the billboards of Cincinnati. But Niagara, the White Mountains, the Grand Cañon, the St. Lawrence, attract the dollars and inspire the singers; and Washington's dignity of buildings and splendid avenues draw thousands to the Federal Capital, as a hint of the commercial reward to follow urban elegance in other communities.

Well it is, therefore, that the Declaration of the Governors recognized this human need and this divine resource in its agreement "that the beauty, healthfulness, and habitability of our country should be preserved and increased."

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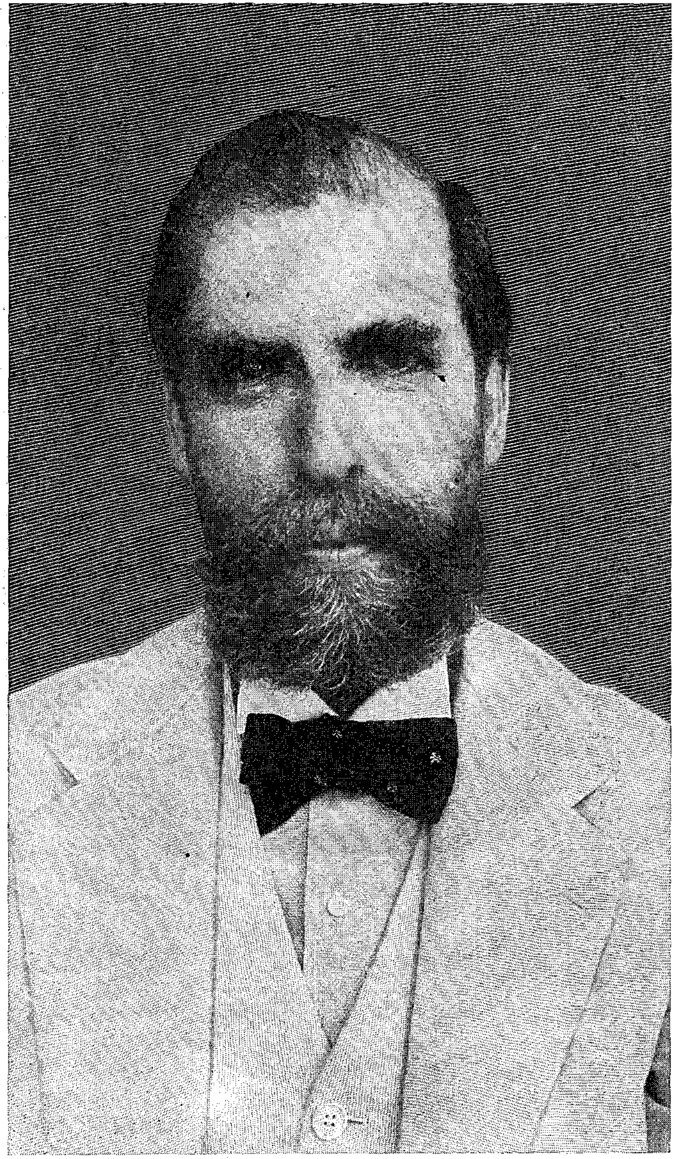
Bacon's Prayer

Formerly men were absorbed in the vision of heaven; now they are absorbed in the vision of the fruitful earth. Science has turned the modern world into a colossal workshop, and the more sensitive the genius of a race or of a man to the tendency and movement of the age, the more irresistible the attraction of the majestic mechanism which is building the earth. This danger was foreseen by the man whose great mind led the way to the liberation of the joint energy of natural and human forces. In the preface to the earliest classic of this movement which now absorbs the modern world, Bacon prays that "from the opening up of the pathways of the senses and a fuller kindling of the natural light, there may not result in men's souls a weakening of faith and a blindness to the divine mysteries." This is precisely what has happened; loss of faith, which is the most hopeless kind of blindness, has fallen upon men, not because they have willed it, but because the faculty has been weakened by disuse. The will to believe has given place to the will to work; and, instead of factories planted here and there by great streams, or out of sight in convenient places, and a rational division of time and strength between the work of the hands and the work of the soul, the earth has become a colossal workshop, in which men and women live as if it were a home.



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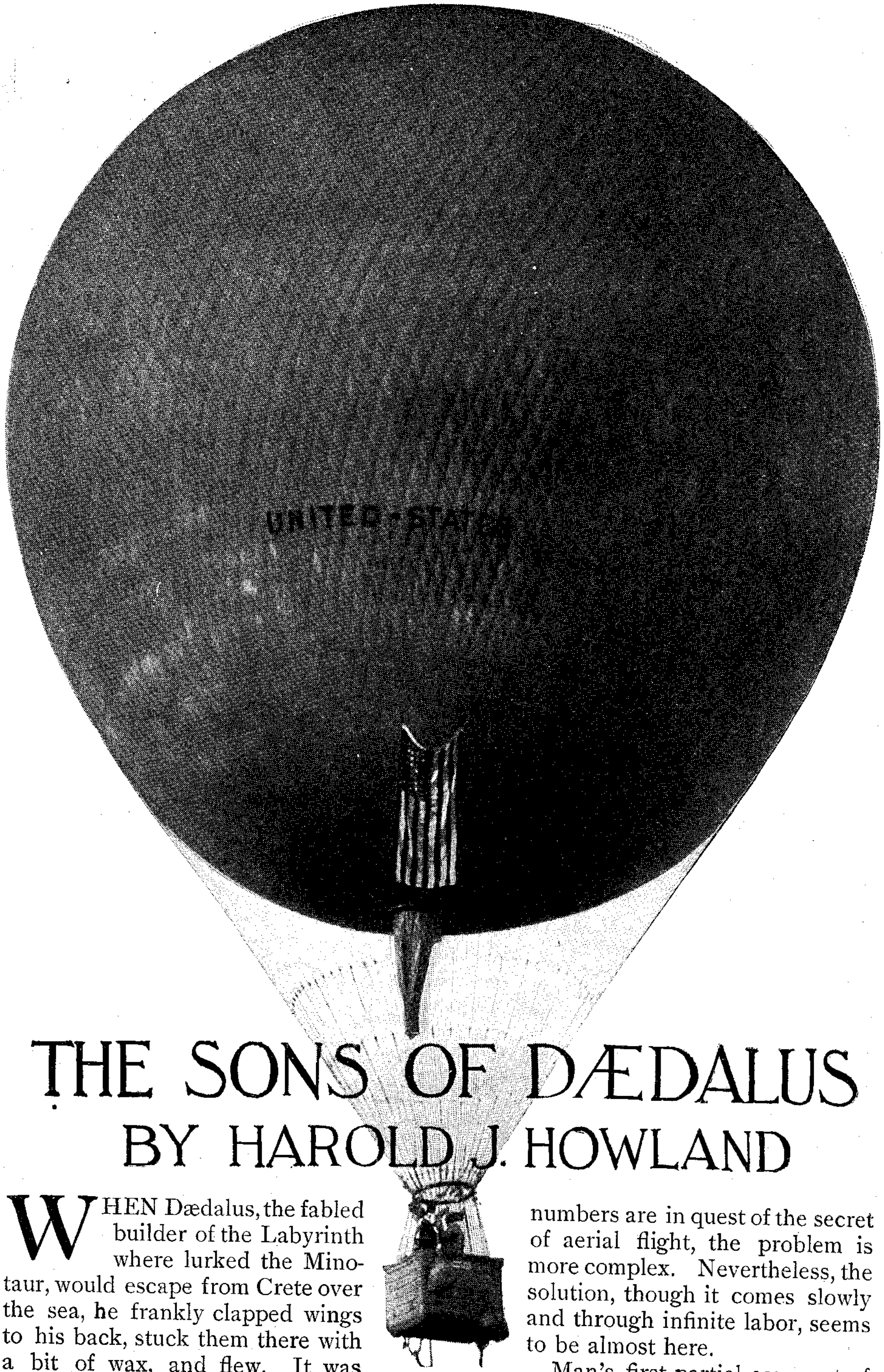
CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

Renominated for Governor of New York at the Republican State Convention, Saratoga, September 15

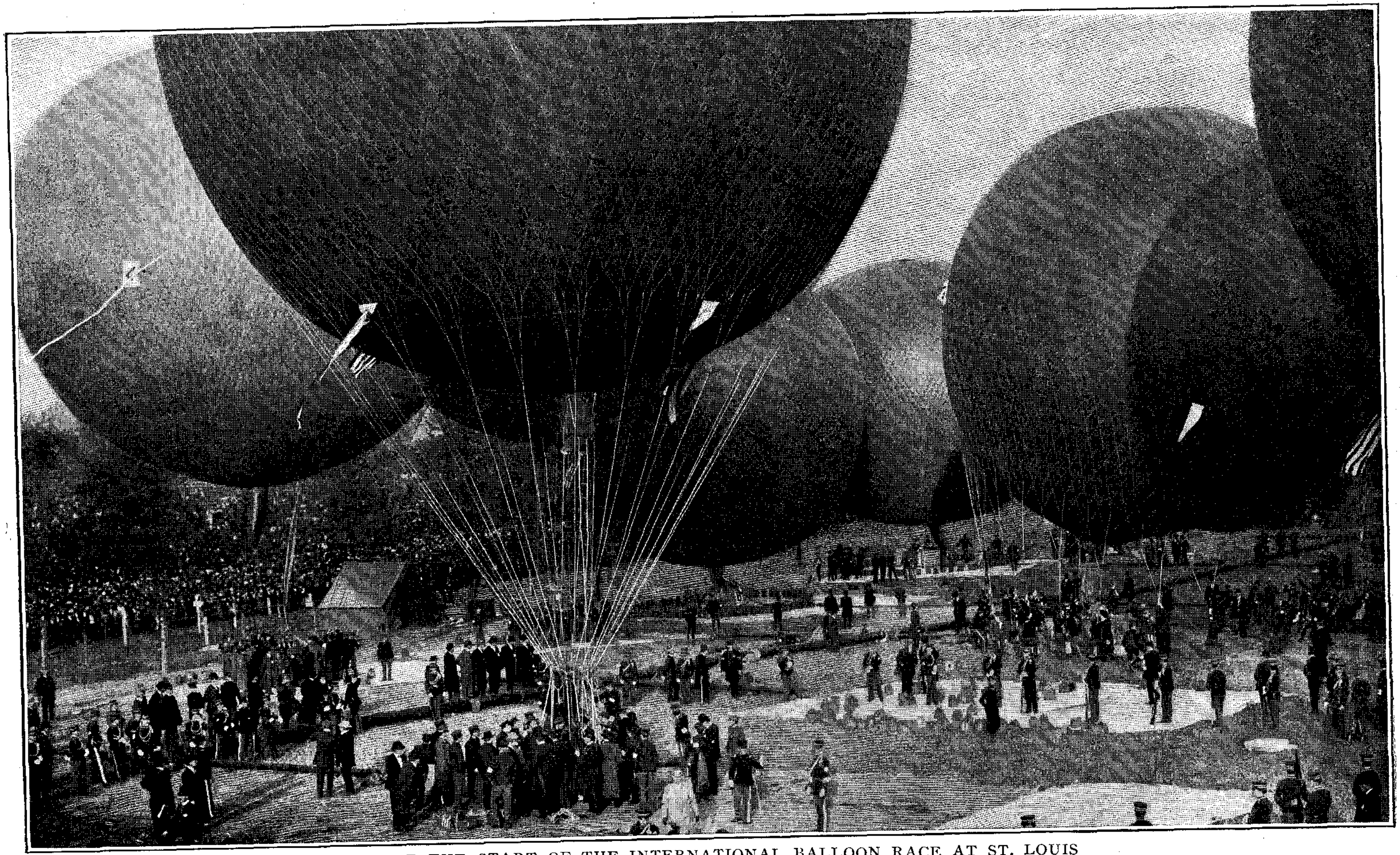


THE SONS OF DÆDALUS

BY HAROLD J. HOWLAND

WHEN Dædalus, the fabled builder of the Labyrinth where lurked the Minotaur, would escape from Crete over the sea, he frankly clapped wings to his back, stuck them there with a bit of wax, and flew. It was very simple, like every miracle in those legendary days. But for the latter-day sons of Dædalus, who in ever-growing numbers are in quest of the secret of aerial flight, the problem is more complex. Nevertheless, the solution, though it comes slowly and through infinite labor, seems to be almost here.

Man's first partial conquest of the air came through the common or county fair balloon. In 1782 the brothers Montgolfier first raised a balloon into



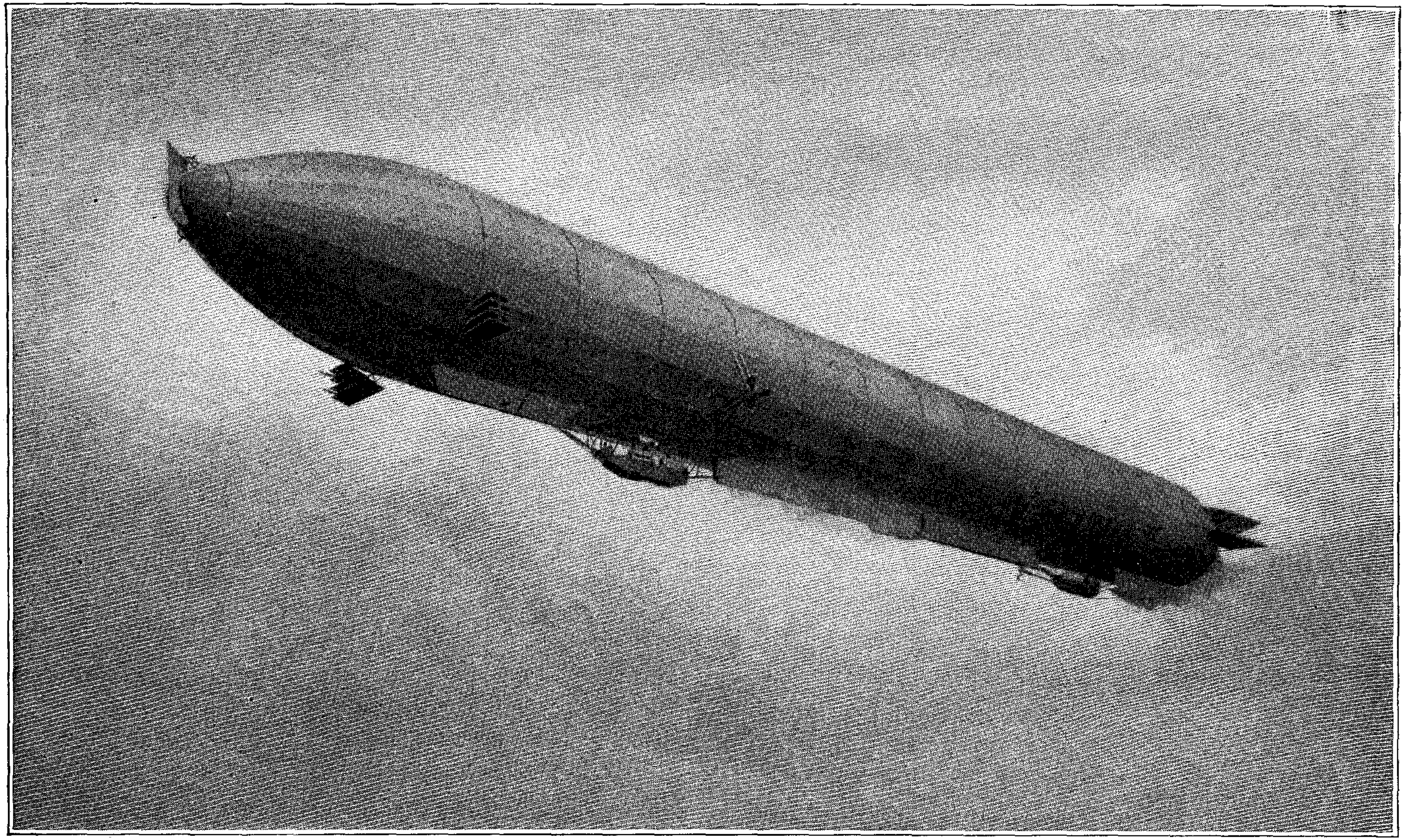
BEFORE THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL BALLOON RACE AT ST. LOUIS the air by building a fire under its open mouth. On September 19, 1783, the first aerial passengers made an ascent—a sheep, a cock, and a duck. Two months later two men made an ascension at Paris, and for twenty-five minutes sailed over the city, crossing the Seine and descending in safety.

For over a hundred years the balloon had infrequent use. But within the past few years it has acquired a distinct vogue as an instrument of sport. Many balloons are privately owned, and ascensions are made as one would make a tour with a motor-car or a cruise with a yacht. Balloon clubs have regular meets and races, either between their own members or with the aerial craft of other clubs. In such contests the race is not to the swift, but to the enduring, for the measure of success is the distance which a balloon covers before touching earth again. A variation on this plan is made in the point-to-point race, in which each balloonist, before starting, must name the point at which he is aiming, the one descending nearest to his chosen goal being the winner. In England another variation has been introduced, in a game of aerial hare-and-hounds. The first balloon up, the hare, is given a certain amount of "law," then the other balloons follow, and the hound descending nearest to the point where the hare has come down wins. A balloon has made a flight of 1,193 miles, from Paris into Russia, another has remained in the air fifty-two hours without descending, and a third has risen seven miles above the earth.

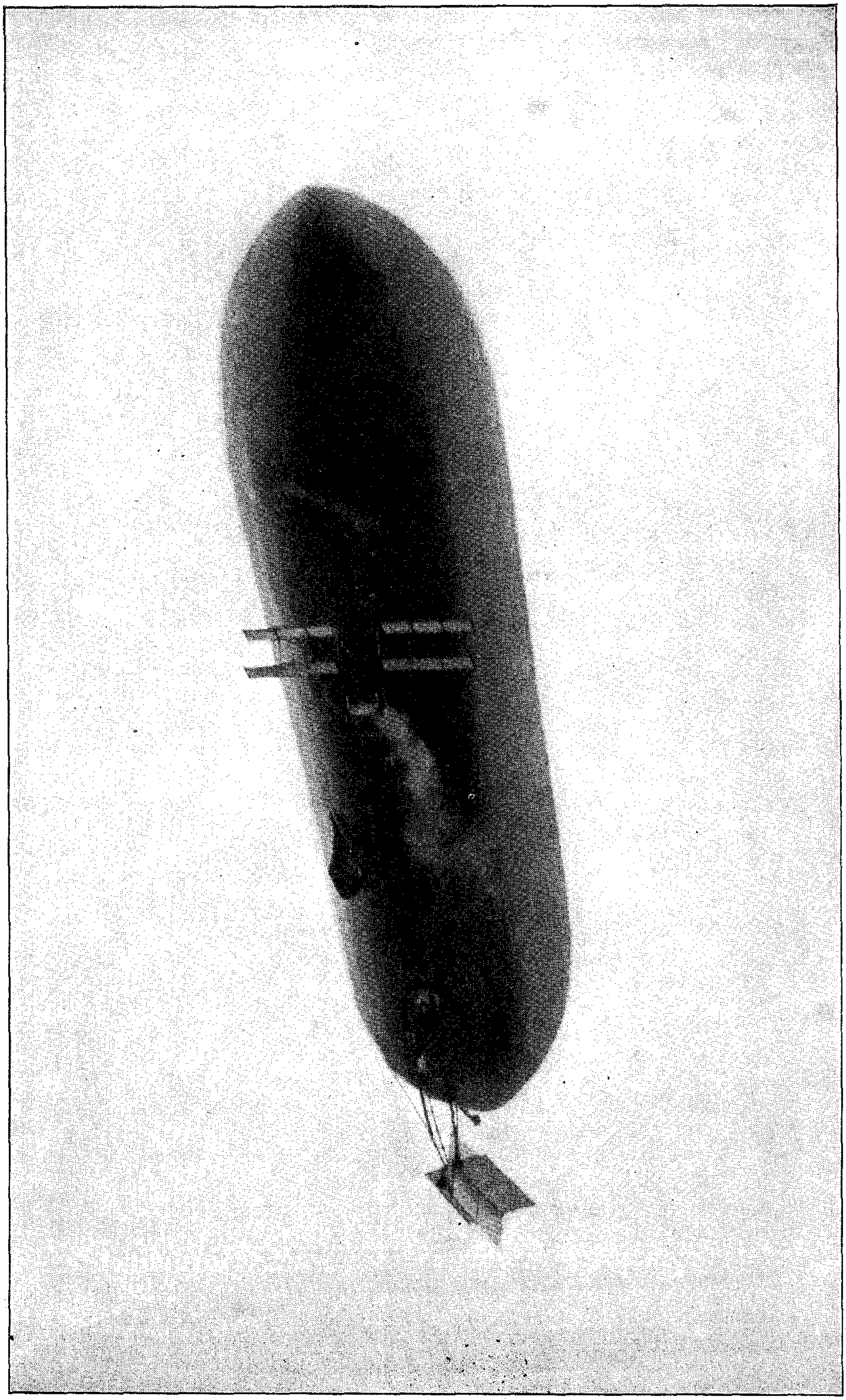
FROM STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

ROY KNABENSHUE IN HIS DIRIGIBLE OVER CENTRAL PARK

But the spherical or free-flying balloon has a rigidly limited sphere of availability. In it the aeronaut must go, not where he will, but where the wind wills. He may seek favorable air-currents in the upper levels by dropping ballast, or near the earth by letting some of the gas out of his bag, but his control over



THE ZEPPELIN AIR-SHIP IN FULL FLIGHT



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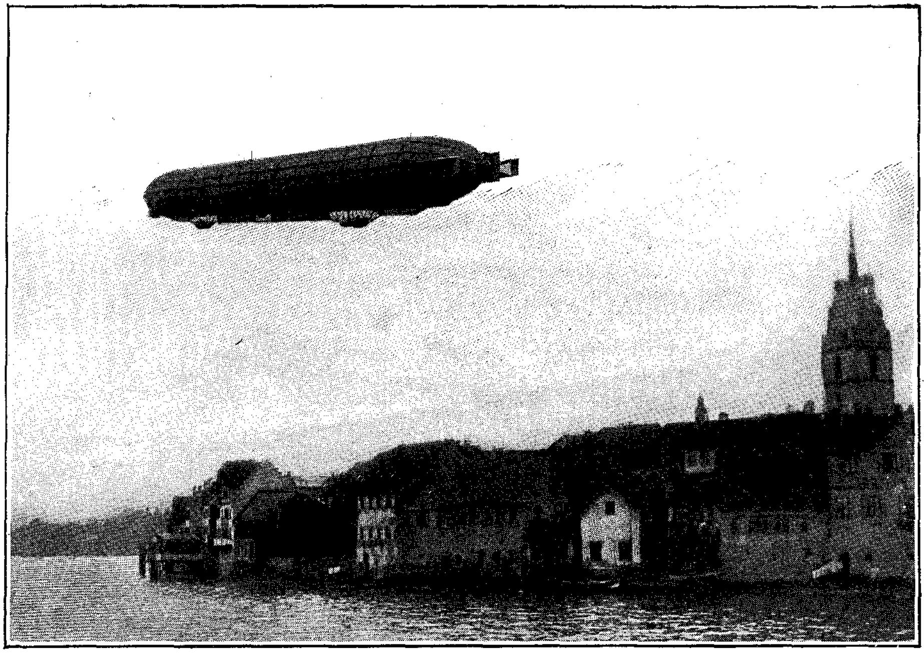
THE BALDWIN DIRIGIBLE DIRECTLY OVERHEAD

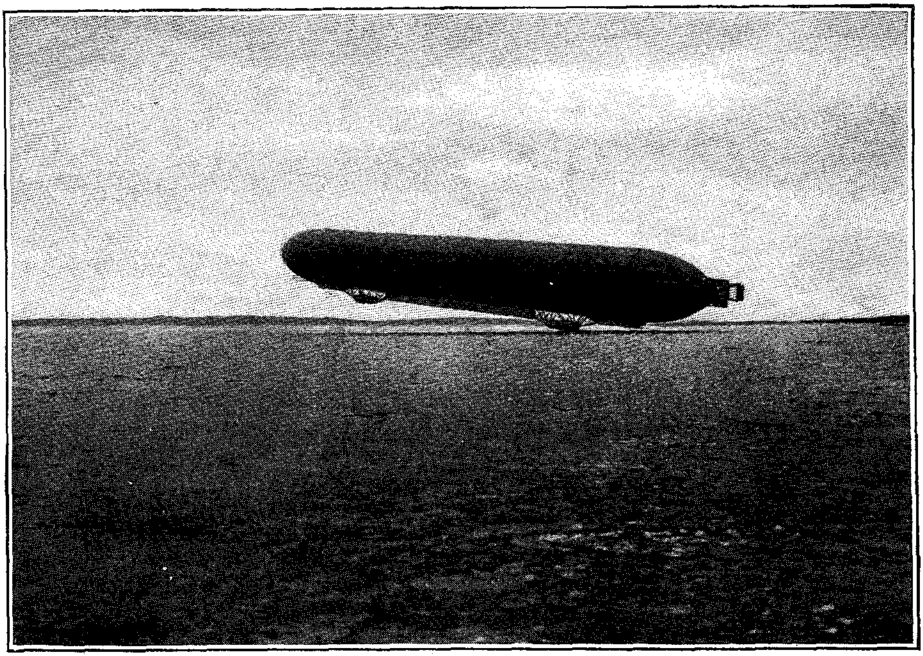
To get the correct effect this picture should be held above the head when looking at it



THE ZEPPELIN AIR-SHIP OVER THE CITY OF CONSTANCE

his course is so prescribed as to be practically nothing.

The next advance, then, is the dirigible balloon, which depends upon gas for its lifting power, and on a motor and rudders for its propulsion and direction. The dirigibles have all been made with a gas-bag of practically constant shape, roughly that of a fat cigar or an elongated egg. They vary greatly in size, from the little runabout of M. Santos-Dumont, perhaps forty feet long, and with a 3-horse-power motor, in which its owner flies above the streets of Paris and among its environs almost as easily as in his electric runabout, to the giant of Count Zeppelin, four hundred and fifty feet long, with two 110-horse-power motors, and carrying a crew of eleven men. The Zeppelin dirigible not only is the giant of the balloon world, but it has accomplished the greatest feat of aerial navigation the world has known. On August 4 the air-ship, with Count Zeppelin and ten other passengers on board, left Lake Constance at 6:45 in the morning. All day it sailed swiftly and steadily down the valley of the Rhine, passing over the cities of Basle, Colmar, Strasburg, Drusenheim, Speyer, Mannheim, and Worms. A slight difficulty with motors or steering-gear forced the air-ship to descend at 6 P.M. near Mainz. It had been in the air for eleven hours and a quarter, and had sailed nearly three hundred miles under perfect control, now dropping to within three hundred feet of the earth, now rising half a mile in the air. After remaining on the ground about four hours, the air-ship ascended once more, went on to Mainz, circled about over the city, and turned again toward home. Back it flew over Mannheim, Eppingen, and Stuttgart, another hundred miles, but at eight o'clock the next morning it was forced to descend again for a renewed supply of gas. While the air-ship was at rest, a storm came up, and, in the beating of the imperfectly secured monster against the earth, one of the small balloons which compose its body exploded, and the entire structure was ruined by fire. It was a tragic ending for a glorious voyage and a terrible blow for the veteran aeronaut, Count Zeppelin. But the German people and the German Government, with patriotic pride and ready sympathy, came to his assistance, and the sum of half a million dollars was promptly subscribed for the construction of a Zeppelin V, the wrecked air-ship

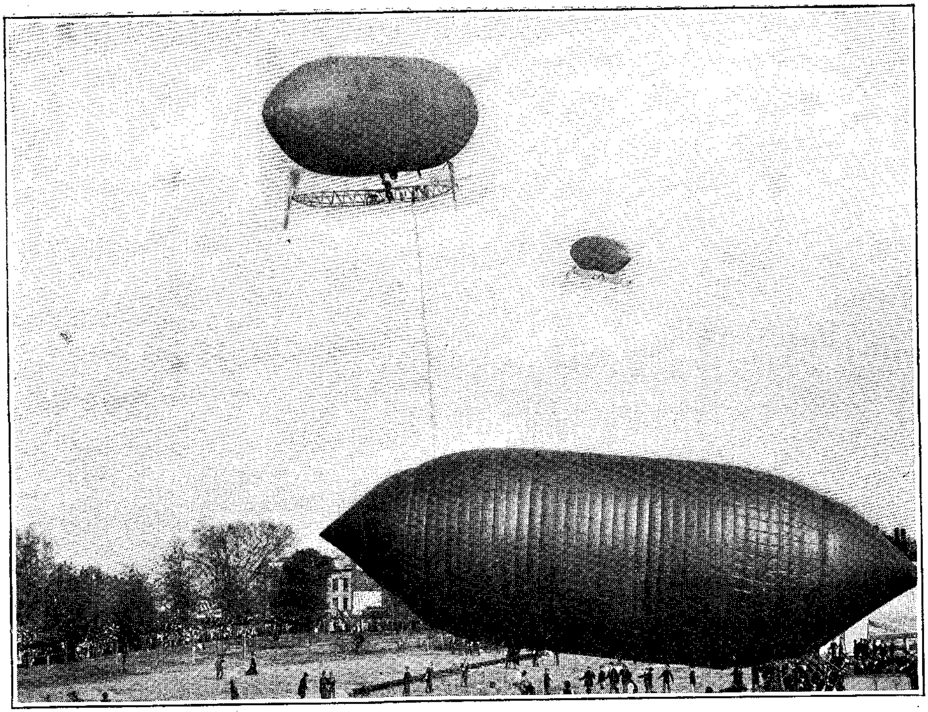


THE ZEPPELIN AIR-SHIP DESCENDING TO LAKE CONSTANCE

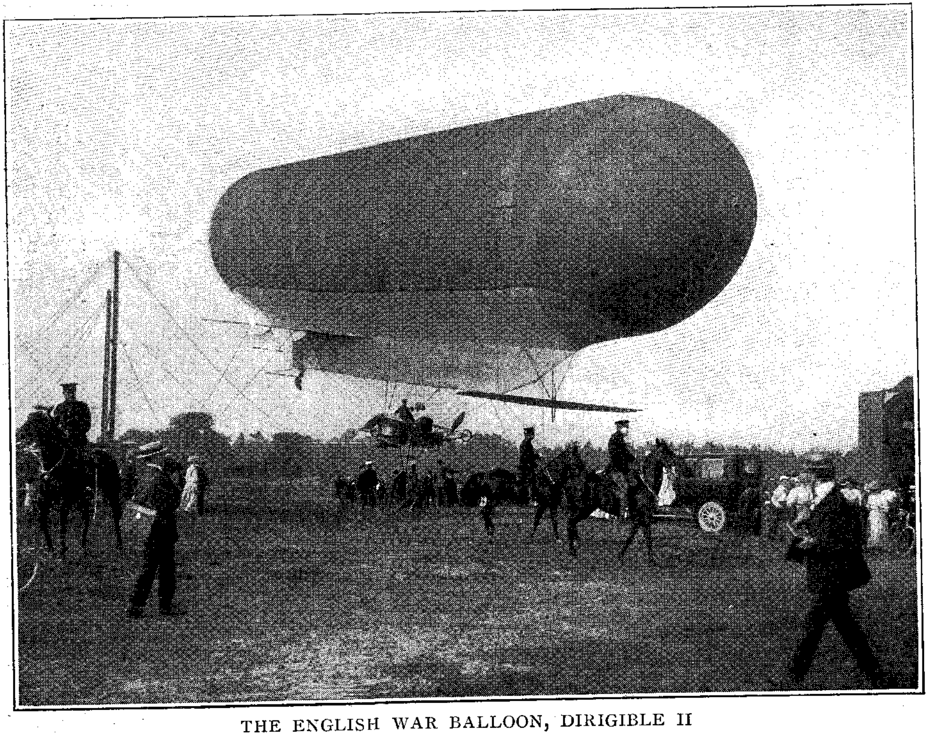
being the fourth which he has built during the past ten years.

The Zeppelin craft is unique not only in size but in construction. Its body is composed of an aluminum framework, covered with waterproof balloon cloth, within which are a number of small balloons. The outer framework secures rigidity for the whole air-ship, and the covering protects the balloons from the expansive and contractile effects of heat and cold, which have always presented trying problems to aeronauts. Beneath the body are hung two aluminum cars carrying the two engines and the four propellers. The cars are connected by a covered passageway, from which ladders ascend into the body of the vessel, and thence to a platform on its top for observation purposes. The air-ship was planned to carry twenty-five persons, crew and passengers, but only eleven were on board during its great voyage. It had been hoped that the craft would be purchased by the German Government, which had indeed agreed to buy it provided it met certain specifications. Among the requirements was a twenty-four-hour voyage without alighting, and it was in an attempt to accomplish this feat that the air-ship met disaster.

The destruction of the Zeppelin IV, like the loss of the French dirigible La Patrie, which tore itself from its moorings and sailed away, an aerial derelict, to ultimate extinction on the Irish shore, shows that there is still much to learn before even the dirigible balloon reaches perfection. But the twelve-hour flight of the Zeppelin opens up enormous possibilities for the air-ship as an instrument of war. The aerial passenger vessel, and still more the freighter of the air, are still hidden in the mists of the future, and there are plenty of men who will prove to you by careful reasoning, and conclusively (to their own mind), that their coming is impossible. But a craft is already here which would have the greatest value in war, for scouting and reconnaissance work, as a means of communication between besieged towns and distant allies, and as a possible aggressive agent against fortifications or navies. It is along this line that the development of the dirigible is taking place, and it is the War Departments of the nations which are encouraging and assisting its advance. Great Britain, France, and Germany have each from one to six dirigible war balloons, and Italy, Russia, Switzerland, and Bel-



THREE DIRIGIBLES—THOSE OF BALDWIN, BEACHEY, AND DALLAS—AT ST. LOUIS



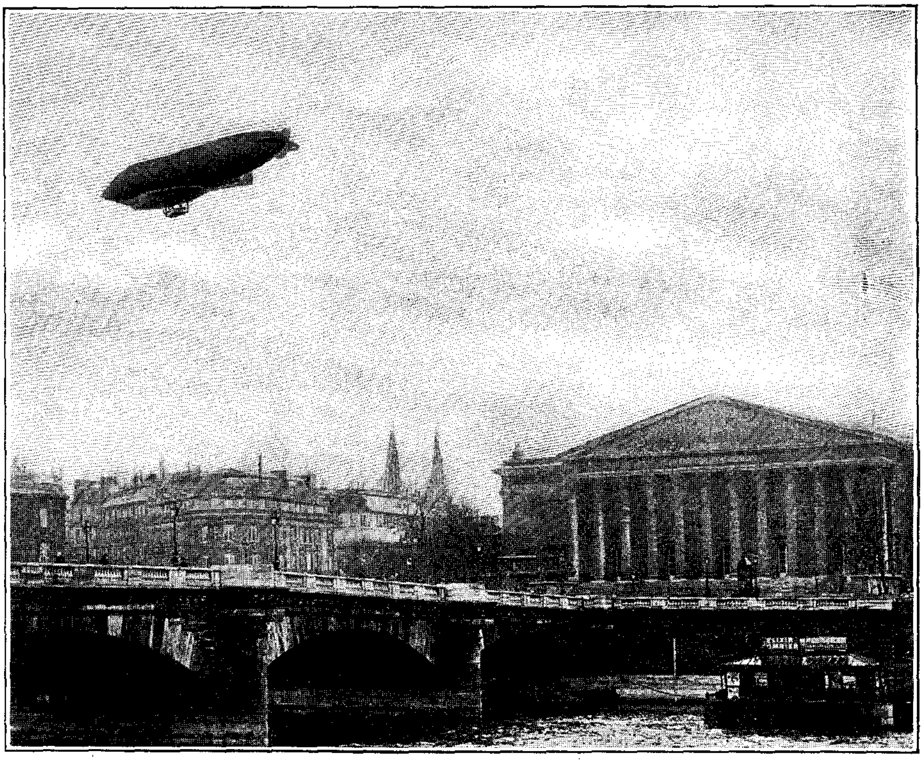
THE ENGLISH WAR BALLOON, DIRIGIBLE II

gium are building them. The United States has just purchased its first.

On August 14 the dirigible built by Captain Thomas S. Baldwin passed the speed test set by the Government, by flying over the four-mile course at an average speed of nineteen miles an hour. The next day the air-ship passed the endurance test, sailing continuously for two hours, and covering nearly thirty miles in that time. The Baldwin balloon is eighty-eight feet long, is driven by a 20-horse-power engine, and carries two persons. It not only flies swiftly and surely, both with and against the wind, but its course is quickly and easily changed up or down, or to either side.

The dirigible balloon is the aerial war-ship of the present. Most of the great Powers which have not war balloons already in commission are building them as rapidly as possible. It is a common occurrence nowadays to read of a six or seven hours' flight under perfect control of one or another of the great war balloons—now the German Parseval, then the French La République or La Ville de Paris, again the British Dirigible II. Doubtless many flights are made which are not reported, for the nations are chary of their war secrets, and the War Departments are experimenting, as much as possible, far from the eyes of the crowd.

The dirigible is here, but everywhere the limitations of its great gas-bag, sensitive, vulnerable, and unwieldy, are recognized. It is to the aeroplane, the heavier-than-air flying-machine, that every one is looking for the final and adequate solution of the problem of flight. The names of the experimenters in this direction are legion—Farman, Santos-Dumont, Bleriot, Gastembede, Delagrange, Cornu, abroad; Herring, Curtiss, Williams, the Wright brothers, in this country. The first public flight with an aeroplane in Europe was made by M. Santos-Dumont in 1906, when he covered first twenty-five yards, and three weeks later two hundred and twenty yards. But three years

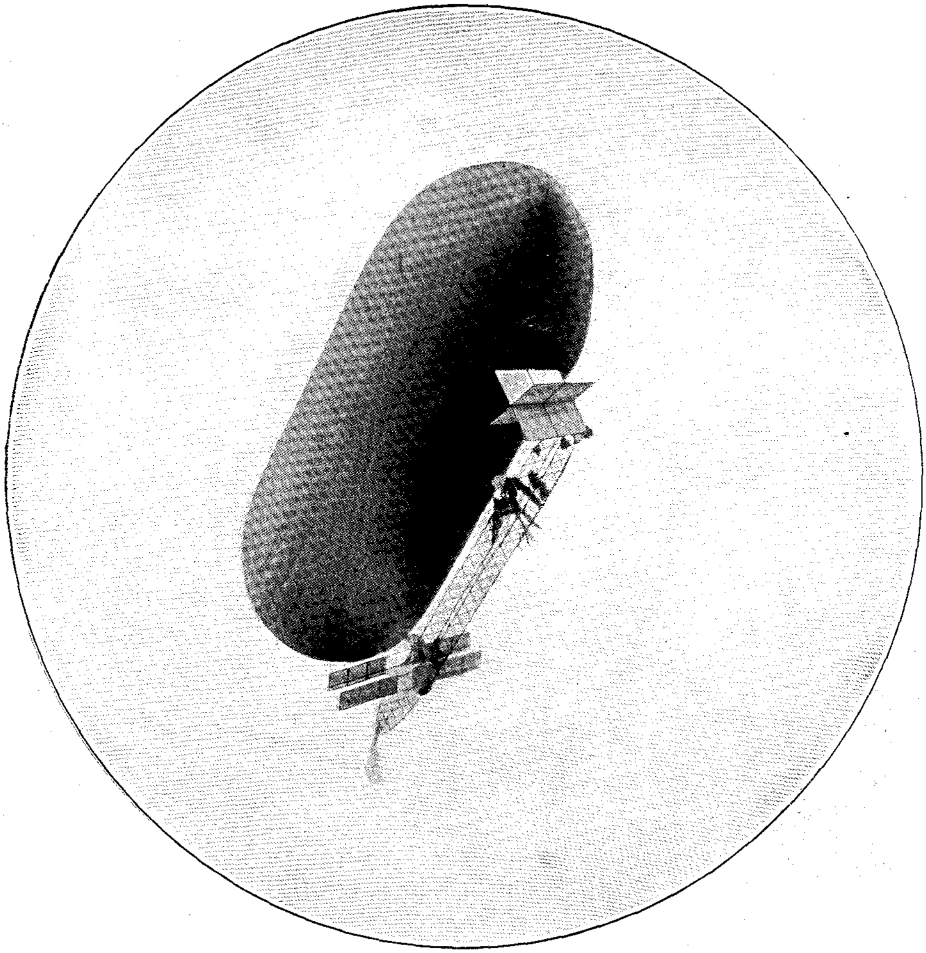


THE FRENCH WAR BALLOON, LA RÉPUBLIQUE, SAILING OVER PARIS before, the Wright brothers, bicycle-makers of Dayton, Ohio, had made flights with an aeroplane of their invention at Kill Devil Hill in North Carolina.

In the September Century they have described their first flight as follows:

> The first flight lasted only twelve seconds, a flight very modest compared with that of birds, but it was, nevertheless, the first in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight, had sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed, and had finally landed without being wrecked. The second and third flights were a little longer, and the fourth lasted fifty-nine seconds, covering a distance of 862 feet over the ground against a twenty-mile wind.

This first triumph came after three years of experimentation, first in gliding flight without motive power, which taught them much about the air and the peculiarities of its action against the wings of a "glider," then with a "glider" fitted with a motor. But it served only to show the patient brothers how much they had yet to learn; they worked for five years more before they were prepared to show the world what they had invented. They worked in seclusion, for they realized the harm which premature publicity might do, and they shrank from making their experiments in the public eye. In the early part of August of this year Wilbur Wright began to make flights in France with one of the perfected aeroplanes. Before a great crowd on a race-course at Le Mans on August 11 he ascended and



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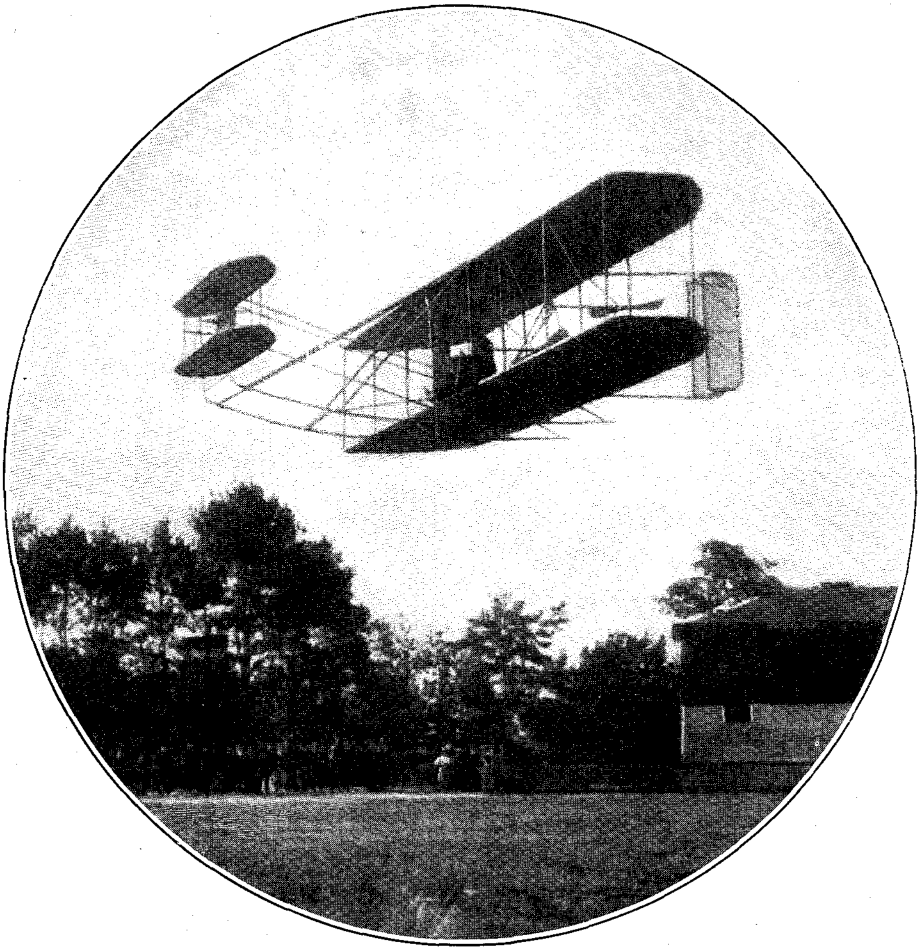
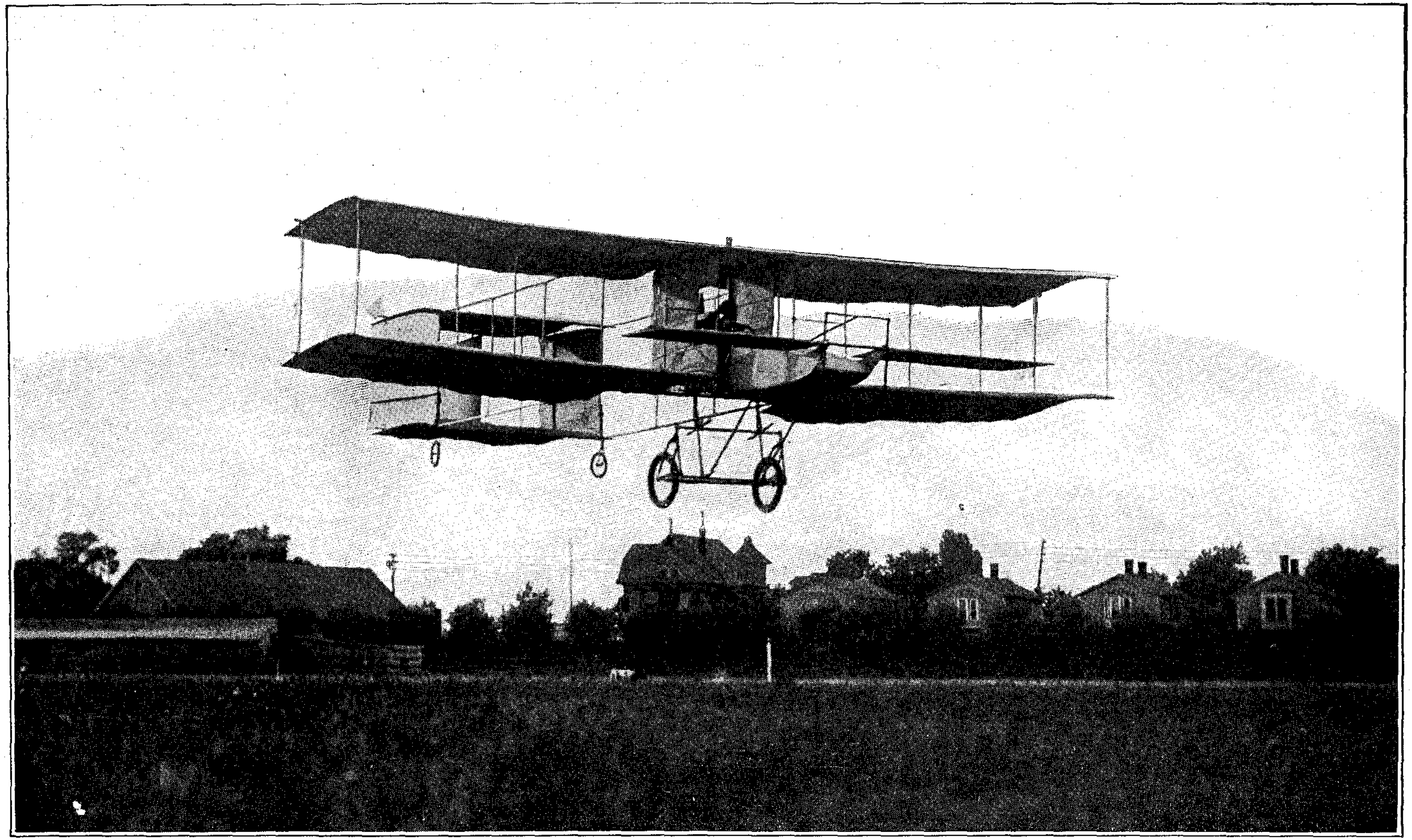
THE BALDWIN DIRIGIBLE, THE FIRST AMERICAN WAR BALLOON remained in the air three minutes and forty-four seconds. A newspaper account of the event describes it as follows:

> Off went the aeroplane like a fleet gull. It soared down the course and then abruptly, almost recklessly, swooped and turned and came majestically down the field, following the lines of trees, after which it returned to the front of the grand stand. With admirable ease and precision the aeroplane here descended to a lower level, seemingly to drop the spectators a polite aerial courtesy. Then it rose again and resumed its trip, describing zigzags here and there until it completed three circuits of the course. Finally it came to the ground at the starting-point.

Two days later he flew again, making seven complete circuits of the field above the tops of the trees, and remaining in the air nearly nine minutes. A fifteen-mile breeze was blowing, but the aeroplane seemed to be even more easily maneuvered than on the first day, when the air had been calm. While Wilbur Wright was making his flights in France, his brother Orville, with a second machine, was preparing for tests at Washington, with a view to its purchase for the Signal Corps of the army. In order to have the machine acceptable to the Government, it must fly with two passengers and enough fuel to carry it 125 miles; it must attain a speed of thirty-six miles an hour, maintained for five miles; and must fly continuously for one hour. The conditions are hard, but the brothers have backed their confidence in their invention by a deposit of one-tenth the price of the aeroplane, $20,000, to be



WILBUR WRIGHT IN HIS AEROPLANE AT LE MANS



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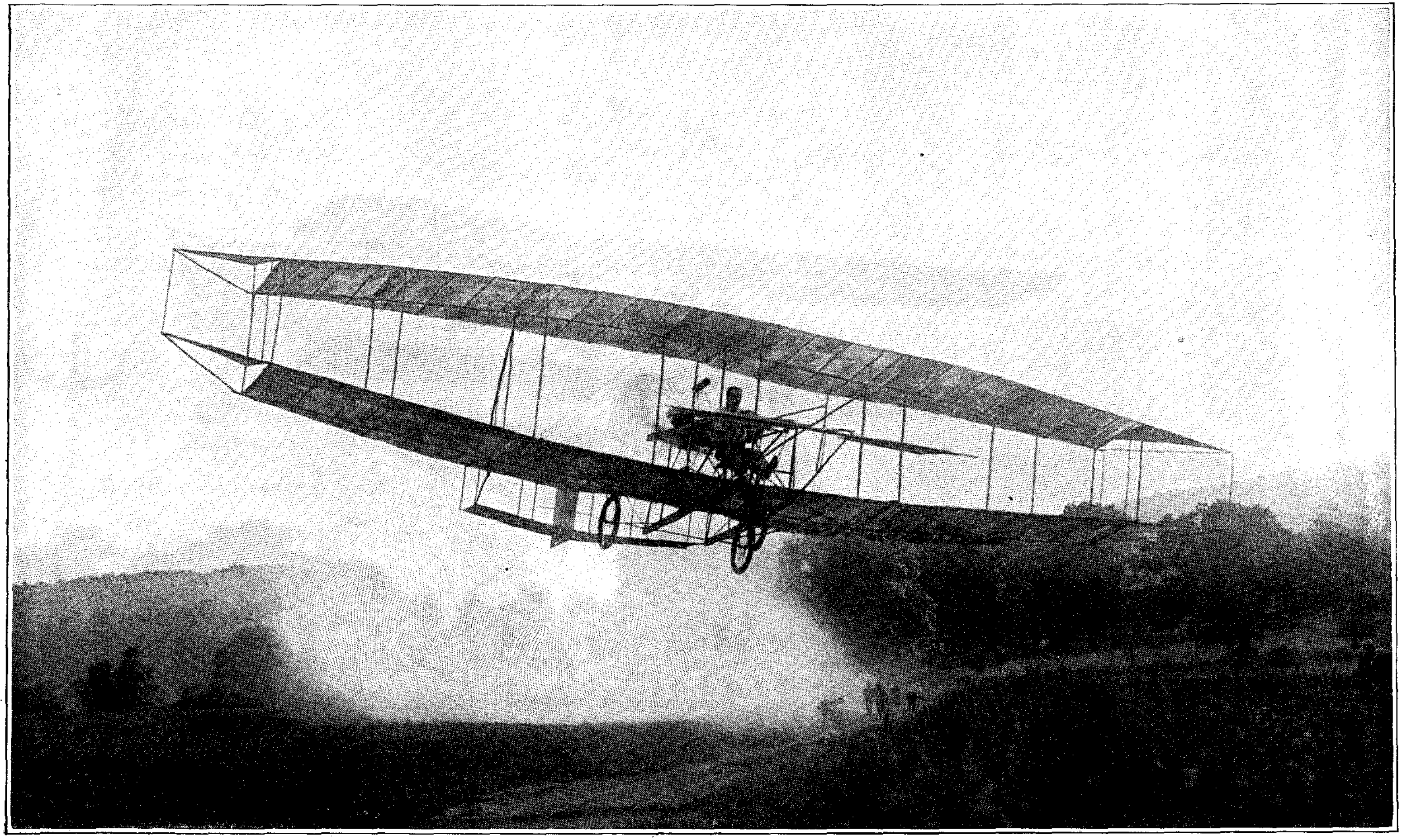
HENRY FARMAN IN HIS AEROPLANE AT BRIGHTON BEACH



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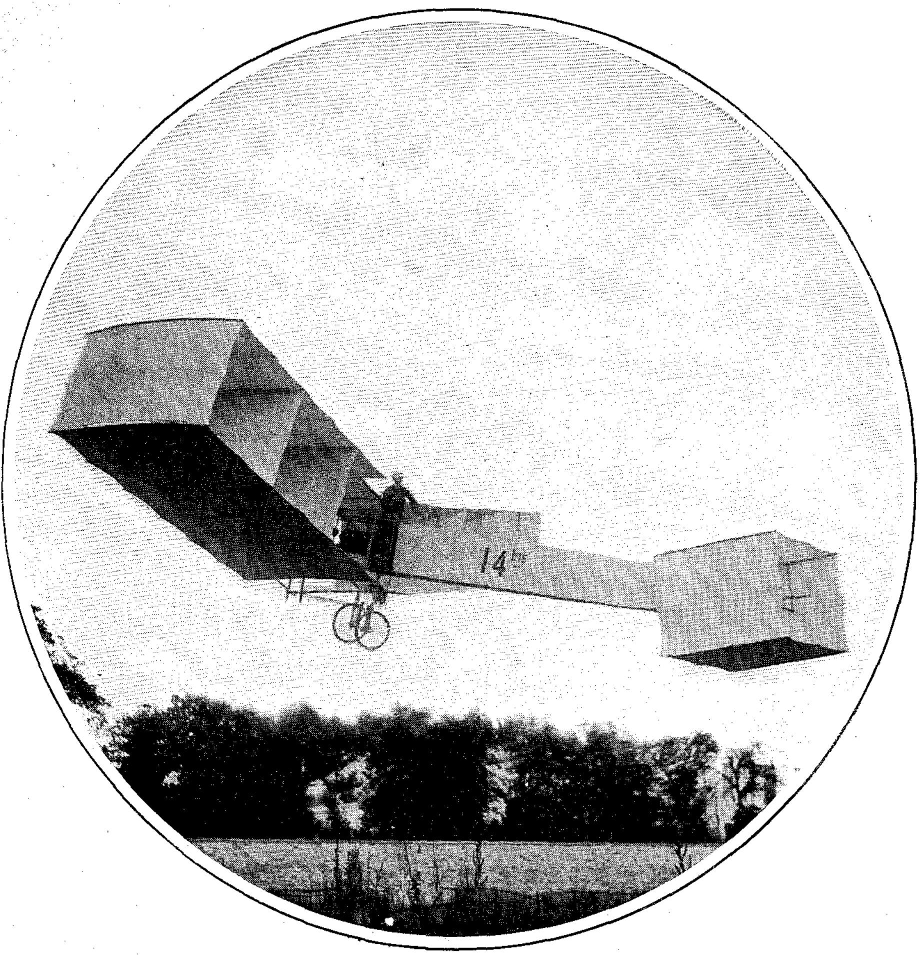
CURTISS MAKING AN S CURVE IN HIS AEROPLANE JUNE BUG forfeited if it fail to meet the tests. They have already made in private flights of five, twelve, twenty, and twenty-four miles, at rates of speed well over the Government requirement. Their accomplishments already have made them the most prominent of the flying-machine inventors, and it only remains for them to duplicate those feats in public and under official conditions to give them undisputed leadership in the realm of the air. The construction of their aeroplane can be seen better from the illustration on page 163 than from description. It is astonishingly simple, but every detail represents infinite care in calculation and infinite pains in experimentation to bring it the best possible form for its especial function.

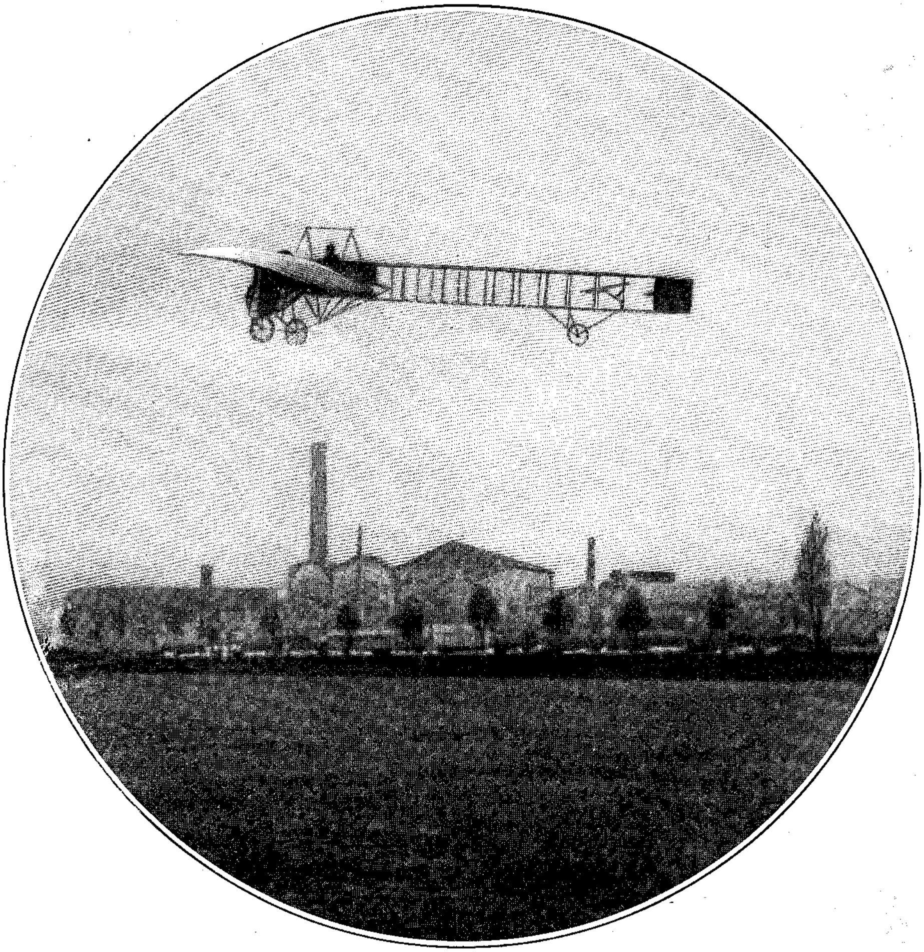
The success of the Wright brothers makes their description of the sensations experienced during flight (taken again from the Century) of interest:

> Let us fancy ourselves ready for the start. The machine is placed upon a single-rail track facing the wind, and is securely fastened with a cable. The engine is put in motion and the propellers in the rear whir. You take your seat at the center of the machine beside the operator. He slips the cable, and you shoot forward. An assistant who has been holding the machine in balance on the rail starts forward with you, but before you have gone fifty feet the speed is too great for him and he lets go. Before reaching the end of the track the operator moves the front rudder and the machine lifts from the rail like a kite supported by the pressure of the air underneath it. The ground under you is at first a perfect blur,



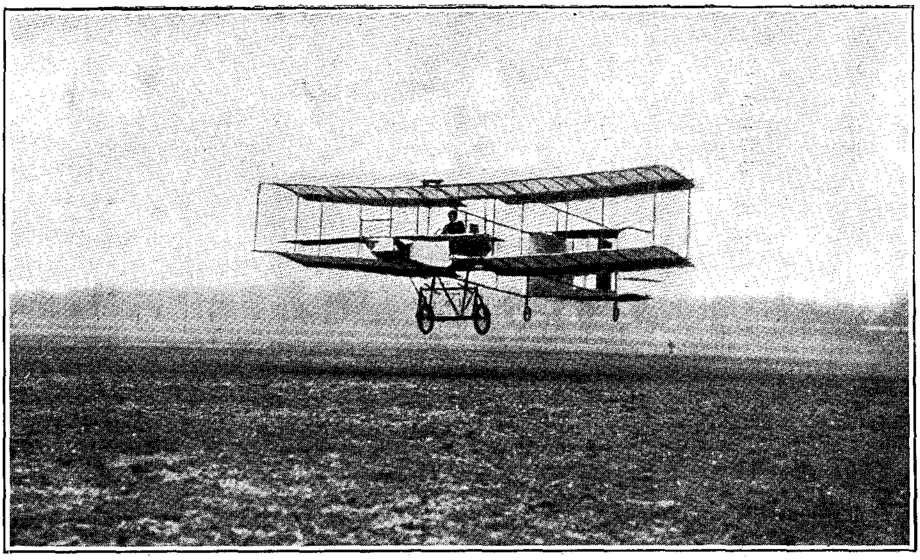
M. SANTOS-DUMONT IN HIS AEROPLANE

but as you rise the objects become clearer. At a height of one hundred feet you feel hardly any motion at all except for the wind which strikes your face. If you did not take the precaution to fasten your hat before starting you have probably lost it by this time. The operator moves a lever: the right wing rises and the machine swings about to the left. You make a very short turn, yet you do not feel the sensation of being thrown from your seat, so often experienced in automobile and railway travel. You find yourself facing toward the point from which you started. The objects on the ground now seem to be moving at much higher speed, though you perceive no change in the pressure of the wind on your face. You know then that you are traveling with the wind. When you near the starting-point the operator stops the motor while still high in the air. The machine coasts down at an oblique angle to the ground, and after sliding fifty or a hundred feet comes to rest. Although the machine often lands when traveling at a speed of a mile a minute, you feel no shock whatever, and cannot, in fact, tell the exact moment at which it first touched the ground. The motor close beside you kept up an almost deafening roar during the whole flight, yet in your excitement you did not notice it till it stopped!



THE MONOPLANE OF M. BLERIOT

Another American inventor who is working on the problem of the heavier-than-air flying-machine is A. M. Herring. He is to have his aeroplane, till now even more closely kept secret than that of the Wrights, subjected to the Government tests before many weeks. At Hammondsport, New York, a group of aerial investigators have associated themselves as the Aerial Experiment Association, and there aeroplanes built on the plans of each of the members are being constructed as rapidly as possible.

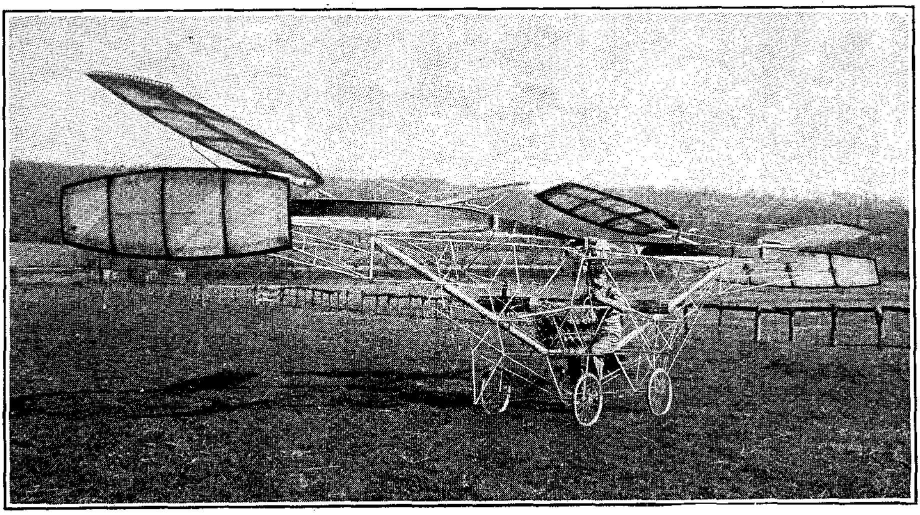


M. DELAGRANGE MAKING HIS RECORD FLIGHT

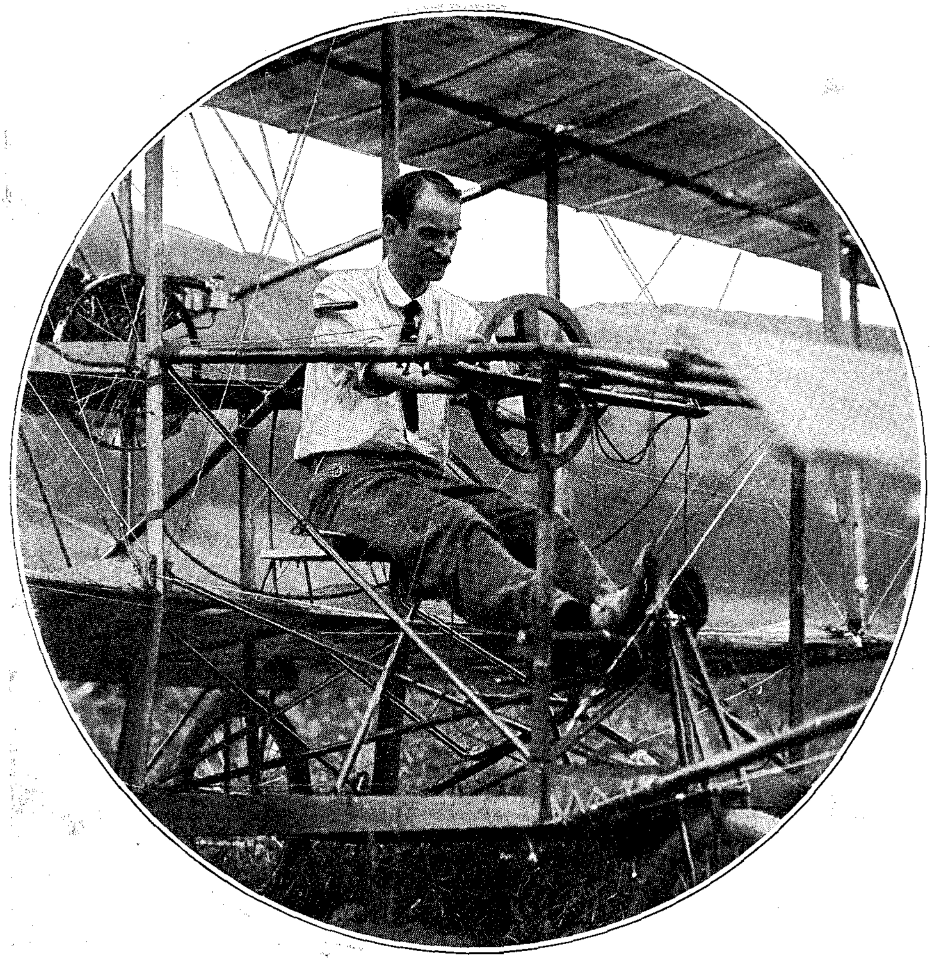
Already the Red Wing, designed by Lieutenant Thomas Selfridge, the White Wing, designed by F. W. Baldwin, and the June Bug, designed by Glenn H. Curtiss, have made successful flights. Curtiss is a builder of extraordinarily light and efficient engines for air-ship work, and a fearless operator of both dirigibles and aeroplanes. His aeroplane, the June Bug, won the trophy offered by the Scientific American for the first American flight of one kilometer, covering 2,000 yards in the shape of the letter S in 1 minute, 42½ seconds. The machines of Alexander Graham Bell and J. A. D. McCurdy, remain to be built.

In Europe a score of inventors have been working on the problems of flight in heavier-than-air machines, and some of them have accomplished substantial successes. Henry Farman, who was seen for a brief season this summer with his aeroplane at Brighton Beach, has flown one and two miles, and Leon Delagrange has made flights of one, two, and nearly eight miles.

The successful aeroplanes thus far have been made with machines having



THE HELICOPTERE OF M. CORNU

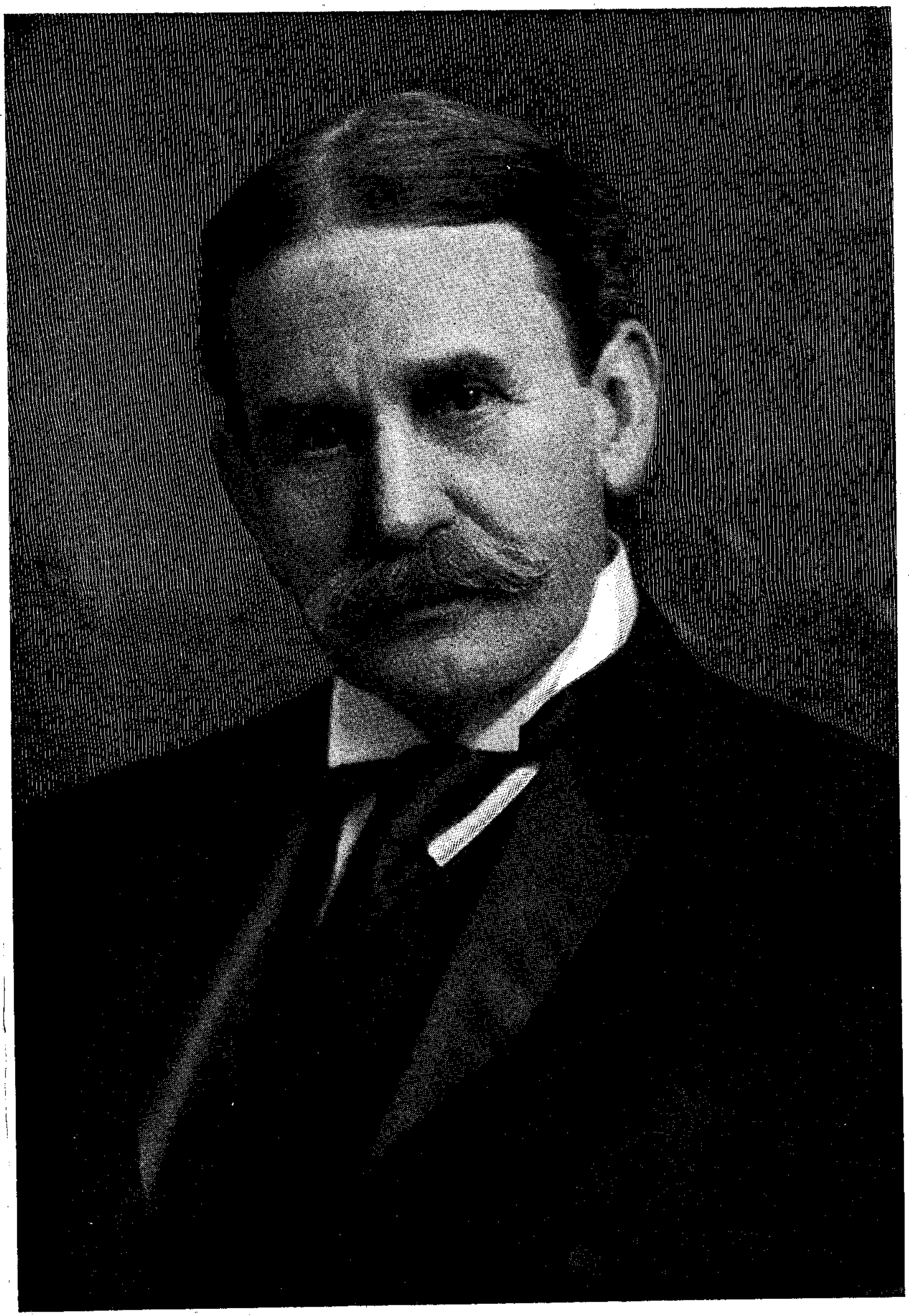


CURTISS IN THE "JUNE BUG"

The wheel in his hands controls the upward and downward motion, he steers by means of the yoke in which his back fits, and the engine is started and stopped by the cord before him

two parallel planes, as are seen on the Wright, Farman, and Delagrange fliers. But other men, like Bleriot and Gastembede, pin their faith to a monoplane—it must be confessed, however, with little practical encouragement as yet. Another curious form is the helicoptere, which has horizontally moving propellers above it to lift it into the air. It has the classic recommendation of having been suggested by Leonardo da Vinci, and important theoretical advantages are claimed for it by its devotees. But it has yet to rise any appreciable distance from the earth, to say nothing of being propelled horizontally when it has risen.

The sons of Dædalus are indeed a rapidly increasing tribe. The morning paper, as I write, reports one Wright brother waiting only for favorable weather before making more extended flights in France, the other ready to make flights preliminary to the official tests at Washington any day, a fatal accident to the operator of a dirigible balloon at Portland, Maine, a contest among three aeroplanes flying over the Pacific at Long Beach, California, and the successful trial at Ithaca, New York, of an aeroplane built by two Cornell students. And at least one concern in this country (I don't know how many in Europe) is ready to supply you with a complete aeroplane, guaranteed to make flights of one kilometer (five-eighths of a mile), for the round sum of $5,000.



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THE RIGHT REV. DAVID H. GREER
Bishop of New York

THE NEW BISHOP OF NEW YORK

BY GEORGE HODGES

DEAN OF THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

WHEN Bishop Greer came back, the other day, from the Lambeth Conference, he reported that the deliberations of that body had been animated by two unfailing convictions. They were all convinced, he said, that the Church is a world force, concerned with the welfare of no one class or nation or race, but intent upon the salvation of the world. They were also convinced that the Church is to save the world by serving it; "it must contribute in every possible way to the happiness and welfare of the human race, working through every kind of channel, social, civic, religious, or of whatever nature for the common good, that it might minister, like its Master, to the manifold needs of men."

In thus describing the spirit of the Lambeth Conference Dr. Greer described himself. These are the things in which he believes. These convictions are at the heart of his efficient ministry, and will be the impelling motives of his episcopate. When the news came, in the midst of the Conference, that Bishop Potter's work was done, and that the undivided responsibility of the great office came thereby to him, he must have meditated much upon these matters. It must have been with profound satisfaction that he perceived that his own ideal of the Church was held also by the majority of his brethren, representing all lands, and able to speak with authority.

For I suppose that in one respect the new Bishop of New York was markedly different from all his neighbors in that assembly. Was there another of them all who went about in the ordinary dress of a plain man of affairs? Among the two hundred and more collars which turned up, was there another which turned down? I doubt it. Bishop Brooks never wore clerical clothes. It is a familiar story that when Bishop Clark ventured, after Dr. Brooks's consecration, to remonstrate with him upon this singularity, he fell for a moment into profound and puzzled thought, and then said: "Clark, you were put up to this by Henry Potter." And he resolutely refused to treat the matter seriously. Bishop Greer is of the same opinion. He has always followed the fashion which somebody described as "disguising one's self as a gentleman." After the manner of St. Peter and St. Paul and other eminent—though very primitive—bishops, he is attired like the men of the congregation.

Nevertheless, a vest which buttons in front is as symbolical as a collar which buttons behind. It betokens a state of mind. It is a visible expression of a sentiment to which Bishop Greer gave characteristic utterance in a sermon in which he said: "Our first and proper aim should not be to be priests, but to be men; a high manhood is always more—immeasurably, incomparably more—than the highest kind of priesthood." Of course this sentiment is by no means peculiar to Bishop Greer. It is in the hearts and on the lips of many men who wear the conventional garments of their order. But Bishop Greer expresses it that way. To him the ministry is not a place apart from common life. The minister is not to set a barrier between him and his neighbors. "Let him go among them rather, and live and be among them, simply as a man among men, as an honorable and high-minded man, living like other honorable and high-minded men, trying to win their confidence, and to secure and have their respect, not chiefly because of his office, but chiefly because of himself." This he said at Yale, in his Lectures on

Preaching, and this he carries consistently into the simplicity of his habitual dress.

All this, however, signifies an unecclesiastical mind. It is hardly in keeping with the popular tradition of the episcopate. This tradition is inextricably entangled with palaces and miters and four-horsed coaches and visions of Archbishop Laud. A bishop, according to the tradition, is a high and mighty official of a great ecclesiastical organization, to whose increase of power he is unremittingly devoted. He is supposed to be as intent on the prosperity of his particular business and as disregardful of the interests of people in general as the president of a railway or of an industrial corporation—as these dominant persons are described by Socialists. That is, a bishop is an ecclesiastic. But Bishop Greer is not an ecclesiastic. And back he comes from the Lambeth Conference, from the assembly of all the bishops from everywhere, and reports that they are not ecclesiastics either. They are interested not so much in the progress of the Church as in the progress of religion. They are convinced that the mission of the Church is the service of the world, and that this service includes all manner of things which help towards human happiness and betterment. The bane of the Church throughout the course of history has been the temptation to self-interest. It has forgotten that the great words, "He that saveth his life shall lose it," apply to churches. They were of a different mind, it seems, at Lambeth.

Bishop Greer first gained general attention as a preacher. Speaking without notes, addressing himself with unusual directness to the minds and hearts of his hearers, sympathetic with this present world, and, like a good Christian, unfailingly optimistic in his anticipations of the future, he imparted a new courage, a new uplift, and a new purpose to his people. He never preached a learned sermon. He rarely contributed to current religion a new idea or even a new expression. His texts were often of an unexpected kind, but the treatment was, for the most part, obvious. His distinctive gift was spiritual. What he said inspired men. For one thing, it was profoundly Christian, based upon Jesus Christ, filled to overflowing with contagious faith in him and love for him. "This," he says, "above all else, is what the Church to-day is trying to promote: to make the great constituency of its membership, the men and women who are gathered in our congregations and the children in our families and our Sunday-schools, lovers of Jesus Christ, the great, strong, and mighty lover of human souls."

The sermon from which these words are taken was addressed to those who are perplexed by modernism—though the good word had not then been invented. The preacher declared his confidence in the results of criticism and his sympathy with the scholars who are engaged in the pursuit of truth. He quoted the story told by Ludovico Vives of the countryman who killed his cow because it had drunk up the moon. There was the moon shining in the pail, and the cow, at one awful gulp, had swallowed it. Truth, he said, is no more in peril than the moon. "Jesus Christ is not less, but more, than what we have apprehended him to be; he will become, through all this ferment of modern criticism and discussion and controversy, a larger, richer, dearer Christ and a greater Redeemer and a more precious Saviour to us."

But the preacher's method was to uphold the truth, not by process of argument, but by the evidence of personal conviction. Bishop Greer is fond of the word "vision," by which he sometimes means a wide look about the world and large plans resulting from it, and sometimes an immediate perception of things unseen, a look deep into the heart of the world, and a sight of the face of God. He quotes the failure of the sons of Sceva who said, "I adjure you by the Jesus whom Paul preaches." He urged his student hearers at Yale to bring their own souls into their sermons. The preachers who help us, he said, are they who make us feel as though they had a personal message for us, "because it was their own personal message, a message which they themselves, in their deepest and innermost souls, had found and felt to be good, had found and felt to be true. It may have been some truth which we already knew, some very familiar truth; and yet, as the preacher preached it, it seemed to have in it something new. And it did have in it something new; it had the preacher in it."

These sentences are unconsciously autobiographical. They contain the secret—the incommunicable secret—of Bishop Greer's preaching. The hearer feels that back of the word there is a strong, genuine, sympathetic, courageous, and believing man. He knows instinctively that in the soul of the preacher there is nothing mean or base, and that the concern of his life is about great things, never about petty things. And there is wrought in him as he listens the old miracle of the Christian Pentecost: the Holy Spirit comes with blowing winds and blazing fires, and joys and hopes too high for common speech.

I miss in Bishop Greer's two books of printed sermons one which I remember with a great debt of gratitude over a space of twenty years. The text was that splendid vision of the Revelation in which St. John beheld the Holy City coming down from heaven. Down it came, the ideal city, out of the sky, to have its foundations on the earth, to be translated out of dreams and aspirations into every-day reality, to be fulfilled here, in our own time. The preacher spoke of the relation of religion to the city and of the mission of religion to make the celestial city real in every man's own town. The sermon touched the note of the Lambeth Conference: the Church the servant of the world.

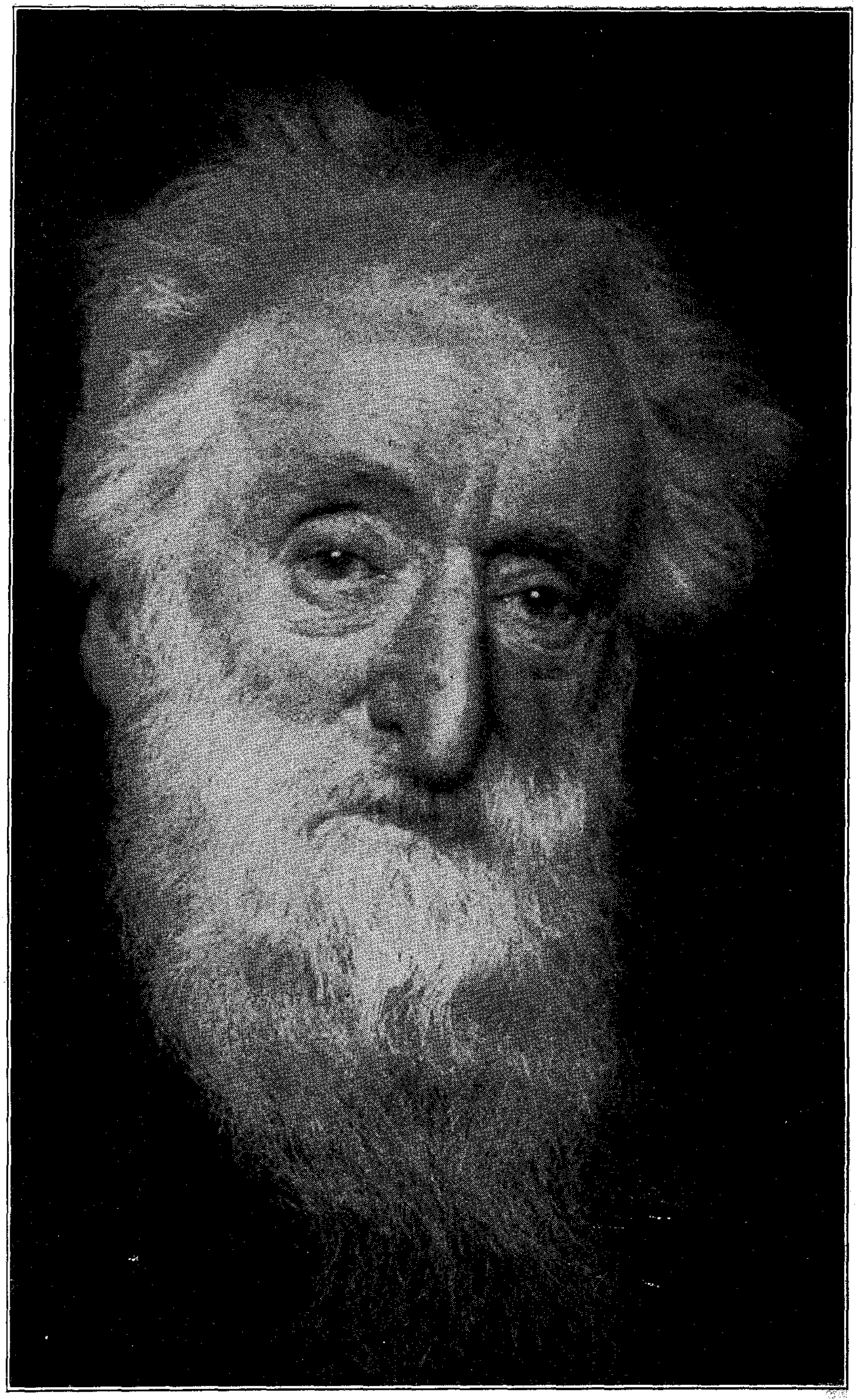
This sermon Bishop Greer has been putting into practice throughout his ministry. The distinctive quality of St. Bartholomew's parish during his rectorship appeared not only in the pulpit but in the parish house, where a dozen nationalities were ministered to in as many different languages, and where the practical dealing with the actual needs of the people involved the maintenance of a parish pawnshop. A lodging-house, an employment bureau, a coffee-house, a penny provident fund, a gymnasium, a surgical and a medical clinic, were among the activities which the rector used to translate Christianity into common life. The distinctive undertaking of his service as bishop coadjutor has been the mission to the Bronx; he has seen the needs of that great growing district and has brought to their fulfillment the same concrete good sense and the same administrative gifts which he had shown already. And these purposes will control his larger work.

He said once in the frankness of a friendly talk, "I don't see what a bishop does with his time." That was some years ago. He has found out now. He knows of his own experience that the time of a true bishop is filled full with the great endeavor to establish the celestial city, and to make the Church more and more the efficient servant of the world.

THE SEARCH

BY JOSEPHINE MASON LESLIE

They bade me lift my eyes to thee, who art great lord and king,
Enthroned above the cherubim, who praise eternal sing.
And eagerly I gazed above, as other mortals dare:
Such radiant light was all too bright—I could not find thee there.
And blinded, and with downcast eyes, I scarcely saw the man
Who walked beside me on my way, though close our pathways ran.
No pomp, no kingly pride, was there: his footsteps pressed the road;
A staff like mine was in his hand; his shoulders bore their load.
One day I turned and saw his face—the pitying, human brow;—
"Brother," he said, with outstretched hand; and I, "Why, this is thou!"



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. THIESEN, PHILADELPHIA

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

Founder and Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army

THE MAN WHO HUNGERED FOR HELL

BY LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

"I HUNGERED for hell. I pushed into the midst of it—London's East Side. For days I stood in those seething streets, muddy with men and women, drinking it all in and loving it all. Yes, I loved it because of the souls I saw. I knew I had found my work. One night I went home and said to my wife: 'Darling, I have given myself, I have given you and our children, to the service of those sick souls.' She smiled and took my hand, and we knelt together. That was the first meeting of the Salvation Army."

His tired eyes, their cunning half-curtained by great drooping lids, blazed with blue flame as he spoke. His voice, a remnant of departing thunder, rumbled like a distant storm in summer. But all is winter now with this old soldier of salvation—all save the spirit. The tousled hair and streaming beard which frame his huge Semitic face—they are the hoar-frost of nine and seventy years. That enormous hooked nose is the beak of an eagle, a man-eagle long since sated with the sublimities of the thin upper strata and swooping down to snatch broken bodies and scorched souls from the ash-heaps of humanity. Tall, spare, unsteady, his is the body of Doré's Don Quixote with the head of Ezekiel set upon its stooped shoulders. Did he claim reincarnation, he might call himself Ezekiel. There is much likeness. He is somewhat the fierce benefactor. His cry is Ezekiel's—Work and Hope! He knows all filth, all grief, all horrors, yet he sees the sunrise. Surrounded by dust of defeat and degradation, smoke of sin, fog of falseness, and clouds of crime, he has shown men a patch of Christ's clear morning sky on the horizon of hopelessness, as he marched on through the wide world dragging them out of darkness and death into light and life. Had he chosen the flowing robe and mystery of speech, he might have duplicated the magic of Mahomet. He is as sure of his providential mission. Who knows but this possibility confronted him in his Methodist pulpit fifty years ago! He was only fifteen when he heard an echo of that voice which smote Paul on the road to Damascus. Even then he preached as if possessed. William Booth was possessed.

He hungered for hell. He thirsted for the dregs. A little while he waited. He had enough of routine religion to breed the hope that these would come to satisfy his longing. Waiting, he worked and thought. One day it came to him that Christ "sought" men when here. He, too, would "seek" them, but not in the highways. He would track them into the swamps and sink-holes, the dump-heaps. For this he led his little family to London in 1861. For this he haunted the nearest approach to hell on earth—that East Side. For this he knelt with his wife, a woman of blest memory everywhere. He always lifts his eyes when he calls her name, as if speaking to her.

Mind you, he was not a failure, seeking fresh soil in which to thrive. His fame as an evangelist was high and fixed. He could have got a comfortable living from any Conference. He was a schemer, planning a factory where waste material could be utilized and saved.

In a disused burying-ground on Mile-End Road he pitched an old tent. The sentimental will see in this a sign of resurrection from the dead. He chose the place because he could get no other. The tent was his tabernacle. He called it the "Christian Mission." A crowd of poor Whitechapelers drifted into the place the first night he preached, led by curiosity. The East Side had never seen such a "congregation," nor London, nor the world, for that. It was just a mess of wreckage cast up by the waves of what we must call Life because of breath and heartbeats. He talked to them as such. He told them the old, old story stripped to the quick of its layers of theology. He worded his message to fit their meager knowledge. Some slept through it all; some sneered and snickered; others listened. A harlot or two and a drunkard cried for shame at their sinning and then for joy at their saving, and thus ended the second meeting of what was yet to sweep over seas as the Salvation Army. William Booth went home tired but happier than he had ever been. He had won from the Devil at the first throw.

He seized the spoils of this skirmish. They not only went to work with him, but he went to work through them. In their needs he saw the needs of their kind. He saw how the ears of the Devil had grown stony to sounds of church bells which sifted into that part of London. He would go at the Devil with drums, and he did.

And the godly world that had somehow neglected this human offal shifted in its high seats and frowned. Then, when bands of his people went through the streets singing about Jesus of Nazareth to the tunes of "Sally in Our Alley" and "The Old Stone Jug," that godly world, which still held well aloof from the field, fumed at such sacrilege. Its pious respectability was outraged by this "charlatan." Spurgeon let fly a shaft at this "fanatic," saying his methods brought religion into contempt. Huxley joined the chorus of critics and dubbed his Christianity "corybantic." Yet you see to-day, gathered together under the generalship of this same William Booth, the biggest standing army in the world—only it doesn't stand. It forges ahead, fighting, and winning wherever it fights.

"In the last few years we have saved fifty thousand fallen women," said this General to me. He sat up straight in the car seat, and the light on his face was something more than the reflection of the gold-leaved trees past which the train was rushing. "They say such women cannot be saved; that they have fallen too far. Women fall farther than men only because they slip from greater heights. I wish I could show them these fifty thousand as they *were* and as they *are!*"

He doesn't care for the honors and compliments heaped upon him by kings and emperors. To dine with Roosevelt doesn't ruffle him in the least. I warrant you he let Oxford "doctor" him last year more for the sake of not displeasing the old university than pleasing himself. But if he could only marshal his fifty regiments of reclaimed womankind before you or me!—that would fill him with satisfaction. The way he spoke showed it.

And if he could only find some way to work while he sleeps!—that would make him smile. He seldom smiles, yet he is witty and knows fun when he sees it. "Twenty years ago an English physician told me I was worn out. He said I ought to retire to some small parish and spend much time fishing and shooting. God had already given me one of his small parishes—this world—and I have found excellent fishing everywhere, only I have caught mostly crocodiles. As for shooting, I'm still firing at the Devil, and if I've not yet hit him in the head, I've wounded him several times in the tail." He told this during his recent illness, while making his fifth tour of our country.

He believes in a personal Devil, indeed he does. He snarled when I asked him, and, taking for granted I differed in the matter, growled at "your microbe Devil." He believes in a sure-enough hell, too, but he balks at the brimstone. He avoids particulars as he avoids disputes about religion.

"I've no time to argue theology," he says. "Whether Christianity is right or wrong, you must admit it is the most wonderful force that has ever come along." He will go one step farther, and after that you might as well try to whistle against a hurricane. "There are three things one must have: Forgiveness of the past, strength to be good in the future, and a spirit of love for others. If there is any way to get these except through regeneration by the Holy Ghost, I have yet to find it. Now we have talked enough religion."

Criticised as he was at first by those of every creed, you cannot draw from him a word of counter-criticism for any creed.

"Men need many roads to salvation, and it takes all my time and thought and energy to keep the one I opened in repair."

He gives it just that—all his time, thought, and energy. Sometimes he awakes at daylight and calls his secretary to take down a thought, a message, an order. On shipboard he has a specially constructed chair in which to write while sitting on deck. During his recent illness he was vexed beyond measure because he was unable to work on trains and in hotels. He was petulant, like a boy kept in after school—wondering when he could make up his lost time. He wanted to go on with his latest effort, the preparation of messages or brief sermons, written to be translated into every language conquered by the Army, and read simultaneously at its services throughout the world Sunday after Sunday. He finished forty before his strength gave out. Even then he kept at his tour, despite the doctors, and met every lecture date. It was forced draught and you could see the steam getting low. "I haven't had a day off in fourteen years," he told a group of newspaper men in Philadelphia, "but I'll die pretty soon and the first thing I'll ask for in heaven is a six months' vacation!"

Intensely practical, General Booth has carried this crusade into fifty-three countries, leaving nothing to chance and mighty little to providence; grappling with conditions instead of arguing theories; feeding the hungry and sheltering the homeless; clothing the naked and tending the sick; visiting those in prison and befriending the friendless—doing it "unto the least of these" and doing it all for one great reason—for Christ's sake.

"Do not call it philanthropy," says General Booth; "it is all a means to an end, and that end is the salvation of the individual." Yet he does not regale you with the number of souls he has "saved." Instead he tells you that last night twenty-two thousand men and women were given shelter by the Army, and "last night" is any night. He tells you that ten times that number were fed by the Army last week, and "last week" is any week. He tells you how in each of his Rescue Stations is hung this sign, printed in bold black letters: "Before Committing Suicide Apply to the Captain." It was his New Year gift to humanity in 1906, this scheme for decreasing self-destruction. Of the first five hundred who "applied to the captain" in London only two took the fatal step. The others got a fresh hold through sympathy or sane advice, and in a few instances were given funds enough to sand the track for a new start.

He tells you of the Army's "transfer of population" work, how they are making farm fits out of city misfits; how they are helping men and women by leading them out of temptation; how they are shifting thousands from the narrow streets of London to the airy prairies of western Canada; how they are mending men here, there, and everywhere—but never boastingly, always "by God's grace;" how, by God's grace, they are now at work upon a plan for helping the lonely.

"Loneliness. Did you ever think what sorrow and sin come of it?" he asks. "In every city are thousands of lonely persons; not always poor, but without family or friends. They have no place to go where a friendly spirit may be found. We want to give them clubs where they can get this, where they can find congenial work if they wish it." This is the Army's first move in any field apart from the "mud and scum of things." It has always done much for the rich, however. This among prodigal sons and daughters. It has been the great "lost and found" column for such wanderers, and thousands of times has it returned them to woebegone parents, not only safe and sound, but fitted for the line of duty. So it has worked for the rich as well as the poor. It never questions the pocket, but the plight.

From that crude beginning in the deserted burying-ground it has branched in all directions, blossoming in the blue poke-bonnet and the visored cap in nearly every country under the sun. From the one officer who braved the scorn of many it has increased to more than twenty-one thousand officers, who command the respect of all and the admiration of the majority. Its many-sided work is directed from eight thousand posts, each garrisoned by a corps whose one purpose is the serving of sick souls through the most direct means.

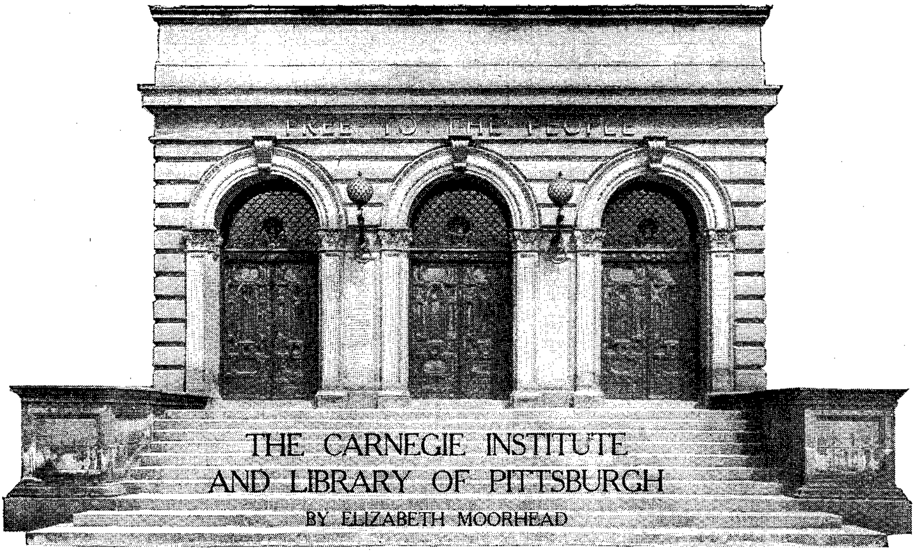
See and hear the old warrior at its head, and you have the human secret of its vast success. Read the last twelve verses of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and you know the rest. The eagle face and towering form seem already to reflect the light of another morning. The first glow of the final sunrise falls athwart this mountain of a man who hungered for hell. When he answers the last roll-call, there can be read over him no better tribute than this, printed a few months ago in the Nagoya Daily News, a Japanese journal professedly Buddhist: "It was not the physical poverty and hunger of the London slums that made him forget his wrecked constitution and pledge his whole life to his new field of activity. It was the miserable condition of the souls of men and women, and his burning desire to save them from eternal destruction, that set fire to his intense love for mankind."

THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS, O FRIEND, IN SUNNY WEATHER

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES

Think happy thoughts, O friend, in sunny weather!
  'Tis easier when the skies are deep and blue.
Let thy heart and the robins sing together,
  And thy clear eyes be tranquil as the dew.
Sadness, thy troubled spirit's exhalation
  Grow radiant in the early morning rays;
All vain regret and haunting expectation
  On far horizons fall like distant haze.

Think happy thoughts, O friend, in sunny weather!
  Let Gladness and thy spirit, hand in hand,
Wander across the daisied fields together
  And drink the cheer and sweetness of the land.
So rich a store of memories thou shalt gather,
  So tranquil grow thy spirit and thy brain,
That when the winds blow fog and stormy weather
  Thou shalt have sunshine though the earth have rain.



THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE AND LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH

BY ELIZABETH MOORHEAD

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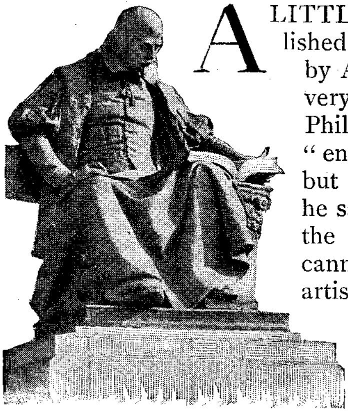

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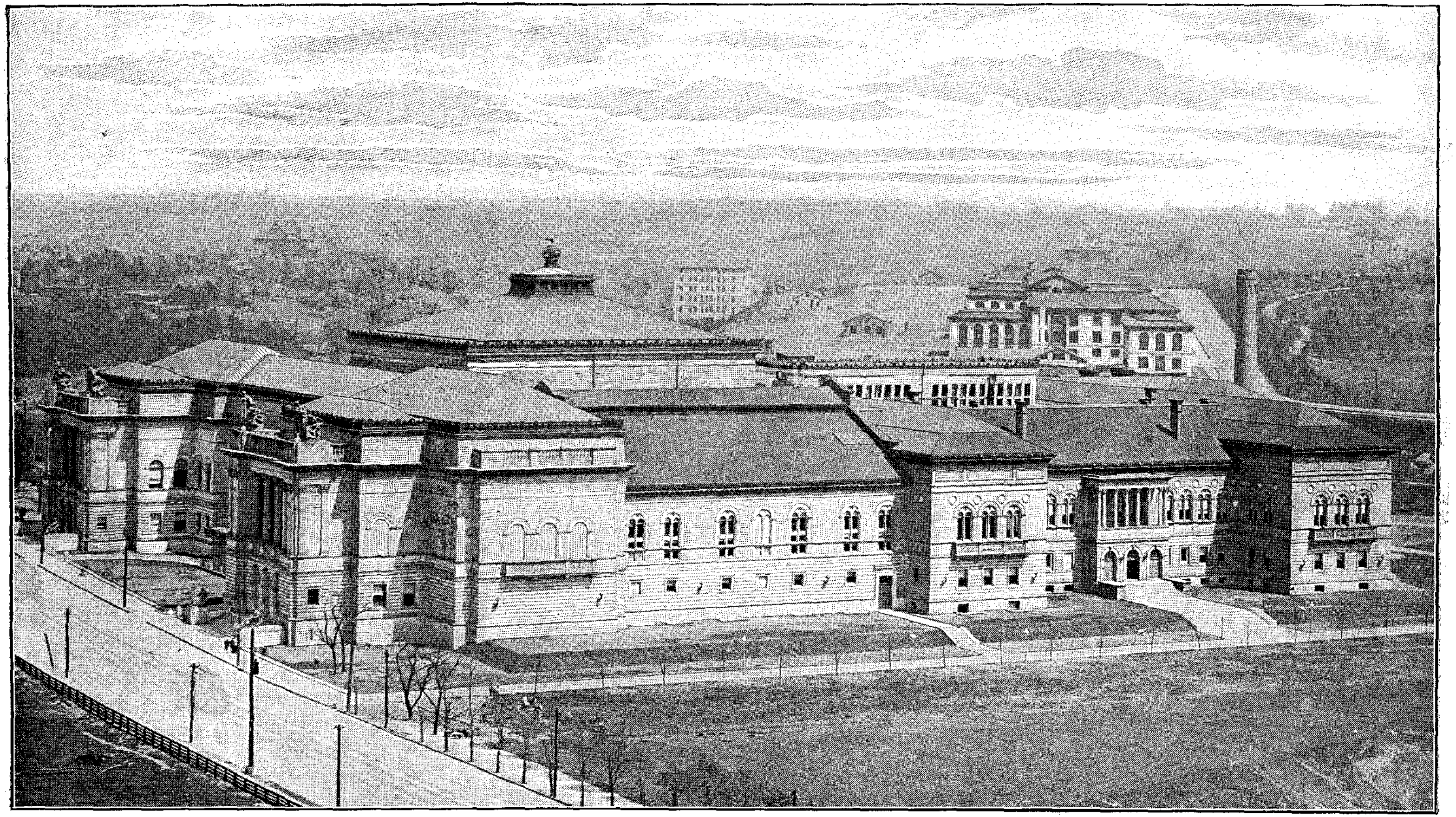
A LITTLE less than a hundred years ago Hazlitt published his "Inquiry Whether the Fine Arts are Promoted by Academies and Institutions," in which he declares very emphatically, with all the critic's scorn of British Philistinism, that the arts are not dependent upon "encouraging circumstances" or any artificial props, but flourish best in obscurity. "Art is not science," he says, "nor is the progress made in the one ever like the progress made in the other." Taste and genius cannot be constrained by arbitrary means; moreover, artistic appreciation is the prerogative of the few, and the diffusion of taste is not the same thing as the improvement of taste. In other words, it is a mistake to make a good thing too common.

This conservative point of view, by no means obsolete, has its interest in connection with the establishment, in a city hitherto distinguished chiefly for its industries, of an institution designed for the promotion of both science and the fine arts—an institution which is broadly inclusive and democratic, aiming to make the best things as common as possible, based upon the principles that art and industrial education should go hand in hand, that science necessarily underlies all artistic expression, and that the artist, most susceptible of beings, is the product of his environment, and can develop his highest powers only where he is generally understood and appreciated. Art, according to this theory, springs from and is dependent upon popular sympathy.

Though too early to hazard any predictions as to the creative work that may result from the foundation of the Carnegie Library and Institute, it is safe to say that this institution has already become a definite shaping influence, a vital educational and social force among the people in general.

As some confusion exists, even in Pittsburgh, in regard to the terms Library and Institute, it is well to make it clear at the start that there are two separate organizations, controlled by two Boards of Trustees, though they occupy the same building (with the exception of one department of the Institute: the Technical Schools) and are of course closely related in their purpose and work.

As long ago as 1881 Andrew Carnegie planned to found a great free library;



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THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE AND LIBRARY

and this, with branches, was his first gift to the city of Pittsburgh. The Central Library Building was opened and dedicated with appropriate ceremony on November 5, 1895. It included within its walls a Music Hall, and an Art Gallery and small scientific Museum. But with the rapid growth of the city these departments all assumed greater importance, and the original building was speedily overtaxed. So, to meet the need of the people, Mr. Carnegie gave additional sums to enlarge the building, and liberally endowed the departments which now make up the Institute.

As it stands to-day, the entire institution is known as the Carnegie Library and Institute of Pittsburgh, and, except the Technical Schools, occupies the Central Library Building. This was completed in its present enlarged form and rededicated in April, 1907. There are the Library proper, which, with its outlying branches, is governed by a Board of Trustees of eighteen members and maintained by the city of Pittsburgh; the Music Hall, which is self-supporting; and the Institute, which comprises:

1. The Department of Fine Arts.
2. The Department of Museum.
3. The Department of Technical Schools, housed in special buildings.

These three departments of the Institute are governed by a Board of Trustees of thirty-six members, and are maintained by Mr. Carnegie's endowment. The sum total of his gift up to the present time, including endowments and the cost of buildings, approximates $18,000,000.

The Central Library Building stands in the geographical center of the city, at the entrance of Schenley Park. Rolling hills, ravines, and meadows form an effective background to this massive pile of gray stone, which, having been destined to accommodate four distinct departments, naturally presented a problem to its architects. They have solved it by a practical adaptation of the Italian Renaissance. Its size and cost and the splendor of the materials used were so fully discussed by the press at the time of dedication last April that any detailed description here would be superfluous, and it is enough to say that the building covers an area of four acres, with sixteen acres of floor space exclusive of basements and power-house. The whole interior is light, well ventilated, and commodious, with the beauty that consists of perfect adaptation to use. It gives a sense of unrestricted space, and not the least among its attractions are the green vistas of the park from nearly every window.

The Library entrance occupies the western façade, and the frieze above its triple doorway bears the inscription: Free to the People. Bronze doors open into a handsome vaulted hall paneled with Tennessee marble, from which two broad staircases of the same material lead to the second floor. The effect of this entrance is dignified and harmonious. But more significant is the fact that the Library accomplishes its purpose; in a very real sense it is "free to the people." Entering the well-arranged Loan Department, the visitor is impressed with its homelike, cheerful atmosphere, and at once has a pleasant feeling of proprietorship. For everything is made comfortable, easy, accessible; some twelve thousand chosen books are placed within reach upon open shelves; the latest publications, and books which encourage special lines of reading, are displayed in movable racks. For instance, during the annual exhibition there is a well-filled rack labeled "Books which will help you to enjoy the exhibition in the Department of Fine Arts." Periodicals and comfortable chairs make this an alluring resting-place. Throughout the hard times all the reading and reference rooms have been continuously occupied during working hours by unemployed men, who are taking this opportunity for study along the line of their trades and professions.

A very liberal policy was established by the first Librarian, Mr. Edwin H. Anderson, and carried on by his successor, Mr. Anderson H. Hopkins, with the result that restrictive rules are made as few as possible. Cards are issued when asked for, and books may be taken out immediately upon application for a card. Careless borrowers are supplied with temporary cards when they forget to bring their own, for it is the aim of the Library staff that no one shall go away unsatisfied. Two books of fiction are lent on one card, and practically no limit is placed on non-fiction—an inestimable boon to the student, who may carry off just as many volumes as he can handle.

And it works, this generous system! There are but few losses; the borrower rarely betrays the confidence reposed in him, for something in human nature instinctively responds to the spirit of trust and helpfulness.

A card of permission from the Librarian gives the visitor free access to the book-stack, which is built of white-enameled terra cotta, and is lighted from three large courts. Ventilated by washed and filtered air, this stack is entirely dust-proof. Its eleven stories are connected by an electric elevator.

The Reference Department on the second floor is always besieged by students and inquirers. Its open shelves are filled with standard books of reference, and its efficient corps is called upon to furnish information of a most comprehensive order, the records for one day showing a list of questions which range from the Eleusinian Mysteries to Bernard Shaw! This department also renders valuable assistance to the women's clubs in Pittsburgh and in the neighboring towns, by preparing reference lists and collecting the best books on their respective topics. Here may be found an excellent collection of mounted photographs of paintings, places, architectural subjects, and so on, which are circulated among schools, clubs, classes, and individuals. Finely illustrated books are left lying open on the tables, on such subjects as European Art Galleries, the English Pre-Raphaelites, and Italian cities; in fact, everything is done to bring the means of a broad culture within the reach of even the casual visitor. The telephone service is one of the most interesting features of the work accomplished in this room. It is no uncommon thing for the Reference Librarian to be called up to give the pronunciation of a word or to find a quotation, and she has even been known to read an entire poem to the inquirer at the other end of the wire.

An especially interesting and characteristic department, which perhaps more than any other illustrates and fulfills local requirements, is that of Technology, under the administration of Mr. Harrison W. Craver, now Acting Librarian. This was the first public library in the country to establish such a department, and its value has already been so amply demonstrated that several other libraries have followed Pittsburgh's lead. Comprehending the Natural Sciences and Useful Arts, the department is denominated technological because it is the Librarian's intention to devote it to applied science rather than to research. At present it contains about fifty thousand volumes, and complete sets of British and American patent records. It does about one-third of all the reference work, bringing the engineer and the mechanic to the Library. Here the telephone again proves itself a useful adjunct, for it enables the busy manufacturer to get expert information in five minutes without leaving his desk.

In the southwest wing of the Library Building on the ground floor is the Children's Department. Its seven rooms are large, well lighted, equipped with low tables, chairs, and shelves especially adapted to little visitors. All the details are planned with a regard for hygiene as well as comfort. There is a study-room containing atlases, globes, and hanging maps, where the children of overcrowded homes may come for a quiet hour to prepare their lessons. Recognizing the supreme importance of early beginnings and the necessity for competent work in this direction, Mr. Carnegie has endowed a Training School for Children's Librarians, which is conducted by the Library and has put into the field seventy trained workers since its organization in 1901. As it is the only school of its kind in existence, the students come from Europe as well as from all parts of the United States. These librarians have their own attractive study-room, furnished with books on children's literature, child psychology, and the like.

The Children's Department co-operates with the public schools in an effort to cultivate a taste for good literature in the young. Since all children, native and foreign-born, learn to read in our schools, it would seem only common justice that the want thus created should be freely and advantageously supplied. The Story Hour has been devised as a step to this end. Conducted by the students of the Training School and members of the department's staff, it attracts groups of eager listeners to the Central Library and all the branches. Two Story Hours are held weekly at each place: one for little children, when suitable legends, myths, and folk-tales are related; the other for bigger boys and girls, who are held spellbound by stories from the Iliad and the Odyssey, from Shakespeare, and of King Arthur and Robin Hood. The prime object, of course, is to awaken an interest in literature by kindling the imagination and fostering a healthy liking for romance, and the success of the method is certainly proved by the fact that, after the hour, the children invariably demand "the book with the story."

The following bulletin of "the most popular books" hangs in the Children's Room of the Wylie Avenue Branch, which is situated in one of the poorest districts in the midst of a large foreign and negro element:

The Story of Roland.
Tales of the Alhambra.
Kenilworth.
Ivanhoe.
The Boy's Percy.
Story of King Arthur and his Knights, etc.

That these children voluntarily choose such books is surely a satisfactory indication of the value of the Story Hour, opening as it does a door out of their

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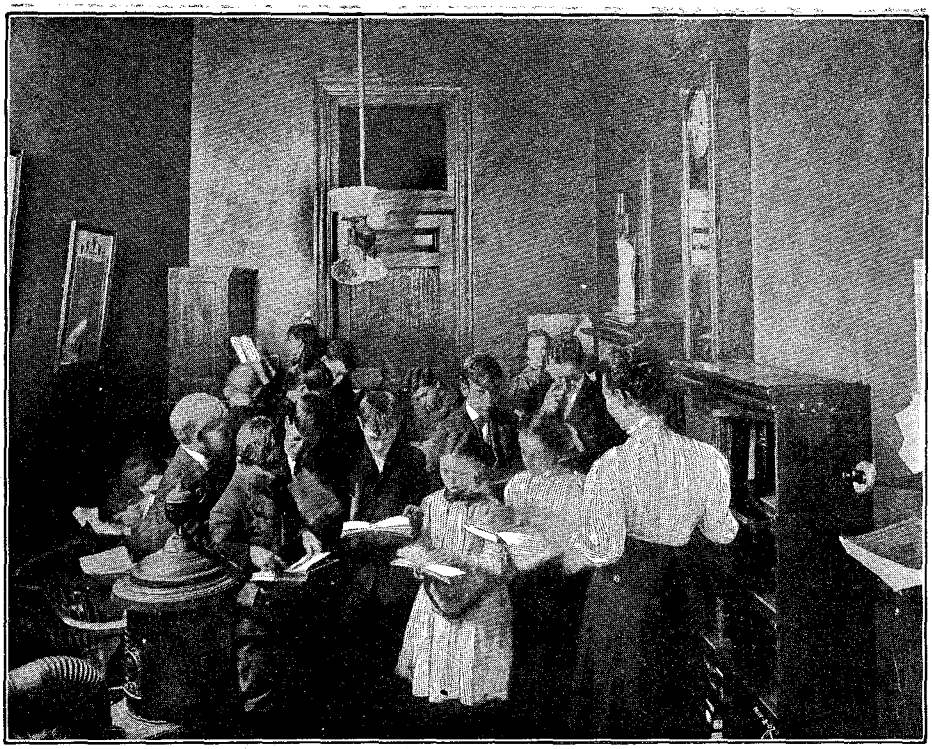
FOYER IN THE MUSIC HALL



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CARNEGIE HOME LIBRARY
A Branch of the Main Library

cramped lives into a new world of beauty and imagination. Bible stories are also enthusiastically received. One child recently put in a request at this Branch for "the book about Morris in the grass trunk that was drowned in the water"—which sorely taxed the Librarian's ingenuity until by a sudden inspiration she remembered Moses and the bulrushes!

The Library system is a great sympathetic plexus, stretching out living filaments into every quarter of the city. A large foreign population and small professional class make active and aggressive measures desirable in Pittsburgh. The Library must go out to the people; it cannot wait for them to come to it. Special distribution is also necessitated by the topography of the town, which is divided not only by three rivers, but by numberless hills, bluffs, and deep gullies. So, to reach these separate districts, the Library includes one hundred and seventy-seven agencies, consisting of branch libraries, deposit stations, school stations, summer playground stations, home libraries, and reading clubs. Most of these agencies are under the supervision of the Children's Department, being designed for the special benefit of the young.

Home libraries are sent out once a week in small cases directly into the homes of the poor. A visitor from the Library distributes the books in each case, and spends an hour among the children who assemble for the occasion at the home of one of their number. This work has an indefinable scope, for it accomplishes much more than the mere carrying of books into the slums; the visitor soon acquires personal influence in the neighborhood, and is often able to be of practical service.

Reading clubs do a somewhat similar work among the gangs of idle boys who hang about street corners, ready for any mischief. Several school boards and mission houses, the Newsboys' Home, and other institutions have provided rooms for such clubs, which are organized and directed by a Library visitor.

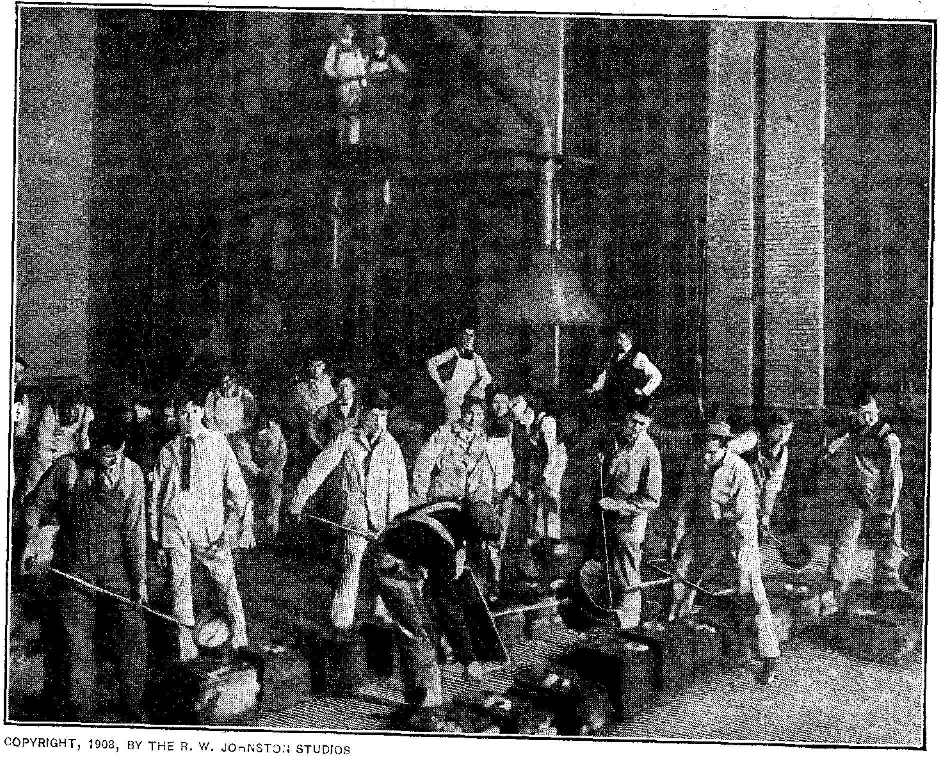
Work so inclusive and far-reaching as this requires special preparation, and Mr. Carnegie's Training School fills a definite need in qualifying the right young women to cope with the complex conditions of child life in our great cities.

The western projection of the main façade, fronting Forbes Street, forms the entrance to the Music Hall. The doorway is flanked by bronze statues of Shakespeare and Bach. The vestibule, of dark Siena marble, is stately and impressive; the foyer departs from the restraint that characterizes the rest of the building, being almost barbaric in its richness and glitter. With lofty columns of green Tinos marble, lavish gold incrustations, and a variously colored inlaid floor, it is sumptuous and striking after the manner of the foyer of the Paris Opera-House. The Music Hall itself was untouched during the alteration of the building, and remains as it was at the time of the first dedication in 1895, a perfectly proportioned and harmonious auditorium, all in white and gold and soft dull red, entirely gratifying to the eye.

The Music Hall is controlled by a committee appointed by the Library Board, and is practically self-sustaining, being in constant demand for concerts, lectures, and meetings of all kinds. Mr. Carnegie, however, has provided an emergency fund for its operation in case of a deficit.

Here the Pittsburgh Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, gives its concerts during the winter; and here, every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon from October until June, large crowds come to hear the free organ recitals given by Mr. Charles Heinroth, the city organist. His musical lectures carry out the educational purpose which animates every activity in the building.

Unlike the Library and Music Hall, the departments of the Institute are operated solely by Mr. Carnegie's endowment.



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STUDENTS AT WORK IN THE FOUNDRY

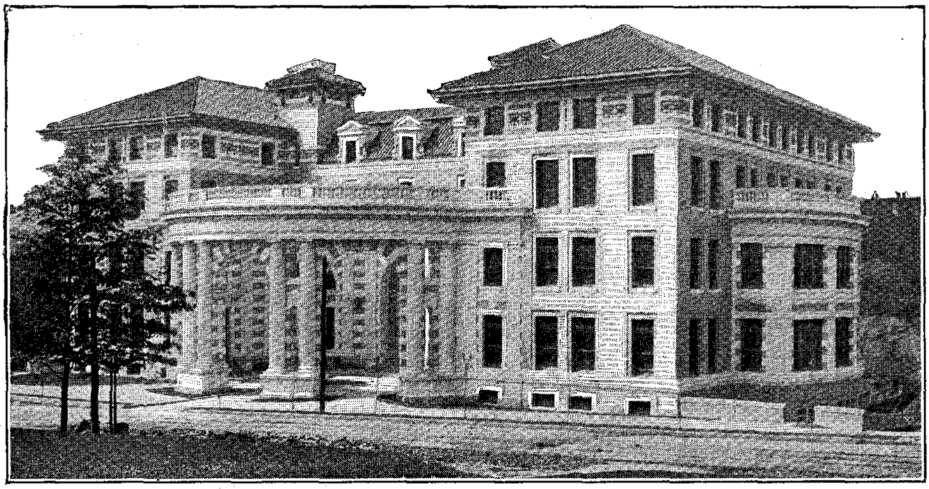
The eastern projection of the building corresponds with the Music Hall entrance, with statues on either side of the doorway representing respectively Galileo and Michelangelo. Passing through the vaulted vestibule, we find ourselves in a beautiful hall three stories in height, and open to a glass roof. It is paneled in mellow-tinted Hauteville marble and decorated with John W. Alexander's famous mural paintings. Those which form the frieze of the first floor depict the industries of Pittsburgh—muscular, half-nude figures at work in the smoke and glare of the furnace. At the head of the staircase on the second floor is a great figurative representation of the city as a mailed knight rising triumphant out of vaporous clouds of smoke and steam. The series is not yet complete.

The chief activity of the Department of Fine Arts, of which Mr. John W. Beatty is Director, is the annual exhibition of paintings held in the months of May and June. As this is the only competitive international exhibition presented in the country, it seems hardly an undue assumption to call it the American Salon. The scheme of administration raises the exhibition above local standards and gives it prestige in Europe. There are Foreign Advisory Committees in London, Paris, Munich, and The Hague, which pass judgment upon the works of foreign artists. The Jury of Award, meeting in Pittsburgh, is elected by vote of the exhibitors; it consequently expresses as nearly as possible the opinions and verdict of the competing artists themselves. That any suspicion of provincialism or partisanship in the final judgment may be avoided, it is required that two members of the Jury be residents of Europe. While in Pittsburgh the Jury are guests of the Institute, by which all traveling and hotel expenses are defrayed.

Three medals, carrying with them respectively awards of $1,500, $1,000, and $500, are offered yearly, without regard to the painters' nationality. The prizes of the late exhibition, in 1908, were conferred upon Thomas W. Dewing, of New York, Henri Eugène Le Sidaner, of Paris, and Emil Carlsen, of New York.

This system naturally brings here some of the best work of European painters. Pittsburgh cannot lay claim to any distinctive art atmosphere as yet, but once a year it has its moment of exotic bloom, which gives it a part in the universal flowering, and leaves a lingering fragrance for the duller months.

A permanent collection of noteworthy paintings may be seen in the galleries on the second floor. No attempt has been made to secure examples of old masters, which would necessarily be second-rate; the collection is frankly modern, repre-



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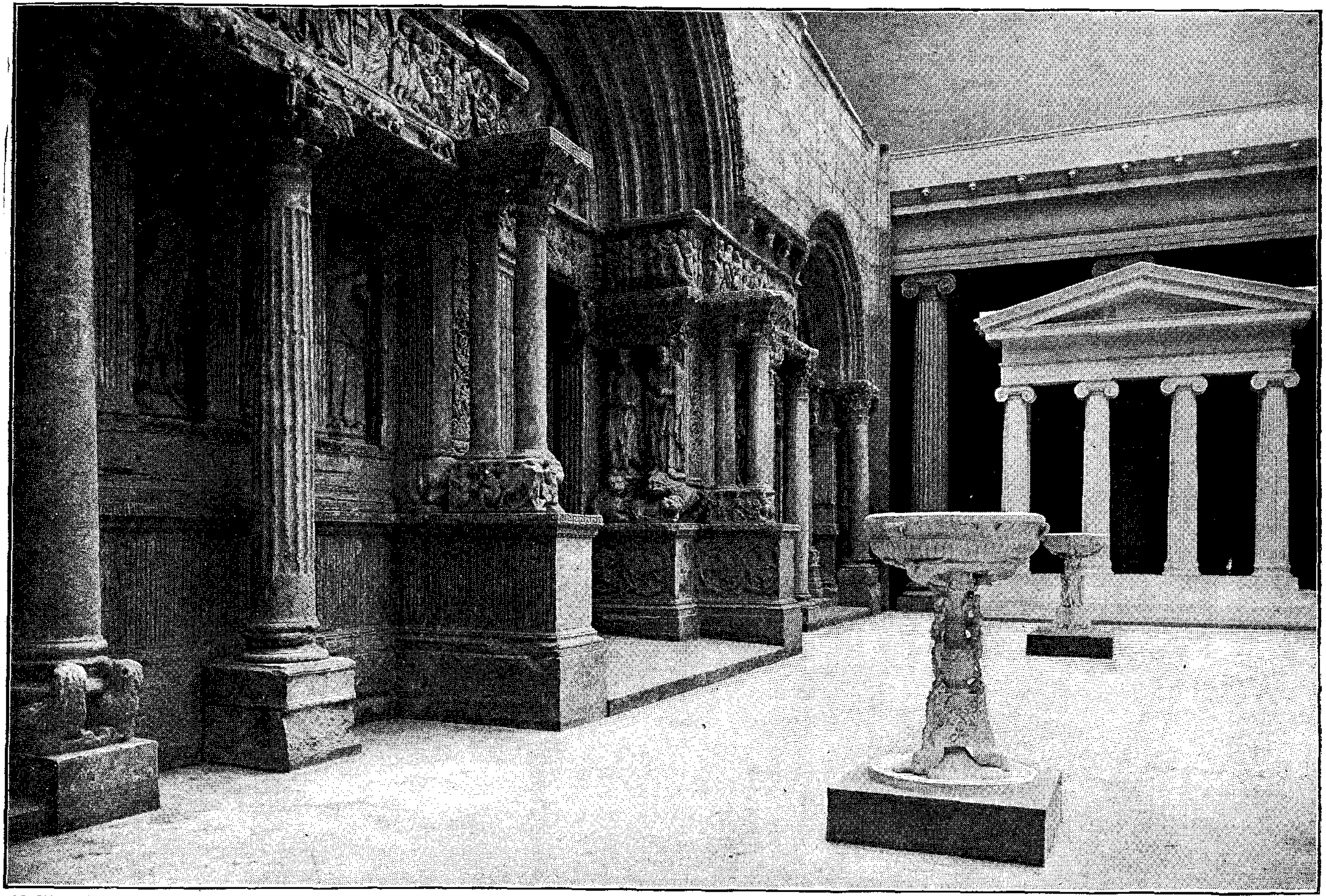
MARGARET MORRISON CARNEGIE SCHOOL FOR WOMEN



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REPRODUCTION OF THE WEST PORTAL OF THE ABBEY CHURCH OF SAINT-GILLES, GARD, FRANCE, IN THE HALL OF ARCHITECTURE sentative of the best effort of our own time. Where all are good it would seem invidious to discriminate, but a few of the better-known works may be indicated, such as Dagnan-Bouveret's much-discussed "Disciples at Emmaus," the gift of Mr. H. C. Frick; Winslow Homer's vigorous and dramatic "The Wreck;" that subtle study of a temperament, Whistler's portrait of Sarasate; and Lucien Simon's "Evening in a Studio," a vivid group, astonishingly brilliant in execution. Puvis de Chavannes and Raffaelli are represented by characteristic canvases; there is a poetic picture by Aman-Jean, quiet and discreet in tone, with dreaming, almost morbid, figures; and the Glasgow School is seen at its best in work by E. A. Walton, John Lavery, and Alexander Roche. But the strength of the collection is in American art, as such names as Inness, Tryon, Gari Melchers, Twachtman, Schofield, Redfield, Benson, and Alexander abundantly prove.

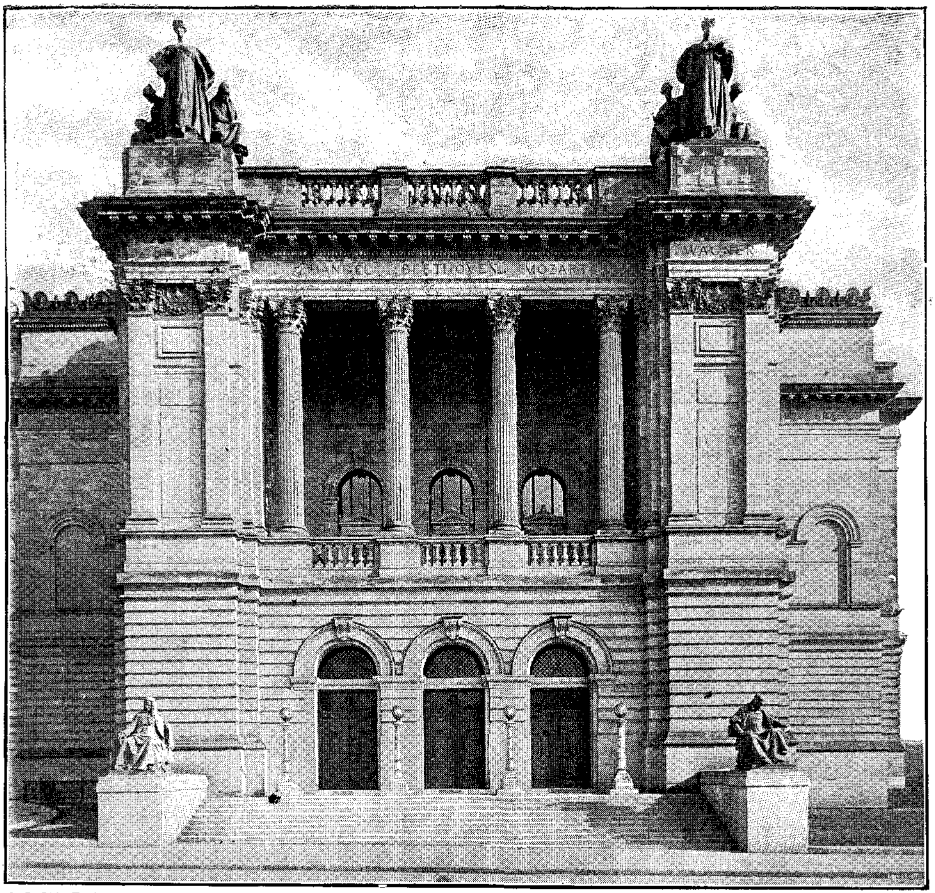
Photographs of all these paintings are circulated in the public schools, and serve to direct the attention of the children and their parents to the Institute and its exhibitions.

There is a Hall of Bronzes, containing reproductions of those in the Museum at Naples, also an interesting collection of original drawings by American artists, but the Halls of Sculpture and Architecture are the distinguishing feature of this department. In these sections it has been Mr. Beatty's purpose to produce an inspiring impression of beauty which shall make an instant appeal to the imagination, and in this he has certainly succeeded. The Hall of Sculpture, two stories in height, and roofed with glass, is admirably classic with its columns of snowy Pentelic marble and its calm green-tinted walls. There is a pervading sense of stability and repose in this completely beautiful room. Around the ceiling, at the exact height of the original, runs the Parthenon frieze. The collection of casts, though small, is so well chosen that it gives a chronological view of the development of sculpture, beginning with Persian and Assyrian bas-reliefs and seated figures from Egyptian tombs—mysterious immobile forms surveying the hall as if they had solved the secret of the ages—and continuing through the glories of Greek art, including the metopes of the Parthenon and its eastern pediment. It is planned to complete the historic development of sculpture by extending the exhibits through the Renaissance period.

In the Hall of Architecture Mr. Beatty has cared less to convey bare archæological information than to create enduring and uplifting images. The average exhibition of architectural casts consists of dry fragments, interesting only to the expert; here we have a harmonious whole that gives delight to the veriest tyro.

There is a perfect illusion. We are suddenly transported, as if by some magic carpet, to France, and stand in the porch before the abbey church of Saint-Gilles, in the Department of Gard—not a fragment, but the entire porch itself, with its heavy doors swung open so that we may mount the worn step and cross its threshold. This beautiful Romanesque façade of the twelfth century, so exactly reproduced, true in color and accurate in detail, has an indescribable effect. Instinctively the beholder is hushed to silence. Indeed, reverence is the dominant emotion aroused by this noble Hall of Architecture, and one almost feels the visible presence of the company of saints and martyrs whose sculptured images look down from the church portals. And what endless joy and inspiration there is in the symbolism of these Renaissance monuments!

Besides the Church of Saint-Gilles the Hall contains many other admirable casts: among them the Lions' Gate from Mycenæ; the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates; the south end of the Erechtheum; and examples of French and Italian Gothic, French and Italian Renaissance. About one hundred and twenty-five casts are to be added to those already placed, and the Hall will then represent with reasonable completeness the entire history of architecture from the earliest periods to the late French Renaissance. In an important sense the dual character of the exhibition will be maintained: inspiration for the layman and definite technical instruction for the student.



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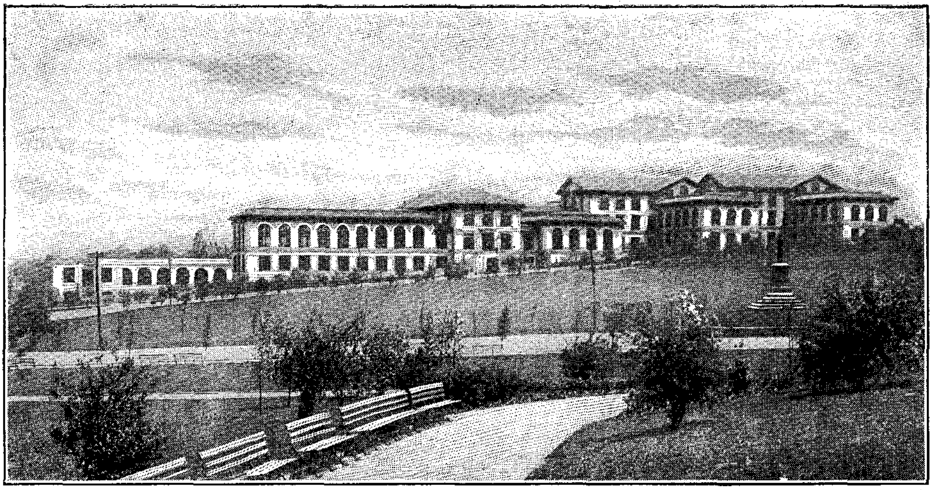
ENTRANCE TO THE MUSIC HALL

The Department of Museum, under the directorship of Dr. William J. Holland, occupies large rooms and galleries on the first, second, and third floors, and covers an area of some 104,000 square feet of floor space. As this department is too specific for general treatment, a mere enumeration of its different sections must suffice here.

It comprises exhibits in Vertebrate and Invertebrate Zoölogy; Entomology, a complete and very important collection; Botany; Mineralogy, including the valuable collection of Pennsylvania minerals bought from Mr. W. W. Jefferies, of West Chester, Pennsylvania; Palæontology; Comparative Anatomy and Osteology; Archæology and Ethnology; Numismatics; Ceramics; Textiles; Graphic Arts; Transportation, etc. Some of these collections have not yet been installed.

Much important work is done in the field, a special fund being provided by Mr. Carnegie for explorations. Through his generosity and initiative the Section of Palæontology has become one of unusual interest and value. The famous collection of fossils belonging to Baron de Bayet, of Brussels, was purchased for the Museum at a cost of $25,000. In the same gallery may be seen the huge skeleton of the diplodocus, of which replicas have been presented by Mr. Carnegie to England, Germany, and France. This is the largest fossil dinosaur in the world; it is somewhat composite, the greater portion having been found in Jurassic beds of Sheep Creek, Albany County, Wyoming, by an expedition sent out by the Carnegie Museum in the year 1899. The mastodon, found in 1897 near Waterloo, Indiana, is also a peculiarly perfect specimen.



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THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL

The section of Archæology is rich in interesting antiquities obtained in Costa Rica by a recent expedition.

Perhaps no department of the Carnegie Institute is doing a greater educational work than this. There is a small lecture-room in which talks on scientific subjects are given and special specimens are exhibited. The Academy of Arts and Sciences is associated with the Museum in giving free lectures. In most of the sections the plan is adopted of having a small exhibition series for the general public, while special collections are kept apart for the use of students. These can always be seen upon request. Many collections—birds, minerals, botanical specimens, etc.—are lent to schools for two weeks at a time. The fine French manikins in the Section of Comparative Anatomy are in constant use by medical and dental students.

The third department of the Institute occupies a separate group of buildings, as yet only partially completed, on the slopes of Schenley Park, not far from the Central Library Building. Absolutely fireproof, admitting light and air from every direction, the Carnegie Technical Schools are severely practical in design.

There are four separate schools: of Applied Science; for Apprentices and Journeymen; of Applied Design; Margaret Morrison Carnegie School for Women. The ideal of them all—so says Mr. Arthur A. Hamerschlag, the Director—is *service* in a large sense of the word—not specifically intellectual, nor æsthetic, nor yet purely utilitarian, but based on the assumption that the full and free development of the individual is the highest service to the community. The purpose in establishing four schools is to provide for all the fundamental differences in the mind and character of the students.

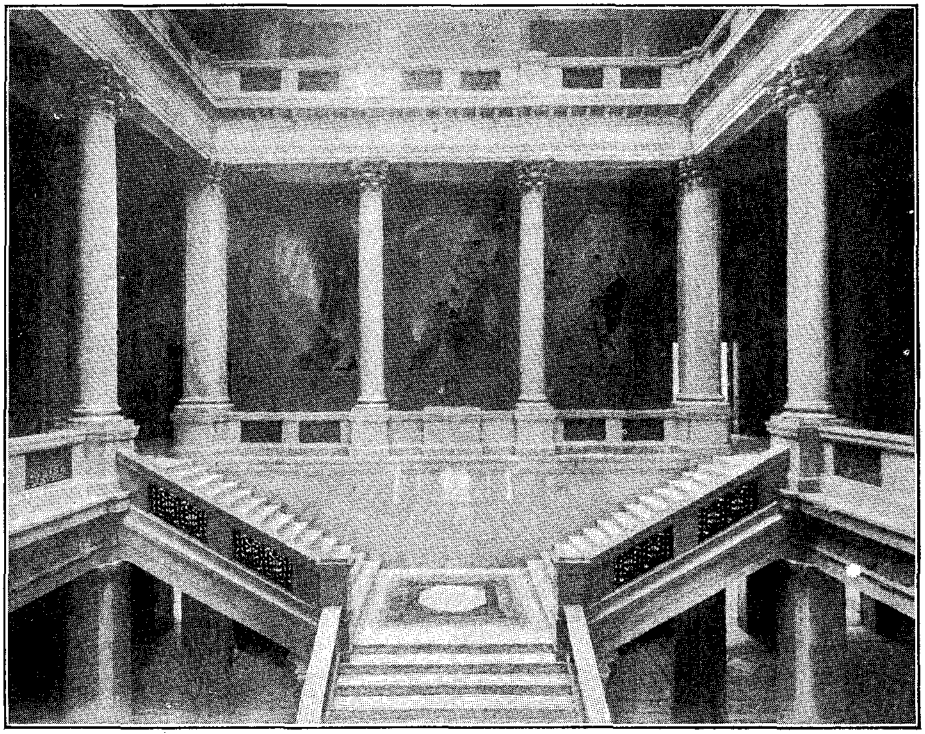
The School of Applied Science, for instance, is planned for the brilliant, creative temperament which has energy and initiative. Original work is expected from the students in this school. The School for Apprentices and Journeymen, on the other hand, offers opportunities to the plodder who is content to follow. The School of Applied Design aims to reach the poetic and artistic temperament, turning the natural gift to practical uses in such professions as architecture and interior decoration.

It is the endeavor of the institution to make a psychological study of each student, that he or she may find the right place and be helped to the full exercise of faculty. The work done is distinctly sociological as well as educational, for the essential objective is the training of youth into fine manhood and womanhood. Education in its specific sense is made secondary to the development of the strong, resourceful individual. That there may be opportunity for all classes, night schools are open which offer courses identical with those of the day schools. Every educational institution in the city, Mr. Hamerschlag thinks, must ultimately recognize the importance of such night courses, since the shortening of the working day gives relaxation and time for study. These night schools have a large local enrollment, and of course consist of a wage-earning group, much more mature than the day students, and readier to absorb instruction. The day group is only partially wage-earning, though it in no case represents a moneyed class. There are students from every State in the Union, from most European countries, and from India, China, and Japan. The tuition fee is nominal.

The Margaret Morrison Carnegie School has its own building, for the co-educational idea is entirely eliminated here. Indeed, this school may possibly seem reactionary, since it is intended primarily to encourage pursuits and occupations which are specifically womanly. Its motive is service in the home.

It belongs to none of the three classes of girls' schools with which we are all familiar—the academic, working for an intellectual ideal irrespective of sex; the finishing school, designed to furnish social graces and accomplishments; the trade school for wage-earners—but it tries in a measure to combine these three motives, always keeping in view the fact that the students are women and that their broadest sphere of influence in all probability will be the home. These girls are to be considered not as brains merely, nor as graces, nor as wage-earners, but as potential home-makers. They come here to be fitted for home economy, for wifehood and motherhood. Therefore a general course is required comprising ethics, history and English, physiology, hygiene, and physical training, with mathematics, cooking, sewing, and mending. Afterwards the student may specialize in household arts, dressmaking, secretarial work, etc.—courses in which the womanly point of view is a distinct asset, not an obstacle.

Most of the night students of this



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GRAND STAIRWAY OF THE MUSEUM

school are employed by day in offices, shops, and factories, and come for training in some special remunerative branch of work.

Much attention is given to physical training. The whole effort of the school is to give the students a common-sense understanding of how to build up a good healthy body and a sane way of thinking, to teach them how to care properly for home and family, and, above all, to develop in them poise and self-control to meet the emergencies of life.

The Carnegie Technical Schools graduated their first classes in June, 1908. It is too soon to look for results; indeed, it may never be possible to form a just estimate of anything so diffusive and intangible. Statistics do not show; the individual alone can tell the value of this opportunity for complete self-realization.

Any attempt to describe so comprehensive an institution as Mr. Carnegie's gift to Pittsburgh must necessarily be inadequate and superficial; but it is hoped that the present account may at least suggest something of its profound significance in the heart of this toiling city, whose people are often accused of laying waste their powers in getting and spending. In the face of this accusation it may seem startling to assert that the bed-rock of Pittsburgh character is idealism. The early Scotch-Irish settlers have left indelible traces in the town, which is still essentially Presbyterian. The honored citizens of a few generations ago were God-fearing, law-abiding, simple in their habits, regular in church attendance, strict in Sunday observance. Repression, not extravagance, was their law of life.

But the old order has changed. Pittsburgh is in a period of transition, of astonishing material growth, with apparently inexhaustible resources unfolding on every side. The old simple ideals are losing their hold. Calvinism, severely logical, and opposed to any adornment save that of the spirit, has always been more conducive to scientific than to artistic development. So it happens that Pittsburgh has no æsthetic tradition to fall back upon in this time of expansion, no trained sense of beauty to reinforce the old rigid sense of order.

Sudden prosperity naturally brings with it an intoxicating consciousness of power, and commercial enterprise produces that rapidity of movement which we call "hustling," with a corresponding degree of mental activity. Is it not the great office of the Carnegie Library and Institute to gather up all these restless, undirected energies, and help create for them new outlets through the reason and imagination? For the object of such an institution is not merely to supply books and to exhibit a certain number of articles, but to teach people to think and to appreciate. All its activities are subsidiary to one end—the art of living.

We need not be too much afraid of the present tendency toward excess. It is only the swing of the pendulum in the other direction, away from the old-time frugality; and, after all, as Professor James tells us, man's quest of the superfluous establishes him inexpugnably in the necessary. Moreover, history proves, over and over, that times of commercial and industrial expansion are marked by intellectual and artistic achievement, and, spite of Hazlitt's opinion, genius is surely more likely to be starved out by lack of opportunity than to die of surfeit. Who knows what mute, inglorious Miltons may have lived among us—mute because there was no one to speak their language? In the face of the vast inarticulate human need, isn't there something a little cowardly and selfish in this fear of the leveling influence of a democratic freedom of opportunity? An impulse stronger than argument makes it our business to raise the average, and genius may safely be left out of account, for it belongs to the region of the incalculable, and, like the kingdom of heaven, "cometh not by observation."

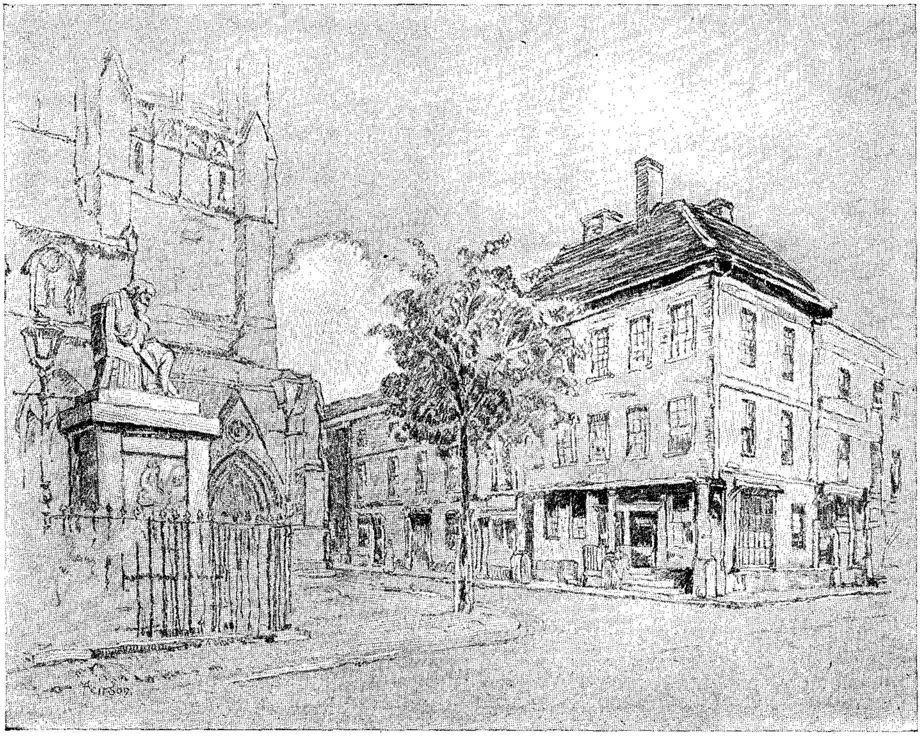
DR. JOHNSON AT LICHFIELD

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

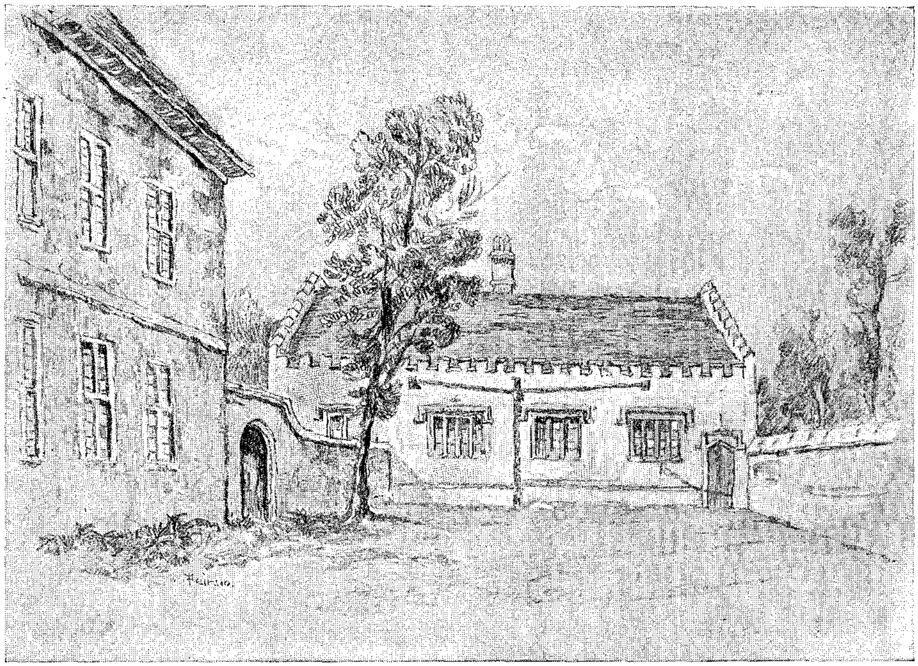
ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY ALDEN PEIRSON

IF Dr. Johnson, in full-bottomed wig, snuff-box, and massive walking-stick in hand, with heavy, rolling gait, could return and take account of his reputation, would it satisfy him, or would he exchange it for that of little Mr. Pope, who is still read and counted by the elect an artist of the deft touch and the finished skill? For it is idle to try to evade the fact that Johnson is no longer read save by a faithful few; while the "Essay on Man" and the "Dunciad" supply no small part of the currency of quotation, and there are many who find pleasure in "Windsor Forest." Speaking at large, after the manner of our generalizing age, nobody reads Johnson, though everybody has heard of "Rasselas;" but the burly figure of the great tavern-haunter and talker is one of the most familiar in the gallery of English worthies. Everybody knows him, and most people who know him love him! Posterity has a very shrewd judgment, and posterity has made up its mind that Johnson was not a great writer, but a great man of letters.

It is quite possible that the famous lexicographer, who was the patron saint of the school at whose gates Becky Sharp threw the dictionary out of the carriage window, would rather live in the memory of posterity as a great personage than as a writer. He was indolent by nature and he was also arbitrary; he loved talking far more than he loved writing; the "throne of human felicity," in his opinion, was the chair at the head of the tavern table rather than behind the desk; and one may venture the opinion that, if



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE AND STATUE AT LICHFIELD



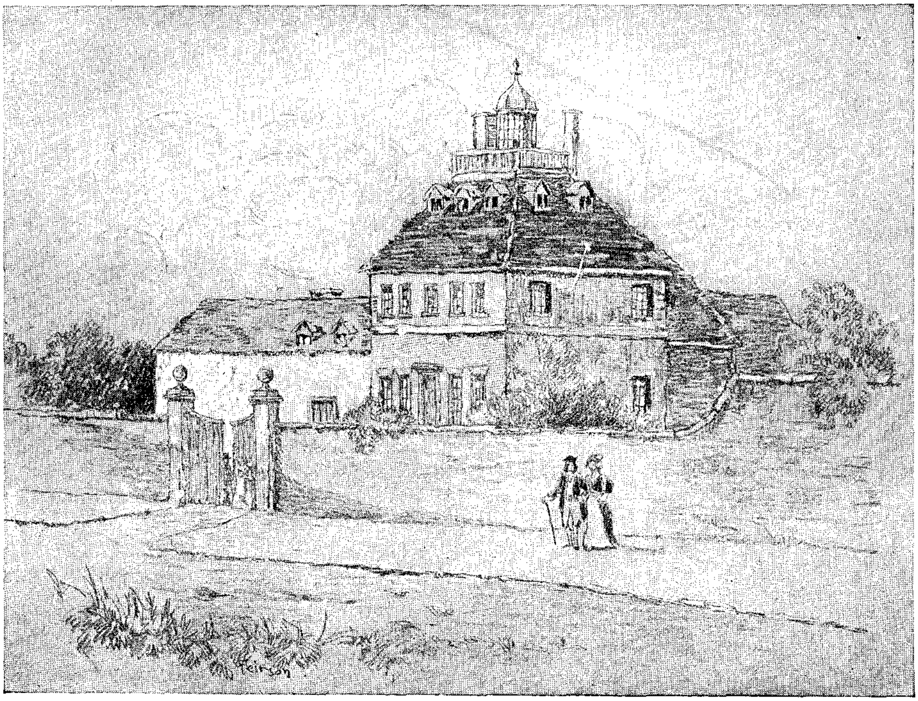
THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT LICHFIELD

he were consulted to-day, he would rather count as a man than as a maker of books. In any event, it is as a man that the world has chosen to remember him, and as a man he has been singularly fortunate in the memorials of his personality in modern hands. His friend Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his face with convincing fidelity, and his self-appointed reporter, Mr. Boswell, kept tally of his movements and his talk with an absence of the sense of delicacy and the presence of an unblushing passion for detail which would make the fortune of a reporter on a modern sensational journal. There he stands, in the company of men of far greater genius, like Fox and Burke and Pitt, the most distinctly realized figure of them all.

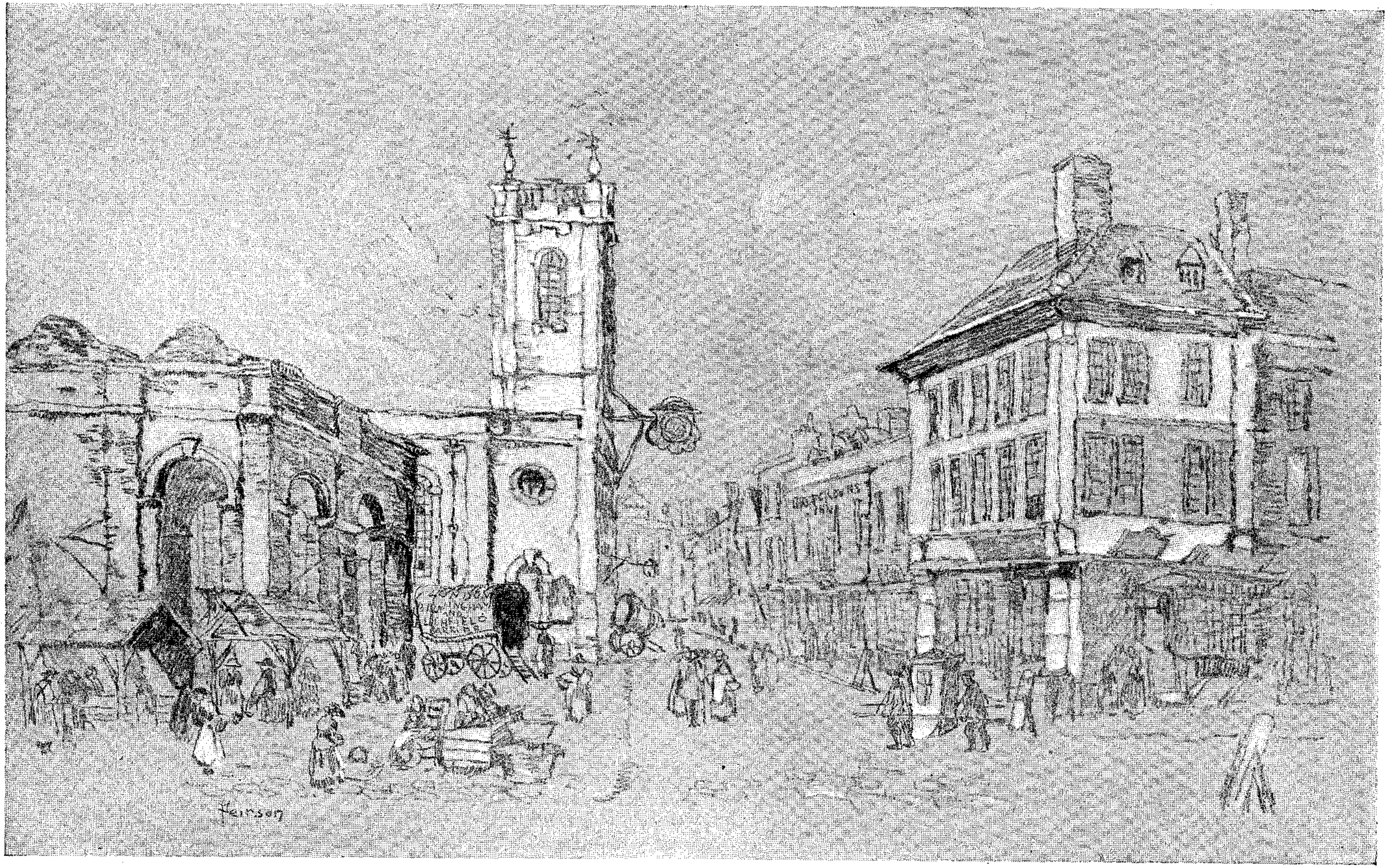
And because he has ceased to be a great writer and become a great person, everything that made the framing of his career becomes intensely interesting, not as related to his art, but to his personality. No Cockney born within the sound of Bow Bells loved London more than he. "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say, there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." And those of the Johnson cult can still trace him through the little city of his time, now become only the center of an appalling aggregation of human beings. But while much that he lived with remains, much more has vanished in the ruthless obliteration of rebuilding, and one cannot be sure of the sanctity of some of the shrines; a lurking feeling of uncertainty comes over one in the Cock Tavern, and adds to the potential indigestion of beefsteak pie in the Cheshire Cheese.

In Lichfield, on the other hand, one may rest in the conviction that he really is on the Johnson trail and not the victim of false scents. It was characteristic of the author of the "Rambler" to be born in a cathedral town, for he was a devout lover of ancient things, a born conservator of the established order, and a man of immense respectability relieved by bohemian habits and associations. He hated the Whigs as ardently as did his father, who drank habitually to the health of "the King over the water;" and after the longest nights with Tom Beauclerc and Beau Langton, he went to service in the simple piety of a Churchman who thought the Dissenters little better than rogues who had never felt the halter draw. It was also characteristic of him that he was born over a book-shop and next door to a tavern; for he was a devourer of books and a devotee of coffee-rooms. The cathedral, the book-shop, and the tavern stand for the great interests of Johnson's life; and in Lichfield one finds them substantially as they were in the second decade of the eighteenth century. The cathedral has been restored, or it would have been a heap of fallen Gothic glory; the house is being put back in its former condition by making the larger room on the lower floor a book room, as it was in the time of Michael Johnson, who knew his books but never mastered the art of selling them; and the "Three Crowns" bears the evidence of great age to more than one sense. Its coffee-room, with its leather settees about the walls and its "Johnson chair," makes no draught on one's credulity, and it seems eminently fitting that every year a company of gentlemen of parts and station should come down from London to keep Johnson's birthday in a fashion dear to his heart. Everything that savors of these degenerate days is banished from this feast of disciples; the table is lighted with many candles set in antique candlesticks lent for the occasion by the whole town; there are great pasties made in the old way; the air is thick with tobacco burned in church-warden pipes; and, if report is to be trusted, ale brewed to the taste of a more stalwart generation than ours is drunk in notable quantities. It must be confessed that if recourse to strong drink is ever pardonable, it is when one is staying in a Lichfield hotel! Johnson declared that he remembered "when all the decent people in Lichfield got drunk every night and were not the worse thought of." One wonders what the habits of the indecent people were!

It is not Boswell's Johnson whom one meets in the streets of the old cathedral town; it is the heavy, awkward boy who was the father, in the Wordsworthian sense, of the ponderous, awkward man. They were simple people, or—to use the words of an overdressed Englishwoman who was describing her more modestly clad fellow-passengers on an Atlantic

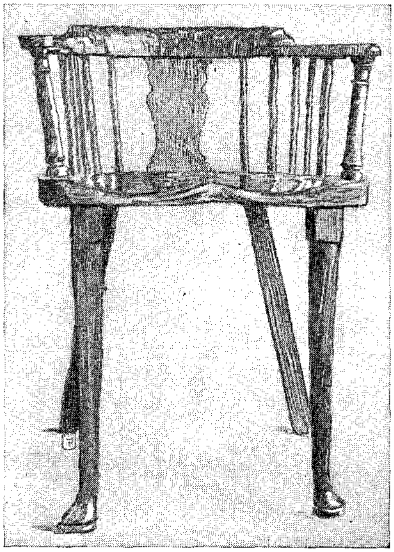


THE SCHOOL AT EDIAL



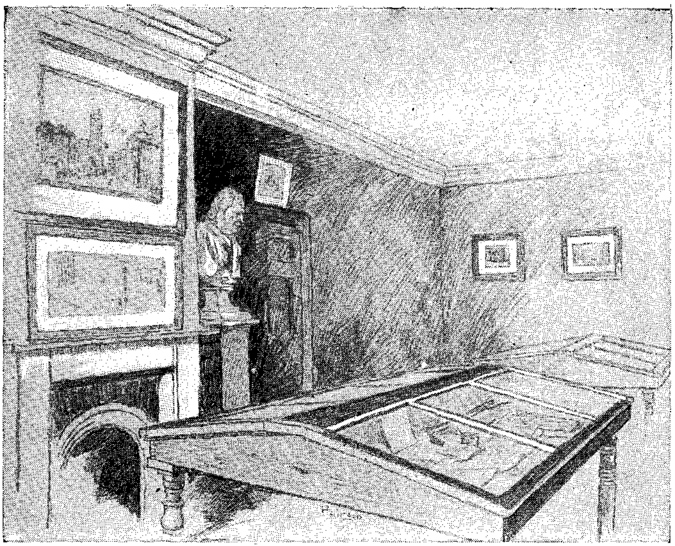
DR. JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE
Drawn from an old print

steamer last summer—"they're a plain sort." But they were of the kind who have given its immense reality to English life. The house was simple, and the streets that ran into Market Square are, or were, "mean streets;" the sleepy and eminently uninspired statue which now "loafs"—as Whitman would say—opposite the house was then one of the many bad dreams of sculpture which were to disturb a later generation. St. Mary's Church, described in its original form as "a right beautiful piece of worke in the very market-place," had become in Johnson's boyhood a brick edifice, and was later covered over with stucco. The Puritans had a passion for whitewash, and, in their energetic endeavor to bring in the Kingdom by effacing the things which did not remind man that he was a worm, concealed the pillars and images which they did not destroy. The eighteenth century, which had a great conceit of its taste, and shuddered at Shakespeare's barbarisms and crudenesses, covered what was left with stucco. There was something to be said for the Puritans, but there is nothing to say for the eighteenth century, save that it knew no better. The whitewash has been scraped off and the stucco dug out, and the near-sighted judgment which used them both reversed. Gothic architecture has infected American villas, and Shakespeare was a classic until Mr. George Bernard Shaw exposed him with a heartless cruelty from which even the age of Pope would have shrunk!


DR. JOHNSON'S CHAIR

But this is getting a long way from St. Mary's Church, which was rebuilt forty years ago, and the register of which contains an entry to the effect that "Sam', son of Mich' Johnson, gent" was baptized there in September, 1709; the ceremony taking place on the day of birth. Michael Johnson owned the house on the corner and sold books on the lower floor; Samuel was born in a room on the upper floor, and the building is now a museum of Johnsoniana in the form of relics of various kinds, old prints and early editions. No importance is to be attached to the use of the word "gent" in connection with the elder Johnson, for Boswell tells us that "this appellation of Gentleman, though now lost in the promiscuous assumption of Esquire, was commonly taken by those who could not boast of gentility." Shakespeare, it will be remembered, secured a coat of arms for his father. Michael Johnsoniana was a gentleman in the old English use of the word; for although he was in trade, he was as innocent of business as a royal Duke. That he was a man of parts is beyond question; he even knew enough to instruct the clergy! The Rev. George Flaxton, of a neighboring parish, said of him: "He propagates learning all over this diocese and advances knowledge to its just height; all the clergy here are his pupils and suck all they have from him." The boy had the great good fortune to "tumble about in a library," to recall Dr. Holmes's happy phrase, and the joy of discovery in the world of good writing was his from infancy. There dawns a day for every young voyager of this kind when he finds the "land of heart's desire" and comes to his own, and that hour came to Johnson on the afternoon when he was searching for apples and pulled down a big volume of Petrarch. When the great Dr. Sacheverell came to Lichfield, in his tremendous effort to extinguish Dissent by pouring floods of oratory upon it, Johnson was in the cathedral, perched on his father's shoulders, drinking in the gospel of prejudice at the age of three.

He had other teachers in his infancy who were wiser although



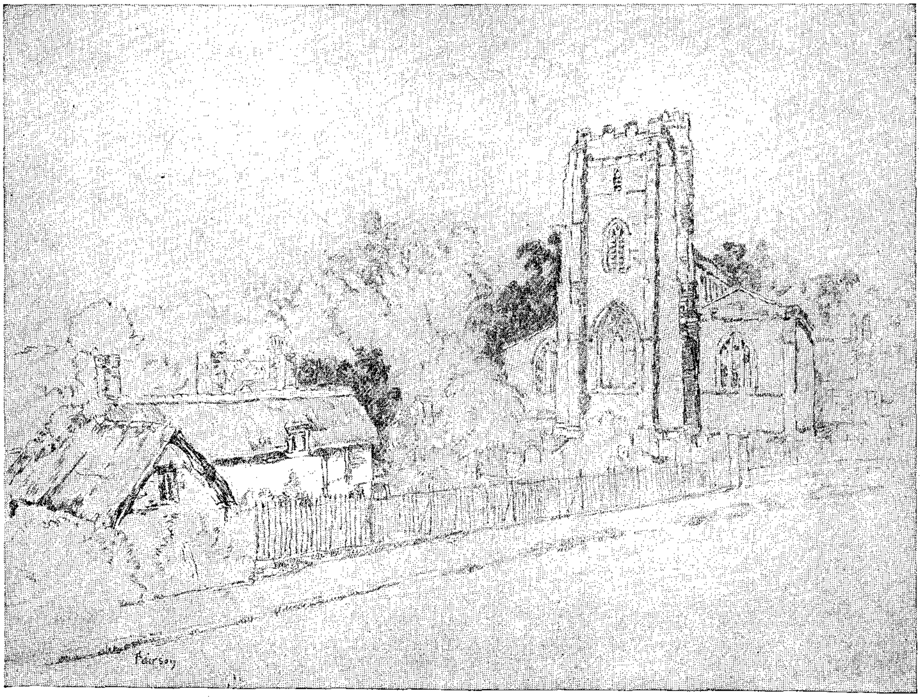
THE ROOM IN WHICH DR. JOHNSON WAS BORN

not always more modest than the famous preacher against the sin of schism; there was Mr. Brown, for instance, who published a spelling-book and dedicated it to the Universe! A great Fourth of July orator was lost by the premature birth in another land of this flamboyant pedagogue. There was a Mr. Hawkins who taught him Latin in the Lichfield School, and there was a Mr. Hunter, the head master, who beat him unmercifully and who was constitutionally unable, Johnson tells us, to distinguish between ignorance and negligence. In the large perspective of later years he wrote: "My master whipt me very well. Without that I should have done nothing." He always needed a goad. The old building in which these familiar tragedies of boyhood were enacted no longer stands; it is a melancholy comment on the education it furnished that the most vivid memory of it that remains is its use of the rod.

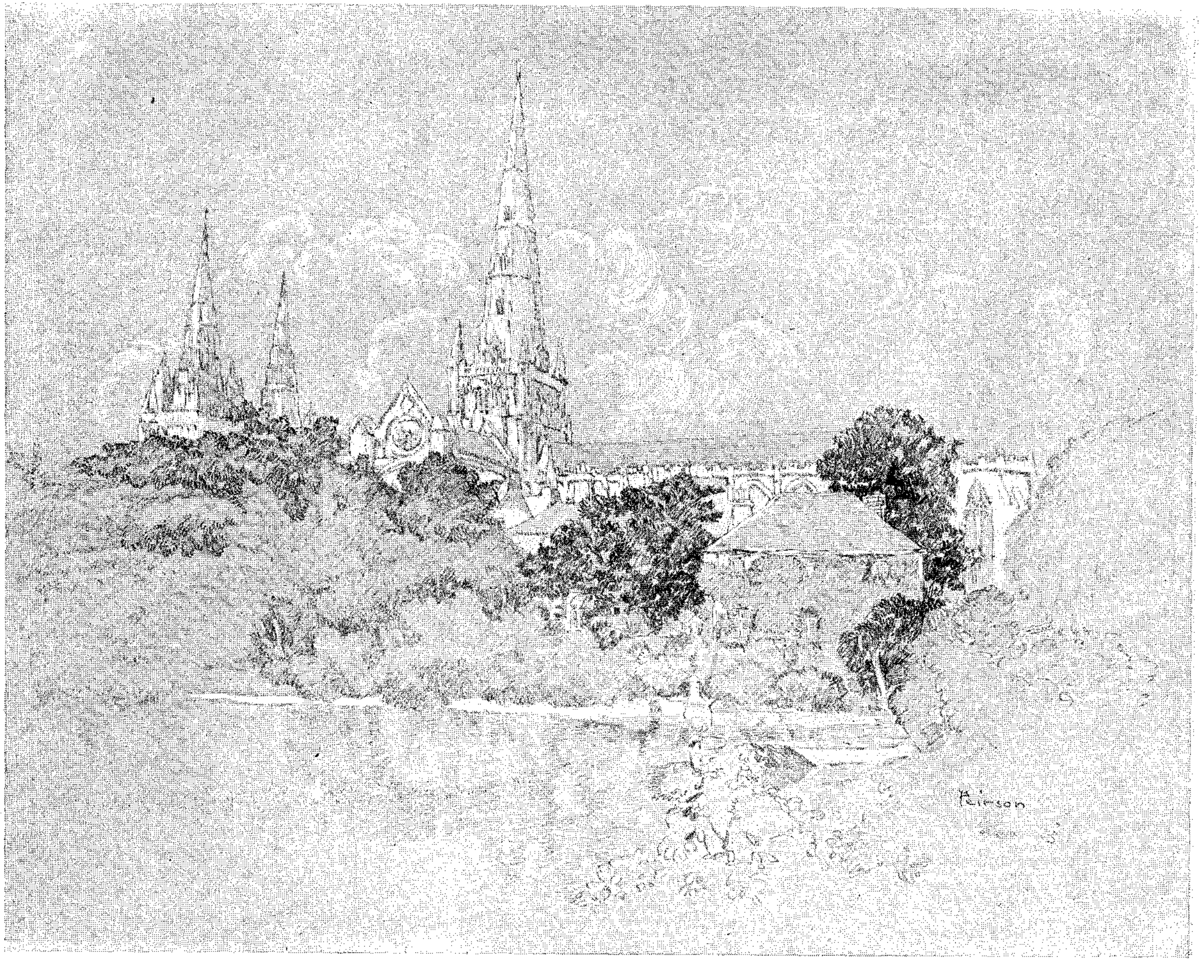
After a year or more in a school in Worcestershire, Johnson went back to Lichfield, and spent two years in such a desultory fashion that he was often reproved by his father, who did not realize that the boy was getting himself educated in his own way by wide and formative reading. This was long before the day of advanced courses in English, daily themes, and similar devices to teach unwilling and largely uneducated boys how to use a language with which many of them have only a slight reading acquaintance. Johnson was meantime devouring books with his enormous appetite, and making friends with his masters instead of being driven by them. It was in this happy time, dear in the memory of those who learned to read in boyhood, that he set out in search of apples and found Petrarch. He must have been one of the most uncouth boys that ever came under the spell of "the last enchantments of the Middle Age;" but now his effigy is cut in the keystone of the arch through which one enters the college, and his portrait by Reynolds hangs in the dining hall, and his room on the second floor over the gateway is sacred to one of the great associations of the University.

In 1731 Johnson went back to Lichfield without a degree; his father died; he tried the hard life of an usher in a school, failed, returned to Lichfield, and was driven to the desperate resource of publishing the Latin Poems of Politian. Five years later, at the age of twenty-seven, he married Mrs. Porter, who had attained the maturity of forty-eight years. The basis of this unpromising union is suggested by Mrs. Porter's remark that he was the most sensible man she had ever seen! In the same year Cave's "Gentleman's Magazine" published an advertisement which announced that "at Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Greek and Latin languages by Samuel Johnson." It was a fortunate experiment, chiefly because it failed, and subordinately because it brought David Garrick into the story of Johnson's life. Of the many astonishing educational experiments which have been called schools, this was one of the most extraordinary. One would give a great deal to have heard the accounts of it with which the inimitable actor set London drawing-rooms in roars of laughter years afterward.

Johnson's visits to Lichfield were few and far between. In 1767, when he had become a great figure in English life, he returned for a stay of three months. Nine years later he took Boswell to see the place of his birth, and the two lodged in the "Three Crowns." "We put up at the Three Crowns," wrote Boswell, "not of the great inns, but a good, old-fashioned one, which was kept by Mr. Wilkins, and was the very next house to that in which Johnson was born and brought up, and which was still his own property. We had a comfortable supper, and got into high spirits. I could have offered incense *genio loci*." After his usual fashion, he substituted libations of ale. It is easy to imagine them sitting in the coffee-room, with pipes and the ale which the "Beaux' Stratagem" had made famous, and which was said by a high authority to have "a peculiar appropriate value," and to hear the great man declare, with the emphasis which so often underscored his judgments, that the residents of Lichfield were "the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English." The gradation of gentility is very amusing. When Boswell, surprised at the paucity of manufacturing in the town, ventured the opinion that the people were an idle set, "Sir," said Johnson, "we are a city of philosophers; we work with our heads, and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands." It is to be noted that the city so long represented in Parliament by Mr. Chamberlain has never set up a statue of Johnson! There is an anecdote connected with this visit quite Johnsonian. Some one met him in the porch of the Cathedral after the service, and ventured to remark to the great man, "Dr.



ST. CHAD'S CHURCH AT LICHFIELD



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

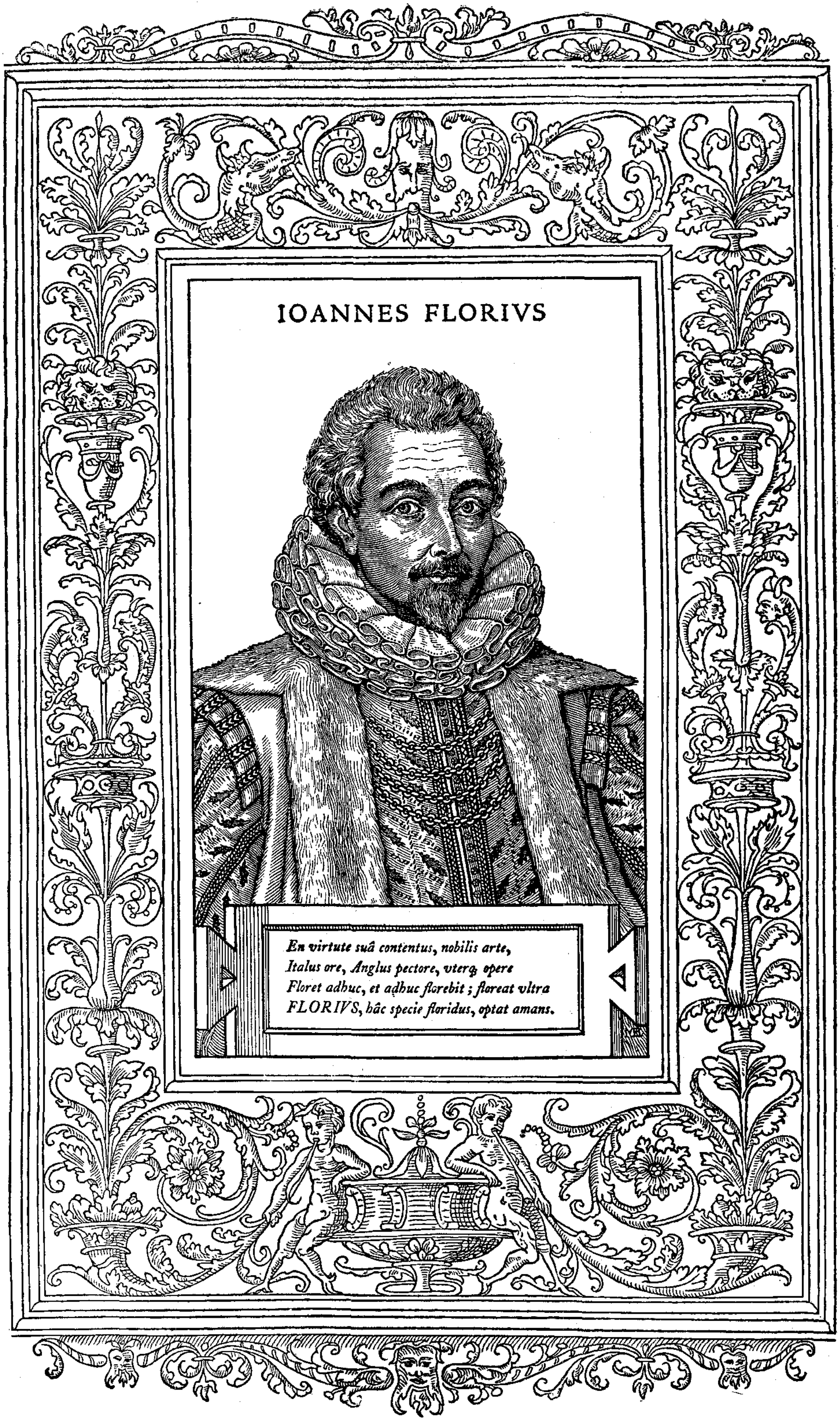
Johnson, we have had a most excellent discourse to-day." "That may be, sir," was the crushing reply, "but it is impossible for you to know it."

In 1781, three years before his death, he wrote: "At Lichfield, my native place, I hope to show a good example by frequent attendance on public worship." He was a religious man by nature; he was often seen in St. Clement Danes in the Strand, where he had a sitting in the years of his life in London, and the prayers he wrote bear testimony to the simplicity of his faith. Christened in St. Mary's and listening, at the age of three, to Dr. Sacheverell in the cathedral, Johnson must have found joy and peace for his spirit, haunted always by the specter of melancholia, in one of the most beautiful of English minsters. It has, to begin with, a noble framing, rising on an eminence over the Minster Pool, in which its three spires are reflected in the soft light of late afternoon. "The Ladies of the Vale," as they are called, suggest the extraordinary grace and charm which the church conveys in outward structure and inward symmetry and loveliness of detail. The swans float across its reflected image in the water below, a mass of foliage droops on the banks, and the scene is bathed in the peace which broods in the long nave. From the west gate of the Close the front rises in gradations of carven figures, niche above niche: "A silent witness for God, a perpetual offering to His glory; its face inscribed as it were with a sculptural Te Deum, with its angels and archangels, its prophets and apostles, its virgins and martyrs, its priests and its kings, and the Lord himself as the Head over all the Church; and yet again its three fair spires like the trinity of Christian graces pointing upward to the great Church above, the grace of Faith, the grace of Hope, and the grace of Charity."

Of the beauty of the nave of Lichfield Cathedral it is impossible to speak without enthusiasm. The full length of the church is revealed, as in the cathedral at Exeter, by its unbroken roof line; the light choir screen and the more elaborate altar screen giving the eye the sense of distance without interrupting the sweep of column and arch and roof toward the chancel. There are eight bays in the nave, and as many more in the choir and presbytery. The glory of the Lady Chapel is its seven Flemish windows, glowing with rich color like great jewels. If the verger can be persuaded to lead the way to the Library on the north side of the choir, the visitor will be rewarded by the chance to see a copy of the famous Breeches Bible, a volume of Dr. South's sermons which belonged to Johnson and is full of his notes, and a beautiful illuminated manuscript of the "Canterbury Tales," the work probably of some pious scribe of the fifteenth century.

If Johnson was of a meditative turn, he was fortunate in having access to the peace of the Close, as quiet and gentle in its intimations of immortality as one of Mr. Benson's essays. That he must often have walked to St. Chad's is certain, because, as Mrs. Johnson said, he was an unusually sensible man and the paths on both sides Stowe Pool are very pleasant. The little church stands on the spot where tradition declares that St. Chad, who was a missionary bishop, lived after the manner of his time and office a matter of thirteen hundred years ago. There is a well which bears his name in a garden almost under the shadow of the church where his first convert was baptized. If one has the courage to drink such ancient water and to brave the appearance of the glass in which the water is offered him, he may well hope to feel its curative effects.

Whether Johnson meditated under the old tree which bears his name may be open to question, but the most skeptical can walk the streets of Lichfield with a comfortable assurance that he is following in the steps of the gruff, ungainly, overbearing, true-hearted man whose works may be forgotten, but the story of whose privations and sturdy independence is one of the great traditions of English literary history. The "old struggler" rests from his labors in the noblest company that has ever made a common capital of immortality in this changing world; but the little town in Staffordshire will always hold in its keeping the earliest associations of his honorable career.


IOANNES FLORIVS
En virtute suâ contentus, nobilis arte,
Italus ore, Anglus pectore, vterq; opere
Floret adhuc, et adhuc florebit; floreat vltra
FLORIVS, hâc specie floridus, optat amans.

THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE MONTAIGNE

ART AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN THE PRINTING OF BOOKS

A NOTABLE EXAMPLE

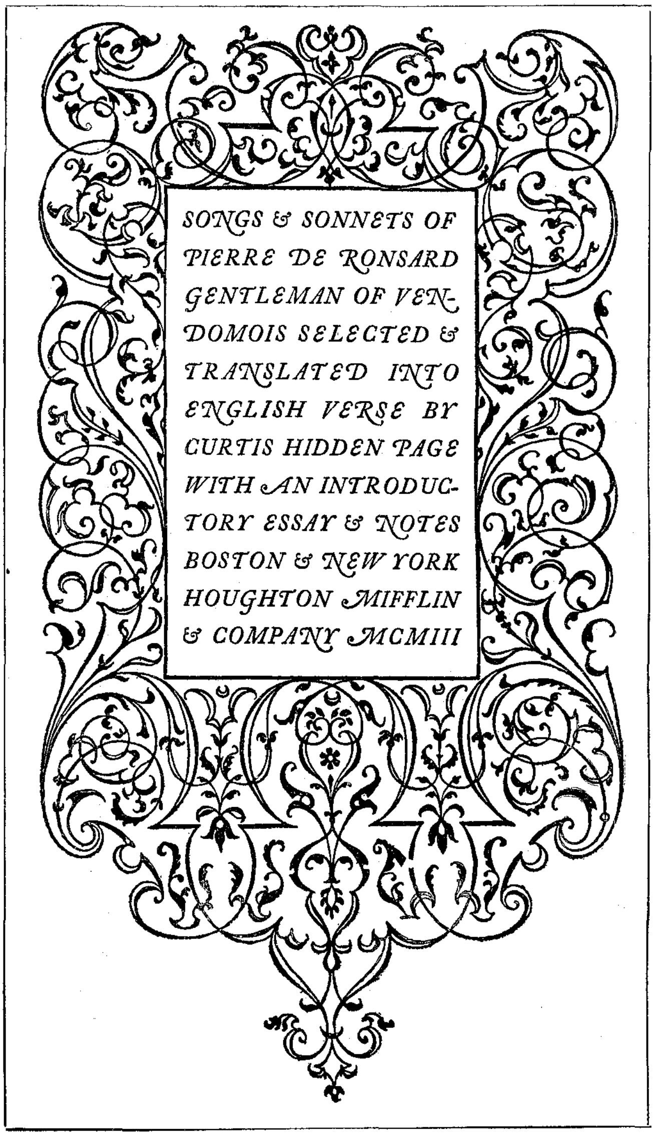
BY RALPH BERGENGREN

IT is not the purpose of the present article to discuss the theories of the two important schools of modern printing. One aims to express itself in a few types and a recognizable although varied composition that shall adapt itself graciously to the written word of any period and yet be essentially modern. The other goes frankly back to the time of the author, seeks there a distinctive typography, and modernizes this original setting to bring it in touch with the present. For either ideal the audience is necessarily a restricted one; increasing as we may believe such an audience to be in this country, the commercial appeal of the finely printed book depends upon the cosmopolitanism of book-collectors.

Among American books printed to embody the individuality of the author, the Riverside Press Editions, done at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, under the supervision of Mr. Bruce Rogers, are especially notable. Like the best printing of all periods, they are essentially one-man books. From beginning to end Mr. Rogers is responsible for them; his own workshop, with its special types, hand presses, and tools for the improvement of letters that many a printer would consider perfect, is an interesting modern version of an old-time master printer's—the more so as its "local color" is quite incidental, the natural outcome of the work done in it. The one ornament is a copy of Mr. Rogers's masterly printing of the Declaration of Independence, remarkable for the beautiful relation of its grays and blacks, the admirable handling of the letters to produce a uniform tone, and the dignified balance of the whole composition. Had the printer done nothing else, he would have here produced a masterpiece whose charm, power, and dignified reserve show that the art of printing is still a living reality.

The Riverside Press Editions, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., came into being, one might say, from the chance discovery of latent possibilities in a font of old English type already on its way to be reduced to the original metal. This was the Brimmer type, as it is now called, used by Mr. Rogers in setting a couple of pages of the "Georgics" for an Arts and Crafts exhibition in Boston ten years ago; the attention they attracted led directly to the first book of the series—a small volume of the "Sonnets and Madrigals of Michelangelo." But before this volume appeared Mr. Rogers was already experimenting with the Brimmer type for the edition of Omar Khayyám that followed it, and since then the press has produced a noble company of more than forty volumes.

Vauvenargues has said that "When an idea will not bear a simple form of expression, it is the sign for rejecting it;" this maxim, putting in a sentence so much of the finest essence of all literary criticism, might be taken as the motto of the Riverside Press Editions. The most striking characteristic of the group is its dignified simplicity—a simplicity not always of the same kind, for that would be out of keeping with the tenets of Mr. Rogers's faith. The age-spirit that the fourteenth-century scribe patiently hand-lettered into his page was quite apart from that which influenced Montaigne's first printer. Such an analogy, to be sure, must be carried as delicately as the



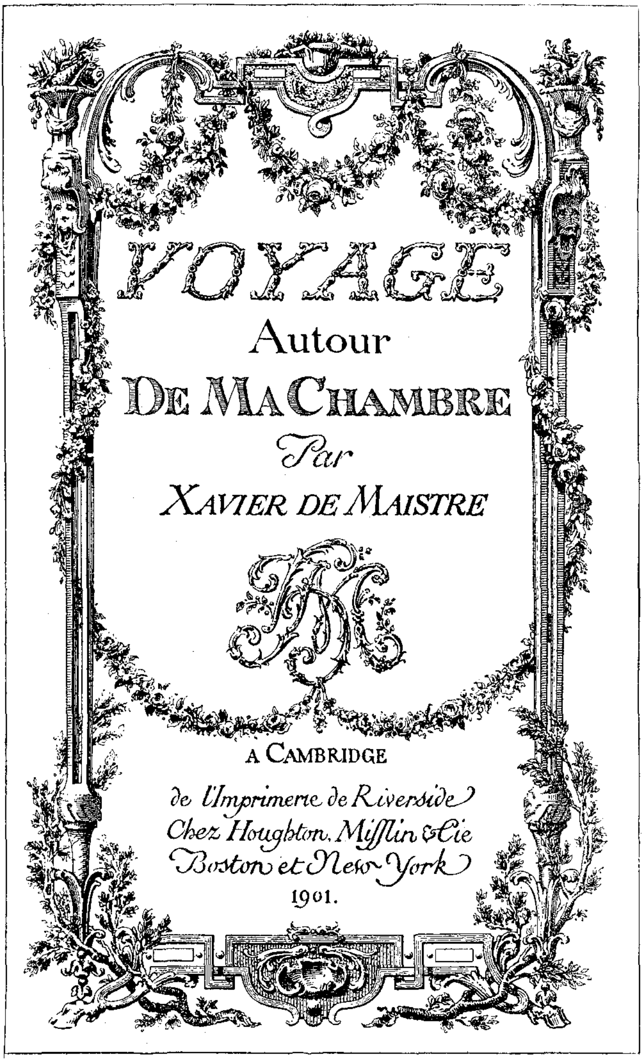
SONGS & SONNETS OF
PIERRE DE RONSARD
GENTLEMAN OF VENDOMOIS
SELECTED &
TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE BY
CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE
WITH AN INTRODUCTORY
ESSAY & NOTES
BOSTON & NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
& COMPANY MCMIII

A DECORATIVE TITLE-PAGE

long pole of a rope-walker; but, taken conservatively, it is the basis of Mr. Rogers's contribution to modern printing. The list, could it be given here in detail, would show how large a field he has found for the exercise of a wide knowledge of the history of printing and the characteristics of its many masterpieces. Practically every book is an individuality, its printing a separate problem, and its success measured by the achieved harmony between type, format, and paper, and the life, time, and manner of the author. To know the book is the first step toward printing it, and to know also its early editions and the best work of other contemporary printers. Yet the recent printings, however carefully worked out to express earlier ideals, are by no means imitations. Rather they are modern adaptations in which one finds a truly modern spirit of taste and distinction.

This may be best shown by a few examples: "The Song of Roland," which is the most spectacular of these books; the "Montaigne," which, in its three large folio volumes, is the most obviously impressive; the "Poems of Maria Lowell," a single volume distinctively of our own time and country.

"The Song of Roland" was the third book of the series to be printed by hand, and is a folio, 11½ by 17½ inches, containing some forty pages. The type is the beautiful French Gothic secured by Mr. Rogers in Paris and used in his earlier printing of Chaucer's "Parlement of Foules," but is here set in dignified double columns, the margins broken with notes in brown, the capitals in blue, and a touch of red added to each page by the use of rubricated folios as page headings. Each page has the attraction of color so potent in the ancient volumes in which the mediæval epic first became permanent literature; and this delight to the eye is carried yet further by seven quaint and delightful illustrations in color, intrinsically a part of the text,.



VOYAGE
Autour
DE MA CHAMBRE
Par
XAVIER DE MAISTRE

A CAMBRIDGE
de l'Imprimerie de Riverside
Chez Houghton, Mifflin & Cie
Boston et New York
1901.

AN ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE IN THE FRENCH STYLE

not interfering with but emphasizing its orderly arrangement on the page. Derived from the Charlemagne window that so quaintly pictures the legend in the Cathedral of Chartres, the illuminations are close in spirit to the mood of the epic.

Yet the book would at first glance possibly disappoint a fourteenth-century collector could his ghost examine it—might perhaps affect him as meager and poverty-stricken. For color is here strictly limited to its own province of beautifying the page without competing with its printed characters. The result is a reserve and dignity not often found even in the most beautiful of the ancient illuminated manuscripts; still less in those early printed volumes in which the illuminator, having generous space left for him by the printer, labored with jealous hand to make his decorations overwhelmingly important. The invention of the printing-press was not welcomed by the wealthier patrons of learning and literature. Their opposition to what they held to be a dangerous innovation, cheapening literature by putting it within reach of the vulgar, and endangering the social order by its power to spread knowledge, produced the golden age of hand lettering and illumination. In the first half-century of printing, scribe and illuminator did their magnificent best to prove printing an unworthy substitute. Mr. Rogers's edition of the "Song of Roland" combines the elements of this period—the printed book plus the illuminator—modified by the later development of printing and judged by the criteria of modern sophistication. It is a more worldly book, that yet preserves the mediæval atmosphere and the blithe, unquestioning charm of the epic—a charm the translator has so well caught in the line "Dead is Roland, God in heaven has his soul."

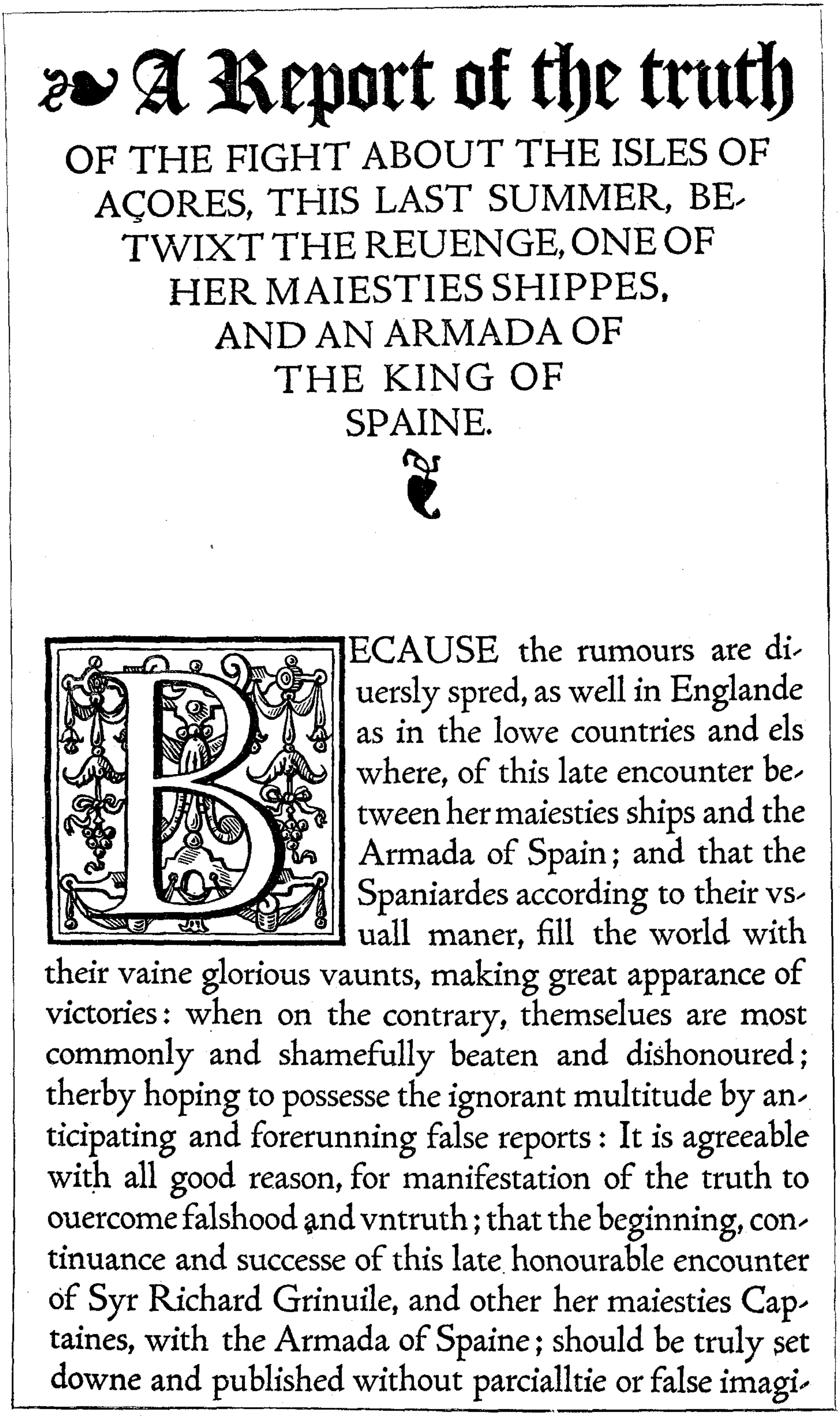
To turn from this volume to the "Montaigne's Essays" is to pass from the youth of the Middle Ages to the middle age of the sixteenth century. The Montaigne, published in 1902–1904, still stands as the proudest outcome of the Riverside Press. Like the Roland, it gave the printer a special problem, somewhat simplified in that a proper environment for the essayist could be fairly sought in the best French printing, when Francis I was gaining one kind of immortality by his patronage of printers, and quite another by his censorship of the press. This period, to be sure, antedates Montaigne, whose first appearance was in a typographical setting that only faintly echoed it, and to restore the lost distinction Mr. Rogers has used a type modeled on the famous Jenson of the fifteenth century. Each volume carries a frontispiece portrait—of Montaigne, of Florio, his translator, and of Mlle. de Gournay—engraved in the open-line manner of the early French engravers, by Mr. M. Lamont Brown, a true master of wood-engraving even in this present century, the borders that inclose the portraits and titles being redrawn and re-engraved from one of Geofroy Tory's Books of Hours.

The story of this one font of type, since named the "Montaigne," although first used in printing Raleigh's "Last Fight of the Revenge," suggests something of the subtleties that raise printing from a craft to an art. Unimportant as one letter may seem by itself, it is the excellence of each unit that makes the excellence of the page upon which thousands of letters are printed. The Montaigne type is not a reproduction of the Jenson, but a new type embodying the Jenson characteristics modified for various reasons—to secure in general the freedom of the original, and yet avoid irregularities that would to-day seem an affectation; or, in particular, to restrict the length of the descending letters or give a more natural-seeming turn to other individual characters. The first modifications were by no means final, for the printing even of the Montaigne revealed weaknesses. The g, for example, being a trifle heavier than the other letters, prints an infinitesimal shade darker—an over-emphasis visible only to the trained eye, but demanding at once a further refinement of this single character. An examination of the Montaigne type when it was again used in printing Boccaccio's "Life of Dante" shows other subtile modifications. The spacing of the types is no less important than the excellence of the individual letters. With a different treatment of the same types the printer may produce effects almost totally dissimilar, even as by the recutting of a few letters a stiff, formal, vertical font may be so changed in character as to give the page an altogether new air of freedom and informality.

Quite another problem in printing is represented by the calm little volume devoted to the "Poems of Maria Lowell." The book has naturally nothing of the mediæval color of the "Song of Roland," or the sophisticated stateliness of the "Montaigne"—rather it is a simple, high-thinking, honest piece of printing. Its charm is a matter of proportions, excellence of typography, and absence of ornamentation. The type is clear, self-respecting, and modern; the page noteworthy for the light, air, and serenity gained by the open way in which the type has been handled.

Although, broadly speaking, these three books typify the entire Riverside Press group, to classify the others on this assumption would be very unfair to the individual volumes. One might be tempted to compare the "History of Oliver and Arthur" with the "Song of Roland." The two seem nearly contemporary, one French and the other German, and the effect of each is distinctly Gothic. But the "Song of Roland," although literally in the period of the early printed book, is close in spirit to the scribe and illuminator, while the "Story of Oliver and Arthur," frankly a tale of romance and adventure, connotes the early printer and his comrade, the wood-engraver. A page of the "Roland" might, at first glance, seem due to the amazing patience of hand lettering; a page of the "Oliver and Arthur" smacks of the type-cutter; and where the illustrations of the first find inspiration in the glorious windows of a mediæval cathedral, those of the other charm us with the quaint sincerity of the early woodcut. Each in its way is a careful, sympathetic, modern study of the elements that attracted the book-lovers of its own period.

In printing the authors of our own

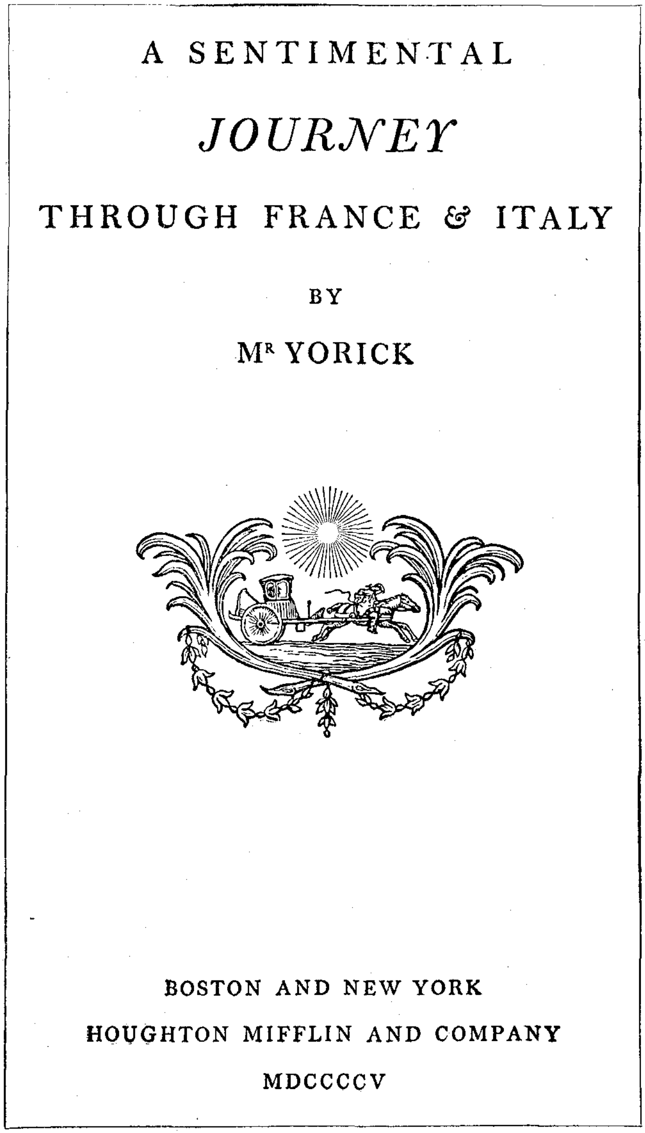


A Report of the truth

OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AÇORES, THIS LAST SUMMER, BETWIXT THE REUENGE, ONE OF HER MAIESTIES SHIPPES, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAINE.

BECAUSE the rumours are diuersly spred, as well in Englande as in the lowe countries and els where, of this late encounter between her maiesties ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniardes according to their vsuall maner, fill the world with their vaine glorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories: when on the contrary, themselues are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; therby hoping to possesse the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth to ouercome falshood and vntruth; that the beginning, continuance and successe of this late honourable encounter of Syr Richard Grinuile, and other her maiesties Captaines, with the Armada of Spaine; should be truly set downe and published without parcialltie or false imagi-

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE "LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE"



A SENTIMENTAL

JOURNEY

THROUGH FRANCE & ITALY

BY

M$^{\text{R}}$ YORICK

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

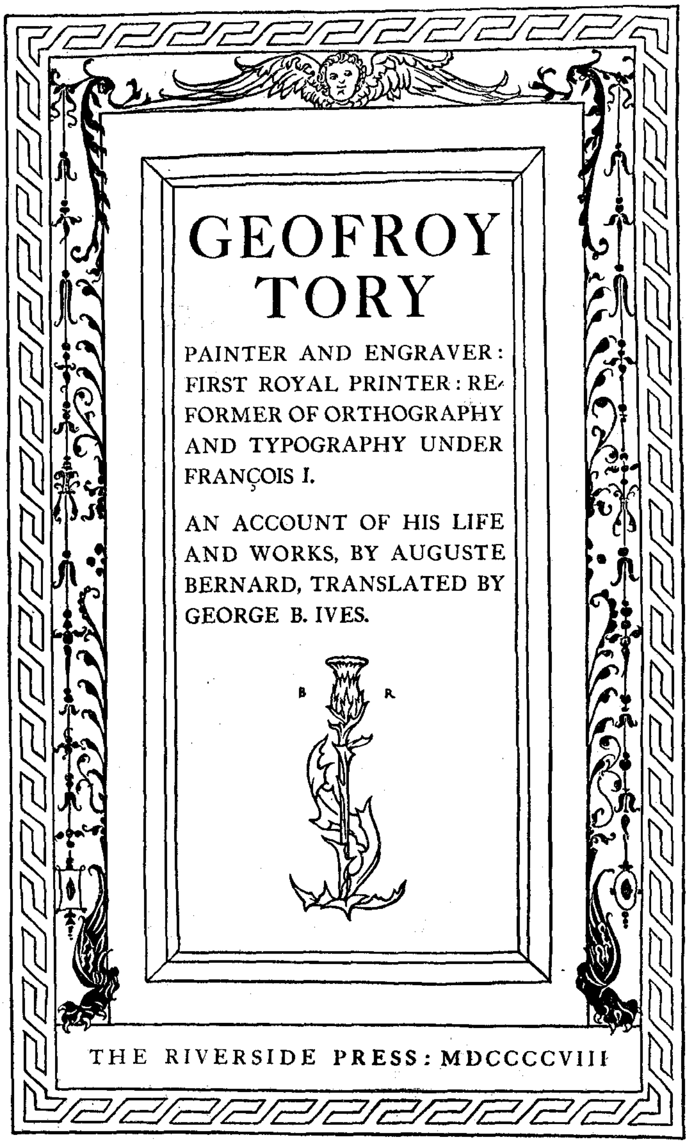
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

MDCCCCV

A TITLE-PAGE SIMPLE TO THE POINT OF SEVERITY

time in editions that may well serve as the standard by which future generations will judge contemporary printing, Mr. Rogers has rendered the age a valuable service, and at the same time honored a notable group of American writers. The charm of these books lies in perfection of workmanship rather than any attempt at ornamentation. The title-pages are often triumphs of simple arrangement; it is noticeable that wherever these titles are ornamented, the decoration departs entirely from the weighty treatment that marks so much of what is to-day described as "art printing." In their very reserve the future critic may perhaps find the higher taste of our own period withdrawing from the prevailing extravagance and overproduction into a form of dignified, almost timid, refusal of ornamental experiments. Unlike them, but equally notable among the books not already mentioned, are two other strikingly modest volumes that yet come very close to perfection—the "Voyage Autour de ma Chambre" of Xavier de Maistre, and "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town," by Thackeray. The elegant gayety of the "Voyage," which has its cousinship to the statelier manner of the "Montaigne," gives it a place quite by itself in this little gallery of finely printed books. The sturdy, good-natured English reserve of the Thackeray makes it a natural connecting link between the modestly ornate "Parlement of Foules" and the almost entirely unornamented style adopted by Mr. Rogers for his group of American authors.

These special editions are, as a rule, very simply bound; the binding is frankly accepted as another department of book-making, and its elaboration left to the purchaser. Yet the simplicity of these bindings—often plain boards with a quiet, distinctive label—has its own fine dignity. The editions are strictly limited in number, not for the purpose of adding to their value, but because the actual demand was expected to about equal the number of copies. Many of them, however, are already exhausted.



GEOFROY
TORY

PAINTER AND ENGRAVER: FIRST ROYAL PRINTER: REFORMER OF ORTHOGRAPHY AND TYPOGRAPHY UNDER FRANÇOIS I.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS, BY AUGUSTE BERNARD, TRANSLATED BY GEORGE B. IVES.

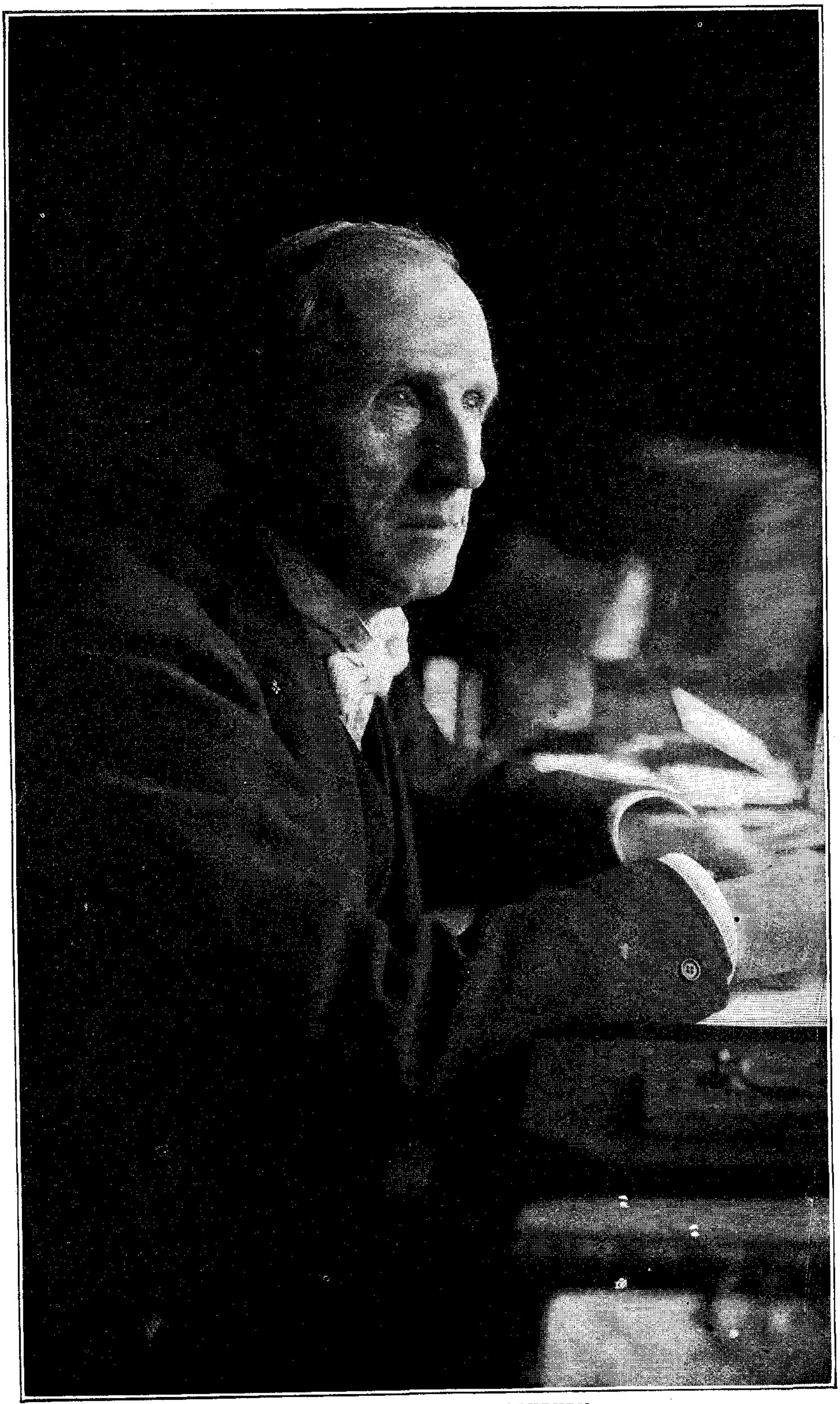
B R

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS: MDCCCCVIII

TITLE-PAGE OF THE NEWEST OF THE RIVERSIDE PRESS EDITIONS

To be published this fall

A word in conclusion about Mr. Bruce Rogers himself, who nearly a dozen years ago conceived the idea of this special department of an American press already long famous for its fine library editions. Starting in life with the ambition to become a painter, Mr. Rogers came into printing with a well-developed sense of form and values, which has since, one may fairly enough think, been carried much further by the constant exercise of the nice perceptions necessary to produce these notable harmonies of black ink on white paper and these fine achievements in book and title-page composition, the work on these special editions being considered as of direct value in preparing the many other books issued from the Riverside Press. As we have seen, he regards each book as a problem to be approached with reverence as well as courage, and to be undertaken only upon a sympathetic basis of knowledge both of the printing of its own period, the thought of its author, and the relation of a cultivated contemporary audience to a similar audience in the present century. An examination of his work shows with what honest abhorrence he regards all "finicky" trifling with his subject, all over-elaboration of effects. First and last he believes that the sincerity of the workman should be evident in his work. In this lies the personality of the Riverside Press Editions, the one thing that binds them all together—no hopeless ambition for an impossible perfection, but rather their invariable effect of taste, cultivation, judgment, and loving workmanship.



VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN

JOHN MORLEY IN POLITICS

BY ISAAC N. FORD

AMERICAN readers may be fairly familiar with John Morley's work as a man of letters, yet may not know so much about his aptitude for public affairs and the influence exerted by a brilliant intellect and a singularly unselfish and unsullied character. If Englishmen themselves have an indistinct impression of the man, it is not from lack of appreciation, but from the defects of his own virtues. The tastes of a literary student, the habit of philosophic reflection, an instinctive shrinking from publicity, and a ruling passion for self-effacement have kept him in the background. "Popularity is a woman to be mastered rather than wooed," was Chateaubriand's maxim. This man has been too proud-spirited to court public favor and too self-sacrificing to command it. High-minded and disinterested, he has been content with exercising a decisive influence over party policies. If he has ever been deeply concerned in what might happen to him outside his library, he has impulsively waived his own claims for party service, and, as easily as Diogenes joked about the tub, has made sport of sacrificing his ambitions. With philosophic serenity and without affectation of superior virtue, he has valued character as the supreme trust in politics.

There are titles in the British peerage little better than old-age pensions. The veteran Radical has taken one. It was conferred when Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister, and was accepted because there were obvious reasons for retirement from the Commons. It was not merely because he felt unequal to late hours and constant attendance on the front bench, but mainly because he was Secretary for India during a period of inscrutable unrest, when official silence was indeed golden. While not enamored of the privileges of the gilded chamber and the society of dukes, earls, and viscounts, he welcomed a retreat to a secluded refuge where he would not be cross-examined daily by inquisitive bores and meddlesome mischief-makers respecting what was going on in the changeful, mysterious Orient. Probably no personal sacrifice which he had made in his protracted public life was more repugnant to his feelings than that of becoming Viscount Morley, especially as Gladstone, his beloved leader, had sternly refused to take a peerage. It was a public duty, and he did not shirk it. He is a peer because India, honeycombed with sedition, needs a strong hand and a silent tongue, and because the Liberal party cannot dispense with the services of its most disinterested Cabinet Minister.

While he is in the House of Lords, he is not of it, and is conscious of being out of place. It is, indeed, pathetic to watch the new Viscount in the uncongenial environment. He creeps in stealthily, as though he were afraid of meeting the ghost of his former self. He seems ill at ease, except when his old friend the Lord Chancellor, whom he used to know as "Bob Reid," nods to him and calls him "John." It is only when Lord Curzon or Lord Cromer makes incisive comments upon Indian affairs that the old lion is aroused and full of fight. He shivers and looks around uneasily when he is referred to as the "Noble Viscount," whereas in the old days he used to smile complacently when a sturdy workingman of Newcastle or Montrose called him, affectionately, "Honest John." It is said that there is a hard glint in his eyes when any over-zealous subordinate in the India Office ventures to say "Your Lordship," and that his fingers toy with the ink-horn as Martin Luther's did when he fancied that Satan was in the background. He does not like his state, and is irritable when reminded of it. For this reason I shall avoid using his title in this article, and shall speak of him as John Morley, as he is known to friends in his own library.

From the gallery of the House of

Lords one sees on the front Government bench the bent form, the high, finely modeled forehead, the shrunken features, and the pallid face of a scholar in politics. This is "Honest John Morley," a man of force, without commanding presence or natural dignity of pose. He is not a leader of men from having a magnetic gift of attracting sympathy and support, but an awkward, reticent philosopher preoccupied with his critical faculties and gravely surveying the tendencies or vagaries of debate with a sense of detachment from every one around him. He listens to speeches with solemn mien and eager intentness—a habit acquired from Gladstone. Sometimes there is a whispered comment to Lord Crewe, or to some other Ministerial colleague, but ordinarily his face is steeled with an expression of weariness and disappointment. Others may enjoy the clash of controversy and the cleverness of tactical maneuvers. He is not interested in the by-play of Westminster, but cares only for principles and results. If his intellectual features are ever illumined with a transitory gleam of color, it is from ironical reflection on the wastefulness of Parliamentary procedure and the insincerities of partisan politics.

When the veteran is on his feet—and now that he has passed seventy this does not often occur—he is neither eloquent nor impressive. When he is not stooping awkwardly to keep the run of his notes, he is swaying from side to side and flinging out his arms to emphasize points. There is no distinction of manner, and the voice is neither clear nor melodious. Possibly because he did not enter Parliament until his forty-sixth year, but more probably because he was a close thinker and a writer with fastidious taste, whose literary methods had been influenced by the noblest and most flexible English prose, he has never mastered the art of debate. Nor is he more effective on the platform before a general audience; for the broader style, which he deliberately adopts, is foreign to his habits of thought, and while he tries to let himself go, he is constantly making over his sentences and casting about for the right word. I once heard him quote Gladstone's dictum: "As for the words—well, the words come!" The words do not come easily to John Morley. He catches his breath and gropes for them while his auditors' hearts are in a flutter of expectation. There has been thorough preparation and the speech is saturated with thought, but the delivery is clogged with difficulties of expression. It is only when his voice vibrates with earnestness of conviction that he commands attention by an approach to oratorical power.

This unimpressive figure with the halting tongue is not a great personality to either eye or ear. A keen observer in the gallery is not readily convinced that he is one of the foremost men in English politics. Certainly he is not singled out as an object of pictorial satire. This is not, however, a decisive test of greatness, for English caricature is for the moment without conspicuous models. The cartoon-makers continue to depict political situations, with the Prime Minister, the leader of the Opposition, and their colleagues ludicrously posed; but it is dull sport, for they are commonplace figures. Effective caricature as practiced by a master like Sir John Tenniel requires aggressive personalities like Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Bright, Salisbury, and Parnell, with the incomparable gift of appealing to men's imaginations and of arousing popular enthusiasm. At present there are fewer characters of historical importance. King Edward is one, but artists are too loyal and circumspect to take liberties with him. Mr. Chamberlain has been another; but in impaired health and enforced retirement he passes without observation. Caricature does not challenge political ghosts, and he is one, his short messages of allegiance to tariff reform having the sepulchral sound of "Swear!" from the perturbed spirit of Hamlet's father. Good subjects for satire are lacking. A broad stage is crowded with trimmers, practical politicians, and stock properties. "Honest John" is not one of them, but neither face nor figure lends itself to pictorial art, nor has he either the will or the dexterity needed for pushing himself to the center of the stage.

Lord Morley's is not a personality that flaunts its virtues or affects a theatrical pose. He has, indeed, the simplicity of greatness. He does not magnify his own aptitude for politics nor his resources of influence. He has an open mind for everything except his own pre-eminence in public life. When he was editing newspapers and reviews, he insisted upon rewriting sentences in his own way and upon reproving contributors for reckless statements and partisanship; but he was also hospitable to new ideas and quick to discern rising talent and to encourage it. At Westminster he listens almost deferentially to younger men, and warmly praises them when they distinguish themselves. Old literary friends like George Meredith and James Bryce have a warm place in his heart; but he is not exclusive in his acquaintance, nor anything but broadly democratic in personal relations. John Burns, who has risen from "buttons" and factory boy to the Cabinet, is not less honored than Mr. Birrell, a fellow book-lover, or titled associates like Lord Ripon and Lord Spencer. In his own library, where he is an uncrowned king, all constraint is lost and reminiscences of old times are dashed off with delightful informality and quaint humor. He has no enemies, and enjoys immunity from partisan criticism. Mr. Balfour treats him with respect and affection. Mr. Chamberlain disappointed him sorely in deserting Home Rule, and irritated him by abandonment of Cobdenism; but they remained friends. With the magnanimity of a noble mind, he has the tolerant habit of respecting men whose opinions he dislikes.

Heredity has had something to do with the development of John Morley's natural aptitude for politics, and the impress of three master minds even more. An independent and fearless thinker, he has become the watchful monitor of progressive democracy; yet critical qualities, which have been tempered by the literary labors of a lifetime, have never been relaxed. He has remained a vigilant censor of diplomacy of adventure, labor movements, and socialistic agitation. It may be a strain in the blood, for he was a surgeon's son, but he has never ceased to diagnose the symptoms of what is unsound in democratic causes, to apply probe, cautery, and drastic surgery to evils of administration, and to dissect what is reckless or immoral in foreign or colonial policies. It has been an inconvenient trait of a discerning mind, for it arrayed the Newcastle miners against him when he opposed the eight-hour agitation; it exposed him to ridicule when he denounced British aggression in the Sudan; and it made the stern moralist of the Boer War almost as unpopular as Bright had been during the Crimean campaign; but it has produced cumulative proof of sincerity of purpose and courage of conviction. Whether he advocates Home Rule for Ireland or disciplines Indian agitators with an iron will, he has reasoned out the case with searching of heart as though he were an analyst of public morals, or the custodian of the national conscience.

His keen reasoning processes and political activities were quickened by Mill; his human sympathies were broadened by Cobden; and his sense of moral responsibility was deepened by Gladstone. The influence of Mill's writings and treatment of political reforms and social questions was profound. He became a radical democrat because the great logician had been one, and he employed the same critical methods of analysis and investigation. Moving on as high a plane of action, he has shown less pride of intellect and been less austere and more companionable. Mill deliberately limited his society to a very few persons. He was convinced that contact with the world should be slight for intellectual men, because they were out of place where they could not find inspiration for thought and were likely to deteriorate if they talked below their level. His disciple has been indifferent to what is ordinarily known as society; he has lacked patience for dinner parties, and has kept out of the great houses in town or country; he never makes an ostentatious display of his intellectual gifts; and is not a clubman beyond being a member of the Athenæum, the refuge of men of letters. He has lacked personal objects in social as in political life; yet he is more accessible than Mill, and never out of touch with the world. Cobden's writings and example have tended to make him more human in his interests and more practical in public work.

To the driving impulse of high, critical intellect has been added the regulating power of moral authority. This was Gladstone's gift to the friend whom he loved, and who could say this of him in unveiling the statue at Manchester: "Nobody in our time has shown a more resounding example of the great thing that a great man can make of a life." Loyalty to his leader was no small part of John Morley's religion. The biography was written with the reverent spirit of an evangel. In it he renewed his intimacy with a moral teacher who "had helped to keep the soul alive in England." When it was finished, there seemed little worthy of achievement. Parliament without Gladstone was a dull, ignoble assembly, where littleness of mind and frivolity of debate depressed him. While the habit of conscientious service has remained, the ardor has gone out of him. He is happier at Wimbledon among his books and dogs than at Westminster listening to the drone of debate or lounging among the gossips of the smoking-room. He labors strenuously at the India Office, and has mastered the complex details of business as few of his predecessors have done. Yet his heart is not there, but among the benignant ghosts of his library shelves, where there are no political maneuvers, no partisan vaporings, no faction intrigues, and where he finds the high level of thought and companionship which he has missed in public life since Gladstone left him.

His indifference to personal advantage helps to explain the great authority exercised by him. Public life can have little to offer him because he is in it from a sense of duty and not from any love of political strife, nor from any passion for making a brilliant reputation as a statesman. Without having either the ambitions or the worldly sagacity required for successful leadership, he has the disinterested qualities of a statesmanlike adviser. This has been his chief function since he broke away from the editorship of the Fortnightly Review and from English and French biographical studies, and became conspicuous in Parliament. For twenty years he has been directing out of sight the policies of the Liberal party in relation to Nationalists and Labor factions; yet there has never been an intrigue against him, and his claims to the leadership have not been urged. He has not been even second in command, yet his influence over one front bench after another has been unrivaled.

Whether "Honest John" was the persuasive missionary to convince Gladstone that Irish Home Rule was necessary, or was himself a convert to the veteran's noble altruism, he was the trusted adviser during a period of storm and stress. It was the intimate friend who held up the weary statesman's hands when he was grieved by desertions and disheartened by opposition; and when strength failed him and he was forced to retire to Hawarden, it was to the loyal adviser that he turned to take up the unfinished work. Gladstone was loquacious with chance acquaintances and reticent with Cabinet associates, but he had no secrets from John Morley. The truth was not known until the biography was published. He intended to name Lord Spencer as his successor, if the Queen were to ask for his advice. There were no comments on this disclosure, but his purpose was clear. He wished to place his Irish Viceroy on guard over the Home Rule cause, with the Secretary for Ireland behind the Prime Minister, and expected them to work together at Westminster as harmoniously as they had done in Dublin. His purpose failed, since the Queen did not solicit his counsel, but herself sent for Lord Rosebery.

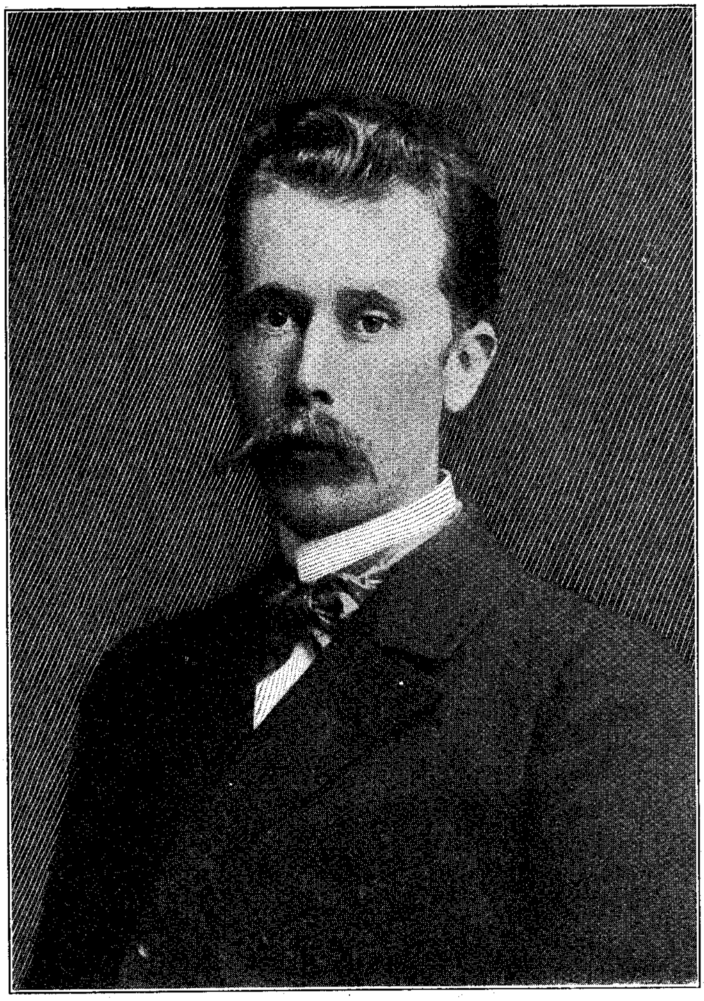
John Morley was Sir William Harcourt's loyal supporter in the Liberal leadership of the Commons, and was accepted as confidential mentor when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman formed a progressive Cabinet. He would have preferred the Treasury as his own post, and reluctantly took the India Office when Mr. Asquith was unwilling to stand aside. Yet he enjoyed the Prime Minister's confidence, and exerted a potent influence over the Administration. A silent figure at Westminster, he spoke decisively in Cabinet Council when the working millions had discovered how to bring their power to bear between the main political parties.

If he had been less high-minded he would have expected the Treasury when Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister, and would have resented the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He thrust aside his ambition as a vagary of old age, adapted himself to the new conditions, accepted a title that was distasteful to him, and went on with his work in the India Office as a public trust requiring strenuous service and incessant vigilance. There he is to be found day after day, plodding through blue books and official correspondence as though he were writing another biography of Cobden or Gladstone, instead of mastering the details of the government of hundreds of millions of the King's subjects in a new Orient reawakened by the triumphs of Japan. Possibly there is an added sense of detachment from his colleagues; he may work more mechanically and seem more absent-minded in talking with his friends; he may condemn with finer cynicism the lack of earnestness in public life, and complain that democratic reforms are not thought out with thoroughness and practical intelligence. Yet he works on from force of habit and with serenity of mind, is loyal to his new leader, and has faith in democracy.

John Morley seems to have absorbed much of that conservatism which lay at the bottom of Gladstone's complex nature and imparted continuity to a constant evolution of opinion from reactionary Toryism to progressive Radicalism. While consistently democratic in principles, he has repeatedly shown courage and persistency in opposing demoralizing tendencies in the working world. Always an abstract reasoner like Mill and never an organizer or agitator like Cobden, he has not been a doctrinaire, nor in frenzied haste to reform the world by leveling processes. An earnest advocate of hearty co-operation between Liberalism and Labor for the promotion of the welfare of the masses, he has recoiled from visionary schemes of common ownership and crude Socialism tending to discredit advanced thinking, to paralyze the energies of practical reformers, and to demoralize communities. Never turning away affrighted from social reform, like timorous ecclesiastics from modernism, he has been a moderating force in restraining and directing the democratic movement in England. His reserves of character, his intellectual discernment, and his sobriety of judgment have armed him with resources of power.

This Radical Viscount now reflects much of Gladstone's optimism respecting human progress, even when great causes are deferred and social issues are in a tangle of ignorance and prejudice. He has lost faith neither in the saving virtue of self-government for Ireland, nor in the ultimate regeneration of the masses by deliberate processes of education and democratic reform. Mill became a pessimist after a life devoted to radical speculation, and left on record in the "Autobiography" his despairing conviction that no great improvements in the lot of mankind were possible without a general transformation of religion, morals, and modes of thought—new heavens and a new earth. His disciple is not equally hopeless. He has been impressed with a great man's faith in the moral order of the universe. While he may hesitate to call himself religious, except as Dr. Arnold contended that one who begins with believing in morals ends by believing in God, he has been inspired with Gladstone's idea of the world as a sublime theater lighted by a ray from the divine Mind, where unselfish workers and conscientious thinkers are in "visible relations with the counsels of all time." If Mill was the saint of Rationalism, so John Morley is the prophet, if not the high priest, of Morality.

London.



PER HALLSTRÖM

THE LION[1]

BY PER HALLSTRÖM

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

SWEDISH literature reflects the national character, and shows a sensitiveness and urbanity lacking in the virile and intensely racial poetry and prose, the saga and later story, of the Norwegians. One country invites the eye with its broad and genial landscape; the other with its bold and rugged mountains and cliffs, its beautiful and striking fiords opening into the heart of the rocks. One people is suave, polished, loyal to a monarchy which is one of the survivals of the Napoleonic upheaval; the other is simple, hardy, direct, and intensely democratic in feeling, selecting a king rather than a president as a matter of expediency. With Denmark, the countries present all sides of the Scandinavian character and genius; for, widely as they differ, their resemblances are striking, and it is easy to understand the indignation of Ibsen at the indifference of Norway and Sweden when Germany stripped Denmark of her southern provinces a generation ago.

Longfellow, that sympathetic interpreter of the Old World story and romance to the New World, made Americans acquainted with the foremost figure in Swedish poetry, Esaias Tegnér, two generations ago by his rendering of "The Children of the Lord's Supper;" a strong, simple, musical soul to whose sensitive and poetic imagination the world made a never-ceasing appeal. The genius of the North and of youth and health were personified in the author of "Frithjof's Saga," whose maxim that poetry is the health of life, "a joyous leap over the barriers of every-day life," has an antitoxin quality for a great deal of the contemporary literature of disease.

Tegnér died in 1846; August Strindberg was born in Stockholm three years later; but between rolled the tide which separates the youth of the modern spirit from its premature age—an age brought on, not by the flight of years, but by over-sophistication, a disillusion due largely to partialistic views and to preoccupation with the pathological side of life. Tegnér could interpret the significance, at once simple and profound, of "The Children of the Lord's Supper;" Strindberg, who put his intellectual experience into a single terrible phrase, "to search for God and to find the Devil," is as old as the pessimism of Nietzsche can make a man. Of his genius, evidenced both by the originality and abundance of his work, there is no question; nor is there any question about the vein of insanity which touches that work as fatally as it touched the work of Maupassant. Forty volumes of lyrics, plays, fables, essays, novels, short stories, bear witness to his amazing fecundity and to the excessive irritability of nerves, the uncontrolled emotional impulse, which reveal mental unsoundness. A man of such force is not to be lightly judged because he departs from conventional standards; but it is the very essence of unreality to clothe such a mind with the authority of a great, sane interpreter of life.

Between these extreme types of the modern literary movement in northern

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Europe stand a group of men and women of various gifts, who have enriched the literature of Sweden, both in poetry and prose, in drama and fiction, with work of lasting value. Among them the figures of foremost importance are those of Runeberg, whose " Elk Hunters" in its vigorous and rugged realism is one of the most characteristic Swedish poems; Viktor Rydberg, distinguished both in history and fiction; Topelius, born, like Runeberg and Fredrika Bremer, in Finland, but writing in Swedish; and Selma Lagerlöf, one of whose tales appeared in The Outlook last month.

Per Hallström belongs to the younger generation of writers, and his work shows the influence of France and Italy, which has deeply affected the fiction of Europe for the last three decades. To this influence Hallström was especially responsive, because his gift is temperamental rather than creative, and his characteristic is charm rather than force. He is primarily a stylist, with a very nice feeling for words, rather than a virile exponent of the race temper and spirit. "The Lion," which The Outlook gives its readers this week in the group of stories from foreign sources, is a good example of his method and manner. Born in 1866, this graceful and sensitive writer came into literature, as the majority of writers have come, by an indirect course and after making trial in a different field. After graduating from a technical high school in Stockholm as a civil engineer, he came to this country in search of an opening and career. He was happy neither in his vocation nor in the air of America, which, in his field of labor, was alien to his tastes and interests. At the end of two years, spent largely in laboratory work, Hallström returned to Sweden, and later, after the traditional custom, published a book of impressions and a story, " The Shore Wind," which grew out of his exile. Much impaired in health, he found occupation as a clerk in a telegraph office.

The ferment of his spirit, at war with his practical work, bore fruit in 1891 in his first literary venture, a book of verse, "Lyrics and Fantasies." Three years later his name appeared on a volume of short stories entitled "Errant Birds," which was followed, a year later, by another group of tales with the enigmatic title " Purple." In these earliest works Hallström foreshadowed clearly the quality and limitations of his artistic career; delicate feeling, subtle analysis, and fastidious workmanship give them a place by themselves in Swedish fiction. The second volume, " Purple," is one of those experiments in which only men whose genius is derivative rather than original succeed; it is a wonderfully skillful *tour de force*, a triumph of technical skill. In eight narrative stories or sketches as many pictures of different epochs are presented, and in each the style is delicately adapted to the time and the material.

In 1896 Hallström's first novel, "An Old Story," appeared. It fulfilled the promise of the short tales which had preceded it, for it was a romance of idyllic refinement and charm. It might have been called "An Old-Fashioned Love Story," for it brought before a generation fast being swept into the current of change and progression, the quaint formality, the tender courtesy, and the rigorous observance of family authority with which the love-making of a previous age had been carried on.

A play in blank verse, "The Duke of Antwerp," which appeared in 1898, was also a love story in an idyllic vein; while "A Venetian Comedy," written somewhat later, speedily became one of the most successful contemporary plays on the

Swedish stage. Taking his plot from a story of Bandello's, to whom Shakespeare was also a debtor, Hallström elaborated a four-act drama against the Venetian background of canals, palaces, bridges, and lagoons. Humor and pathos were skillfully blended with charming scenic effects, and the drama moves in the atmosphere and color of the most poetic of cities. The playwright had everything ready to his hand in a plot and a background not only full of romantic quality, but exquisitely adapted to his sensitive genius. The same gift of delicate adaptation was shown in "The Story of Gustaf Sparfoert," a novel in form, but in reality a succession of studies of the representative poets of different epochs; against the background of each period skillfully and sympathetically setting, not only its characteristic poet, but its poetic ideal as well. The older and newer ideals of love are contrasted; and the lesson, as interpreted by another, is expressed in a sentence: "The quality which really humanizes is compassion; we must help one another even though happiness may suffer. Without compassion, love would be sensual ferocity."

A half-dozen other titles stand to the credit of this versatile and accomplished writer; but the brief characterizations of the books mentioned are sufficient to bring into clear view the sensitiveness of Hallström's genius, its idyllic nature, its passionate regard for perfection of form, and its secondary rather than original quality.

H. W. M.

AN ameer of the island of Gelbes, near Tunis, had presented to the city of Florence an adult lion, which was very large and very handsome. The ameer's motive does not matter: it may have been selfish, it may have been inspired by his friendly feelings for the enemy of the Pisans.

When the lion arrived, great crowds surged through the San Frediano gate to meet it. Drawn by a span of white oxen that snorted in their indefinite terror and quickened their cumbrous gait, the king of the desert was conveyed into the city through rows of onlookers, all attired in holiday dress, and to the music of joyous shouts and through clouds of fluttering caps, while the air seemed to be all a-tremble with the peal of bells. Back and forth the beast walked in its cage, with a nervous tramp that caused its bluish claws to stick out; but its head had a proud, quiet poise, and its eyes, whose pupils were dart-like in the sunlight, glared down contemptuously at the crowd and at all the inconceivable spectacle about it. The people had never seen a lion before. Their breasts swelled with pride and joy for their city, which now possessed even this phenomenon. To all it seemed as if they were escorting Victory itself. The same kind of defiance toward the envy of their foes touched every heart: that of the noble whose haunts of stone had been threatened with destruction, as well as the citizen's, who was conscious of the growth of strength and the desire of freedom in his breast.

A strong inclosure was erected in the Square of St. Giovanni behind the octangular church, which in those days had neither its garb of marble nor its paradisaic entrances. Into this inclosure the lion was taken, and after feeding their eyes to the full on the sight all day, the Florentines dispersed at dusk, when the beast's eyes began to flash as if with great yellow sparks.

The lion would lie immovable with its neck strained, keeping its head quite high and its look open and full of repose. Apparently it took notice of nothing that went on round about it, but was lost in a dream as it looked out toward a horizon seemingly greater than the ocean's, and toward a more fiery sun. To the incidents of the square, to the shouts of admiration and the intrusive curiosity of those who stood by its cage, it would only stretch the muscles of its body and contract the tendons of its hind legs an instant as if for a leap, then relax them again, but not a hair vibrated in its luxuriant mane, nor were its eyes distracted from its distant place of rest. It would leave its food untouched for hours to devour it after dark, after indulging in a leap and a roar that frightened children out of their sleep and caused horses to break loose in their stables—all the while with a loud purring as if to deceive itself that it was out of captivity, while the nocturnal silence gathered about its cage. The lion grew to be the idol of the Florentines and came to represent a sort of symbol of their city's magnificence and future. At times they brought it captured wolves, which animal was Sienna's, their arch enemy's, coat of arms, and rejoiced to hear them yelp like beaten pups, in terror, and without making the least attempt to resist the final mortal slap from the lion's paw. The lion never touched the dead bodies, however, but remained in an attitude of increased quietness, with, as it were, a taint of anger in its pride at having been disturbed.

One day the guard committed the careless act of leaving the gate unfastened. As the beast lay there dreaming, without changing a glint in its great golden eyes, it got up slowly. With a tap of its tail it knocked away the thing that barred its passage to freedom, as quietly as if it could have done the same at will, as if indeed it had only refrained from so doing because of its contempt for such an act. Still dreaming, still holding its head high and with the unvaried far-away expression in its eyes, it moved measuredly out upon the square and seized its freedom anew.

A wave of horror, worse than any yet experienced, spread through the town with miraculous speed. As when a sudden blast of wind shoots down among desiccated leaves, sea-grass, and bushes, whirling a thousand objects into the air noisily, creaking, bending everything before it, with similar effect did the sense of shock vibrate through the town. No one turned round to look. Beasts and men felt the presence of the calamity. The tramp of hurrying feet and hoofs left the square deserted. The adjoining streets were filled as if by a deluge, and before the echo of the tumult had died away the Florentines reached the reverberating walls. Each and all were concerned only with what was their own, and no one considered himself out of danger until he was safe inside his own house. At the gates terrified tongues wailed, hands hammered against the wood till they bled; casements and doors were locked, turnpikes bolted, and in the homes frantic counts were taken to ascertain if the whole family was present. In larger and larger circles the tumult spread out across the whole city; but in the center where it had started there grew an ominous tense silence, as if that spot had been transformed into a wilderness. Dreaming still, as if in the desert's solitude, the lion stalked on to the accompaniment of all the noise.

He took long, clumsy, though elastic strides. Nothing of his nervous gait in the cage was in his attitude now. He drew his breath calmly though sniffingly through sensitive and dilated nostrils. As always, its look slid by the queer foreign things, seeking objects far, far away—or had it already discovered what it had sought, and was it only dreaming on the journey thither?

From the topmost windows of their houses the people, doubtful and timid, looked down at the lion. They were armed, yet most of them were uncertain as to whether they had any right to slay the city's idol. By this time several persons had hurled their spears into the street; but not even by turning its head did the lion show that it heard the noise of the steel clashing against the floor of stone close beside it.

In those days there was no church in Orto San Michele, not even a market square, the place being simply a stretch of green meadow studded with bushes, and containing a little chapel and a statue of the archangel. It was then the custom to behead obstinate nobles here on revolutionary occasions. Now children were at play on the grounds.

They had taken no heed of the noise of the fleeing people. Only from the outer ranks of the throng had a few urchins been swept into the running crowds. In the center of the meadow, however, there was still a group of children playing without suspecting any danger. At the sight of the green grass the lion stopped short. The expression of its eyes changed.

It may be that it fancied now it was almost at home—here where the strange streets terminated, and where the grass grew soft under the foot. It was as if its great eyes left their distant goal to fix themselves upon the realities. The beast stood motionless, its legs bent backwards for a leap, and in its look there lay an expression at once playful and fierce as the lion measured the little ones moving about. Suddenly, observed by one of the children, there was a shriek, a mad dispersing as when a flock of chickens are scared to flight. The lion took the leap. The urchins scattered in every direction, all managing to escape, all but one little boy who lay prone on the ground. The lion placed its heavy paw upon his body, and sank down into an attitude of repose.

There is a particular story to tell concerning that boy.

Orlando was his name, and he was the child of a young, clever, and good-natured yarn-dyer called Gherado, who had been stabbed to death by a personal enemy, Pela the blacksmith in one of the many riots of the town. Sobilia, Gherado's wife, was at that period about to give birth to their first-born child. When she received the news of the murder, and just as the whole of her despair and hatred turned into a chaos of black and scarlet flashes, she felt the child stir under her heart for the first time. She was a hot-headed, passionate woman, but at this sign she stifled her cry and wept not a tear. She interpreted it as a promise of revenge, and she was assured that she would have a son. At the birth of the child no cry of pain escaped her lips. She lay, with cheeks flushed and eyes gleaming, singing those merry mad songs that used to resound above the tumult of armed riotous mobs, and her first caress to her child was so violent that she almost caused its death.

The child came to be her all. She held her head high in spite of her poverty. With a strange exuberant joy in her eyes she would return Pela's look whenever they met, making him glance away in awkward confusion. He suspected her thoughts, though he would have been ashamed to acknowledge fear even if the child were a man, for he had many sons and male relations, and, besides, was well able to defend himself. Orlanduccio grew up to be a very robust, vivacious, and strong lad for his years.

Sobilia was sitting at her distaff when the noise from the streets reached her ear. She leaped to her feet and rushed out. In reply to her questions she got scant information about the danger from people who would thereupon hurriedly shut themselves in, losing no time in locking their doors. All her thoughts centered around her boy, and she flew straight toward the thinning crowds, onward in the direction of the place of peril.

"Bilia!" the people cried. "Bilia, the lion is out. Go back!"

But she shook her head and went on even faster.

"Not thither, not thither!" they warned her. "'Tis at Orto San Michele that it is. Oh, listen, thou unfortunate one!"

Bilia caught the name—Orto San Michele. *There* was her son. Faster than ever she ran now.

In front of Pela's house she turned, according to her habit, to glance at his windows. There stood the man she hated, with his rosy-cheeked, robust children, safe behind his bolted doors in the strong house. Every face behind the panes was smiling with a sense of security after the fright. It seemed to her they were smiling insolently at her. This made her heart shrink from a pain the like of which she had not known since the moment of the news of her husband's death. Then, however, solace was near at hand, but now—now! She could have fallen to the ground, crushed by her impotent hatred. In the middle of her running, while the blood hammered in her temples and her breath came faint, thoughts began to take shape in her mind where only terror had reigned. Her lips moved quickly, as if transforming words into sound. She heard herself speaking in a queer, dismal voice, hoarse and dim, which broke the instant it reached a high key.

"Perhaps now—at this very moment—the beast is crushing his skull, as it did to the wolves. If I were there I could stop it by a cry; for then I should be able to breathe. I would frighten it by a glare. I would turn its wrath upon me by flapping my arms this way. I have only one child. That fellow has many. They are laughing at me. God and the angels, what will become of my revenge?"

She had now reached the square. There lay somebody—yes, Orlanduccio—who else could it be? Was he dead already, or was he still alive?

Instinctively, in spite of her terror, she felt that she must be calm. It was the only way to attain her aim. Therefore she found calm; she ceased running and began to walk with tentative slow steps toward the beast. Her impetuous state of mind caused her arms and hands to shake; the blood kept on pulsating in her veins with the sound of muffled drum-beats; her eyes were strained till they ached under the suspense of ascertaining if her son still lived.

He did not move. But there was no red stream, nothing shone ominous in the light; his small limbs did not lie limp, as if touched by the speedy transforming process of death. Indeed, he was quite unharmed.

Only now did she observe the lion and meet its eyes. The beast lay in its habitual attitude of ease, its head well raised and with a far-away look in its eyes.

Was it dreaming, as always? or thinking? Had it looked about and noticed how all those gray haunts of men shut out the horizon on every side? How futile it would be to attempt to find a way to freedom! The world was changed. It could not draw breath freely in it any more. It belonged to it no longer. Was it sorrow that showed in the dart-like glints of its eyes? Was it the light of a longing toward a vast yellow plain that extended out into an eternity of blue, aglow with sparkling lights, steeped in melted purple and copper, of a world that now perhaps possessed no more reality to its obscure memory than the visions of night—those out of which the beast had been roused by the chill of the air? Was it anything but pride, great frank pride that was left powerless in a world of trivialities, which allowed all things to sink away beside it and which dreams without caring to let its dreams take shape?

The beast even disdained to look down at the prey under its paw. When the boy stirred, the lion's claws crept half-way out, and sank in again with a nervous twitch, but they did not scratch Orlanduccio.

Not when Sobilia came up to it did the animal move its head. It merely dropped its eyes, now and then, to meet the woman's look.

Sobilia spoke to the lion.

In her excitement she had talked incessantly; now it came as a quite natural consequence to her that she should beseech and pray and make threats, for the sake of her dearest possession.

"Give him to me," she said. "Give him to me. Thou knowest not how much he is to me. Thou knowest not how much I need him. Look, others have so many things. They have riches, they have husbands, they have many children, they have fine horses and donkeys decorated at the mouth with red rosettes. They can go to bed satiated and contented. They can prance in fine clothes and hear others whisper words of envy as they pass by."

With contemptuous dignity, irreproachable in its dreams, the lion once more gazed into the far, far distance. Sobilia talked with increasing fervor. Now and then she paused with a gesture, to emphasize her speech.

"I have been in better circumstances. I laughed and was happy. I had a healthy and brave husband. A wretch killed him. Afterward I thought only of avenging his death. I sit at my distaff early and late. My fingers are hard and shine like wood. Behold!—The spindle whirls round and round, and at each revolution I think: 'If that thread holds this time, my purpose will be fulfilled some day. If that thread breaks now, it means his life.' Revenge, don't you see—what else can there be for me?"

The lion lowered its eyes again. Its look was strangely absent, strangely tranquil, yet, as it seemed to Sobilia, nearer now, and with something in it that persuaded her that it understood her better now, and she hastened breathlessly to seize the moment of opportunity.

"Revenge, seest thou? It is he, my Orlanduccio there, who shall take it. I have only him. I cannot have others, my husband being dead. Therefore 'tis Orlanduccio who must avenge him. Therefore thou must give him back to me."

She was quite close to the beast now and ready to bend over to grasp the child, for by this time the lion must of course be convinced. However, the animal did not move its tail, did not stir. It merely kept on looking at her, beyond her, toward the far-off place. She grew angry and shook her head threateningly at it.

"Art thou of the cowardly, who rejoice in tramping down the oppressed, in mocking those in rags? Art thou a dog, that one must beat thee off? Thou couldst have taken the children of Pela, the whelps of the murderer. He has a great brood of round, rich-blooded, detestable urchins. Thou didst not dare to. But thou thinkest thou mayest rob me, me and my all and my revenge."

She raised her arm to strike. Again the lion directed its gaze upon her. She encountered its great golden eyes, which were all ablaze with fierce destroying light. The woman shook, ready to give way to fear and tears. However, she fought herself free, conscious that all would be lost if she yielded an inch to emotion. Her gaze was resolutely fixed upon the lion's, and the beast once more peered into the distance with an expression of pathetic pride and indifference.

"No, no, dear friend, I see of course that thou art not of those. Let me take him now—no, no—keep back your claws. Don't scratch him. His skin is so tender. Now I stoop down. I trust thee. Thou wilt not harm him. Raise thy paw a little so that thou mayst not scratch him. There, there, now I have him. Thou hast not hurt him at all. I thank thee! I thank thee!"

Lying on her knees, she got the child into her grasp. Then she pulled him forth very slowly in order not to stir the lion's paw. Her head was close to the beast's nose. She could even feel its hot, dry, and, as it seemed, sharp breath in her hair.

But the lion made no movement—did not even seem to take notice of the child and her. Its paws lay soft on the ground, while its look did not drop one degree out of the level of its goal.

With extreme caution she crept back some few paces, with the child in her arms. She then felt free to stand up and take the boy into her embrace. Then and then only did she grow conscious of the whole danger. Up to this moment she had played a queer nervous game with it; but now her knees grew weak, and she felt faint when she attempted to rise. At the same time her first tremendous joy paled at the thought of how precarious it was. The danger seemed twice as great as ever.

The lion lay motionless, as if modeled in bronze, and had no thought of her as she softly crept back, embracing the child with arms that trembled, feeling with her cheeks and mouth to know if the boy was unhurt; while her eyes were still fixed upon the beaming look of the beast.

At length, stopping behind a bush, she ventured to look at the child. He was quite unharmed; he had not even lost consciousness. A wise instinct had told him to lie quite still in order not to arouse the lion, but he had hardly realized the extreme peril of his position.

The mother threw him into the air to catch him in her arms with a mad sense of rapture. Maria and San Michele, how beautiful he was! Not one of the round limbs wounded—only a little earth in the hair, easy to brush away. God! now emotion might flow out in an irresistible stream, infinitely tender, infinitely sweet. But no, the instant she met the dark eyes of the boy—darker than usual from surprise and terror—they reminded her of another pair of eyes, long since closed. The memory of all that she had spoken and thought in the moments of confusion came back to her. No tears fell. She had not wept then, in the long ago. No tears filled her eyes, but a joy and a triumphant hope, more sure of victory than ever before. She stared into her boy's eyes, which grew large and wise in their responsive gaze. They flashed too, as with the light of sparks.

"Thou didst hear, Orlanduccio, what I said to him. Thou dost understand why it was that he gave thee back to me?"

The child understood, and the same hard look that lingered in his mother's gaze entered into his.

Proud, determined, calm, and with a smile of almost contempt, she moved out upon the streets in the direction of her home.

"Bilia! Bilia!" they cried to her from the windows, "where hast thou been? Sawest thou the lion?"

Bilia threw back her head.

"It had taken my child, and I took him away from it again. It still lies yonder. Why do ye conceal yourself so anxiously, when a woman dared to go to it?"

And through the empty street she moved onward, the object of every one's marveling glances. She felt greater than a queen, with her head proudly poised and the child in her arms. In front of Pela's house she again looked to one side. They were still there; they were looking at her. But they did not laugh when she turned the child's head to face them.

"Look, Orlanduccio. There they are."

Whereat four eyes, strangely aglow with a sense of happiness and confidence, flashed toward them. The people in the window hardly understood what had happened, but they had a sense of some approaching ill.

Sobilia went on homeward, responding to the questions of those she met on the way. The men began to feel ashamed of their lack of courage, and gathered together to discuss what would be best to do. It was found that all the gates of entrance to the San Michele square could be locked, consequently the period of terror came to an end and action took its place.

The lion let the preparations for its capture go on with indifferent contempt. Its position had undergone no change: still motionless, apparently deaf to all that happened about it, blind to all save such things as had no existence anywhere but in the visions of night, where confusions and wonders disappear in the limbo of darkness.

It inhaled the air with slow sniffs, exhaling it in the same manner. No sense of recognition did it express. Its naked golden look sought nothing any more. The lion's eyes were motionless now only because it was not pleased to shift them, because nothing was worth glancing at any more, or worth doing. At last, dusk having set in and the old cage having been placed near it with food, it made an enraged leap into it from the field of the inconceivable, there to find rest and perhaps to go on dreaming.

Then there was great rejoicing among the people of Florence. On their shoulders they carried Orlanduccio and his mother, the news of whose strange adventure soon spread through the town. The boy came to be known as Orlanduccio del leone. As he had no father, it would appear that the lion had taken him into its protection. The lion and the honor of Florence had some right to him. Remarkable things were to be expected of the boy, and no one would have cared to exchange places with Pela.

That night Sobilia lay down to sleep in a happier mood than any person in the region of the waters of the Arno. Again and again she related the story of her deed, briefly and carelessly, but with pride. Many a time she locked herself in her house to rejoice over her child, all the confused thoughts of her brain liberated in a flow of confident words. When he slept, she would sit at the head of his bed, singing the same songs with which she greeted his birth, and seeming to live that moment all over again.

Time passed and Orlanduccio grew.

It was his pleasure to go to the San Giovanni square of his own accord, to look at the lion. Like others, he believed himself that his was a special privilege, and this feeling strengthened his courage and early awoke in him ambitious dreams. Sobilia suffered no longer from any need; her position had become an honored one. It was easy for her to sell her work, and it gave her a sense of satisfaction to walk by the house of Pela, for whom time grew heavy. He was conscious of the thoughts of the populace, knew what they expected would some day come to pass. His ancient debt loomed up before him with great vividness now, when the strength of his youth and its courage slowly but surely vanished. If he had desired to insure his position through the medium of a second crime (if he could have induced himself to do so in spite of its baseness), his first would have remained unpunished no longer, for in a certain sense Orlanduccio was now the adopted child of all Florence. Nearer and nearer sorrow was creeping to his house. His healthy children were visited by strange accidents. Two were drowned in the Arno, one lost its reason as the result of a shock sustained in a fire, his wife died, and already his friends had begun to desert him. Pela trembled now whenever he met Sobilia, and he lived constantly in the fear of a new catastrophe.

The lion, too, went on living out its destiny.

As is often the case with its kind, the beast contracted a cold on its chest due to the frost and damp of the past winters. He began to cough, his powerful limbs grew limp, he lay still no more, but walked nervously, whipping his tail from side to side and pressing his body against the bars of the cage.

At times he would tear at the iron bars with protruding claws and roar so that half the city awoke from its slumbers. But between the intervals of rage he looked calmer than ever, and his great yellow eyes would rest upon the people about him without revealing any sign of brutality—in a languid pensiveness that resembled gentleness. Orlando thought the expression of its eyes strangely pleasant and full of recognition when it met his. He would stand for hours before the cage, waiting for it to come forward, perfectly quiet, his face beaming and overcast by turns. When it finally came he was moved by a sorrow, a longing, a vague vision which he could not understand.

He stood in front of the cage on the day of the lion's death.

The beast lay on its side, breathing spasmodically. Its eyes were shut save when a sudden fit of coughing caused them to open mechanically. And then they were without expression, quite blank, clouded over, and seemingly as if ready for the coming death.

Orlando was loth to go away before the animal had given him a last look of recognition. He tarried after the other onlookers, chattering a while and expressing their regrets over the loss the city was about to sustain, went off to their business. At supper-time, when Sobilia came to take him home after having waited for him in vain, he still stood there alone. The lion was then lying perfectly still.

"Why, he's dead now! Come."

But Orlando made a sign for silence, and they heard a soft gurgling noise issue from the beast's chest. They could also see how the muscles of its body trembled and twitched, how their chords were drawn taut and bulging, as if the animal slept and were dreaming in sleep, and in the dream were gathering itself for a leap toward some unknown object.

"He must look at me first," said Orlando. "Wait. It will come soon. Now—"

With a jerk, in a single quick movement, the lion got upon its feet. It carried its heavy head, which looked larger and heavier now through its mane, high and free, without a quiver or an effort, as of old. As of old, too, its legs stood firm and powerful. Only in the fact that its claws were jabbed into the ground was it evident that its endeavor to conquer its weakness was costing it great pain. But strangest of all were its eyes.

They were large and bright again. Indeed, were they not brighter than ever? What was the beast looking at; of what was it thinking? Was it dreaming again?

Sobilia grasped her son's hand excitedly. She recalled the moment she faced the lion as now—only without the bars between them—and she grew afraid.

"Now come, I tell thee," she cried.

Without a word Orlanduccio withdrew his hand from hers.

"He is beautiful. He is beautiful," said the boy. "I wish to see more."

The lion heard him and looked down perplexed. Where was it? What had become of its visions? What was it that smarted and burned and quivered within its frame? What was that menacing thing before which even the king of the beasts shrank back in terror? In the half light, Orlanduccio met his look, which was strangely sad, despairing but restrained, and which spoke and was aware of much more than a child could apprehend. Vague sensations stirred in the lad's soul.

A glimpse only. In the next moment the lion turned its gaze upon the far, far horizon. Its colossal body quivered; a stream of blood oozed out of its mouth. It fell, and soon it lay motionless upon the floor of the cage.

The memory of the first meeting with the beast still lingered with Sobilia.

"Thou seest now that he is dead," she said. "Bear in mind now even more why he did spare thee and gave thee to me again."

Orlanduccio made a gesture of annoyance. Of course *that* matter was agreed upon. He would have his vengeance at the right moment. Revenge first—all the other great things would follow. But he was very thoughtful. In imagination he continued to see the lion's look, the expression of which he was unable to interpret.

Time went on and Orlanduccio grew.

He was almost a youth now; very strong, very daring, and lived up to the reputation of his name. Sobilia silently rejoiced each time she saw him undress at night for bed, observing the supple muscles and his quick movements.

"It will soon be time," she reflected. Orlando had the same thought. He went on to meet the crisis with dignified, resolute calmness.

Sorrow had crowded nearer and nearer to Pela. It was now defined, and he seemed to see in it the shadowy form of a lion lurking near his place at dark and gathering itself for an attack. What would transpire between now and the next sundown? he wondered. Perhaps the beast would leap this moment?

One by one his children fell into the chances of some strange disaster. One was thrown from a horse, another died from the wound of a rusty nail, a third from drinking a glass of too cold water. Whenever he faced Sobilia, encountering her jubilant look, he marked how she was inwardly calculating. Four left; three more than I! Three left, two too many. Still two too many, three too many. He clenched his fist to protect himself against her evil eyes, fearing her. Yet she recognized the fact with a sense of surprise that he had no hatred. Something was broken in his being; he was unable to feel hatred. On each occasion when one of his offspring had been torn away from him he suffered as only the bad can suffer, strangely conscious, however, of having lived in a shady grove, and now, as the trees were being felled, each blow of the ax gave him intolerable pain, and a flood of blazing light poured in upon him.

When his last child died of an illness, a miserable unknown disease, he was no longer capable of feeling sorrow on account of its death. His pain seemed to have too great a span to allow it to cherish any single object. He had become a stone—a Runic stone—that resounded and was animated with tones the human ear cannot fathom.

Sobilia trembled with joy when the last misfortune struck her foe; but also with unrest. It was high time for the performance of the deed. It might be too late to-morrow; the slowly ripening fruit could be plucked before vengeance was attained. With a voice whose mad violence penetrated spaces afar, she addressed her son:

"Thy father's dagger hangs upon the wall. There is yet time. Perhaps it will soon be too late."

Orlanduccio del leone took down the weapon and fastened it to his belt with an indifferent, careless smile. The thing must be done. So much had been agreed upon in the beginning. He had never wanted to discuss the matter, however, and was always displeased to think about it. It seemed to him so trite, so small, so simple a thing in contrast to all the accomplishments his youthful spirits had given him to dream about.

His affection for his mother had cooled, without his being aware of it. Sobilia expected the moment of vengeance to arrive now any day.

Even Pela expected it!

One evening he was walking outside the walls, homeward, in his usual depressed spirits. He had that day omitted his precautionary measures, and had no companion. The sun was setting, and all the broad Arno blazed behind the thin foliage of the poplars. He had turned his face toward it; his eye was blinded by the effulgence of light, and just as his power of sight began to return to him he had a sense of the presence of the phantom lion, which dashed circuitously about him, stooping for a leap. It was quite a while since he had seen it the last time, and in bitter surprise he mused: What wilt thou now, having taken all? Then he remembered that one thing remained: his own life. Calmly, though not without a chill, he strained his eyes toward the phantom and saw it dissolve into thin air. Approaching him on the road from the town came a slender figure—Orlanduccio del leone.

Pela understood at once. He went on with a heavier, more determined step. Though holding his dagger in his hand, he knew that he had no desire whatever to make use of it, not even in self-defense. He felt very old, very weary, as he stared at the dim outlines of the figure. Orlanduccio walked buoyantly and fast, the sun shining yellow in his face. His walk was almost like a dance for the rhythm of his semi-dormant strength. He looked at the old man, the contour of whose form was gilded by the light from behind, with careless contempt; and gazed on further toward the blue mountains and the water's flame-laden surface, and toward what the future concealed. No one else was in sight on the road.

When they faced each other they exchanged no words. The fight immediately followed Orlando's quick leap to the side to escape the glare of the light. Pela only parried the blows and did this so weakly that he soon staggered and fell down upon the green grass.

The youth started at the sight of blood on his hand. He stooped over to ascertain if his foe had received the full measure of punishment. The sunlight shone hot in his eyes; he saw but indistinctly, and at the same time, in the twilight of the hour, his look was drawn to something far away, to some half-forgotten memory.

Pela had received his mortal stroke. His body bore the mark of death as it fell.

But what attracted Orlanduccio's attention to him was the man's eyes.

Where had he seen that look before? When had that suspicion come to him as now, though still with a vaguer meaning? What was it that was shooting out of his memory?

The lion, the death of the lion long ago!

The dying man did not see his murderer—seemed indeed to have forgotten him in something more significant and great. He even spoke—but not with curses.

"Orlanduccio, I am sorry for thee. I have wronged thee. Thou hast wronged me. From the shoulders of one to the shoulders of another the heavy burden has been lifted—a link of the black endless chain. Will it never come to a close?"

Orlanduccio froze in a bitter coldness of heart, in melancholy and longing, as he stood there on the plain, the sinking sun's strong rays in his eyes, and his mind full of familiar sensations, memories, dreams, woven together with a vision unspeakably solemn.

In silence, thoughtfully, he went home after he had washed the blood from his hands in the waters of the Arno, which now ran gray and cold.

Looking out through the twilight, Sobilia's eyes flashed apprehensiveness. When he came up he answered her mute question.

"'Tis done!" he said, throwing down the dagger.

She was ready to leap forward, to

embrace and kiss him, yet, with a queer gesture, he held her at bay, and the tone of his voice opened up a gulf between them.

"I am come to say farewell to thee," said he, "but first of all to give that back to thee."

She did not feel the chill of his words in their meaning, only through their tone.

"Of course," she said. "Of course thou must flee for a short time. But that we can easily arrange."

"For a long time or a short—but never back to thee. Thou hast got what thou wouldst have; that should suffice thee. I—I have much to find. Dost thou recall the lion? Dost thou recall how he died? Now I've seen another die. Now I go away, I know not whither."

He walked off. Sobilia remained sitting in the dark. She played with the dagger, distractedly listening to its ring whenever it fell on the tiled floor. She tried to collect her thoughts, to understand, only to find herself groping blindly between a hard triumph and a bitter grief.

The expected story of the future of Orlanduccio del leone remained forever unwritten. The protégé of the lion never distinguished himself in the annals of Florence. Perhaps he worked elsewhere under an assumed name? Perhaps he had enough to do trying to find himself and discover his place in the riddle of existence.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE MERCY OF THE CLOUDS

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.—Psalm xxxvi. 5.

THEOLOGY has sometimes treated God with a familiarity that is akin to contempt; treated him, as Matthew Arnold has said, as though he were our next-door neighbor. Our theologians have attempted to give us a phrenological chart of the Almighty; a comprehensive catalogue of his attributes. Reacting against this unnatural and irreverent endeavor to measure the Eternal, there has grown up an agnosticism which declares the Eternal to be the Unknowable. It affirms that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, but if we ask, What is its nature? replies, Impossible to tell. Is it a good Energy or a bad Energy? John Stuart Mill replies, We do not know. Is it a personal Energy or an impersonal Energy? Herbert Spencer replies, No one can answer the question. Is it an Energy that loves men and cares for them? Agnosticism replies, We do not know, but it is not an Energy that we can love, or for which we can care.

An Infinite Energy may fill us with awe, but it does not invite our reverence. We worship righteousness, not power. We may tremble before Almightiness, but we worship only All-lovingness.

"For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid his worlds, I will dare to say."

Agnosticism gives us no object for our worship, and yet the instinct for worship will not be downed. So there comes to the rescue of man's higher nature, to the supply of his higher needs, the spirit of Positivism, or Humanitarianism, thus defined by one of its great representatives, Professor Clifford:

> The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away before us, and as the mist of his presence floats aside we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a still grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of soul, the face of our Father *Man* looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am."

Thus the paganisms of the past repeat themselves in the paganisms of the present: There is no God but nature;

or, There is no God but man. There is no God that we can know—that is the paganism of the Orient; or else, There is no God but a deified humanity—that is the paganism of Rome.

Contrast with these two paganisms the teaching of the clouds as it is interpreted by the Hebrew poets. God is more than humanity; he is not of the earth, earthy. He is an Unknown, dwelling in a mystery too great for our littleness to comprehend: "Thick clouds and darkness are round about him." "He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." "He maketh the clouds his chariot; he walketh upon the wings of the wind." The thunder is the sound of his voice; but he is more than the thunder. The lightning is the flashing of his eye; but he is more than the lightning. The quaking of the earth is the tread of his feet; but he is more than the earthquake. The still, small voice that speaks to you when you say to yourself, "Be still, and know that he is God," is his voice; but he is more than this voice.

But though he dwells above us, he also comes down to us. His pavilion is in the clouds, and yet he comes like the rain and the dew to give life to the earth. He is our atmosphere, and in him we live and move and have our being. Before his majestic power, as before the power of the tempest, all human handiwork is naught, yet his gentleness is like dew on Hermon. Listen to the double message which the clouds perpetually bring, as messengers from Him: "I am the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity; I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Listen to the antiphonal service which every drought and every refreshing rain repeats: the earth crying out, "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness;" the heavens answering, "Let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together."

To modern science nature is a great machine of which man takes advantage, using it for his material benefit. To the ancient Hebrew nature was a great book full of inspirational truth; a revelation of Him who has not only made the world but animates and reveals himself through it. The sea interprets the beneficent mystery of his judgments; the mountains, the majestic helpfulness of his righteousness; the trees, the abundance of his generosity; the clouds, the condescension of his continual companionship.

Comment on Current Books

The Romance of Roman Villas

Mrs. Champney is always an agreeable writer, and she has made in her new volume[1] excellent use of the abundant material in the field indicated by the title. The present book deals only with the villas of the Renaissance period, such as the Borghese, the Medici, the Colonna, the d'Este, the Farnesina, and the Hadrian, while the Vatican figures as the Villa of Belvedere. The art side of these noble and beautiful old palaces is tempting; but apart from the photogravures with which the volume is adorned the author has, as a rule, abstained from description and kept strictly to her plan of relating the legends and romances belonging to the villas. One is surprised to find how extensive this material is and how readily the history and life of the villas lend themselves to romantic story-telling. The author has put the tales into the form of semi-fiction and has endowed them with real literary charm. It is early to speak of holiday books; but there are many lovers of Rome and of the Renaissance who would find this most acceptable as a gift.

The Tower of London

It is true, as Mr. Arthur Poyser, who furnishes the text of this volume,[1] remarks, that a full history of the Tower would read like an attenuated sketch of the history of England. This is really what Dixon's large and well-known work is. The object of the present book is less ambitious, and therefore, for most people, more acceptable. There is sufficient in the way of historical sketch, of description of the several towers, chapels, and chambers, and of anecdote about famous prisoners to make the work valuable without overloading it with detail. The illustrations are in color from paintings made expressly for the book by John Fulleylove, R.I., and they bring back most acceptably (and especially so to Americans whose first visit to the Tower is an event in their lives) the picturesque and noteworthy aspects of the "mighty pile" of England's famous fortress and state prison.

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[1] Romance of Roman Villas (The Renaissance). By Elizabeth W. Champney. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50, net.

[1] The Tower of London. Described by Arthur Poyser. Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50, net.

Some Entertaining Letters Edward Lear's name recalls to every one his famous nonsense verses, such as "The Owl and the Pussy Cat;" and, in point of fact, he did not write much of lasting value apart from his whimsical and fantastic verse Yet he was an interesting man, and decidedly an original one. His real work was that of an artist; and he had the honor of being drawing-master to the young Queen Victoria. He traveled a great deal, and his observations on what he saw are often serious, but more often amusing in a high degree. Lear was an indefatigable letter-writer, and he had many friends of high standing in English society. It has therefore been easy to make up a volume of lively and jolly letters[1] from him; and their entertaining quality is greatly augmented by the countless caricatures and odd bits of drawing with which he was wont once to adorn his letters, much as did Thackeray. The book is exactly of the kind which one can pick up from a shelf in an odd minute of spare time and dip into here and there with enjoyment. The publishers have given it a handsome form physically, and in addition to Lear's own sketches there are many full-page pictures. The book is edited by Lady Strachey, who was long Mr. Lear's friend.

A Guide for the Perplexed This volume—a revision of the second edition—comprises letters and lectures addressed by the Jewish teacher Maimonides to a certain perplexed pupil. It is of interest, first of all, to Jews. It not only explains difficult Old Testament passages, but it brings order into the chaos of Rabbinical literature. The book is divided into three parts: the first treats of the anthropomorphic expressions found in the Bible; the second, of eternity and the creation of the world; the third, of the Bible commandments. More even than those other works of Maimonides, "The Repetition of the Law" and "The Book of the Commandments," this "Guide for the Perplexed"[1] reflects the Judaism of the Middle Ages. In particular, it naturally reflects the Judaism of the great mediæval theological thinker, the first to condense the Jewish dogmas into Thirteen Articles of Faith. The book is of interest, secondly, to students of comparative religions and of the history of intellectual development, for the work is an attempt to bring Jewish and Greek philosophy into harmony with an extremely interesting age of learning, the Cordovan. It seems strange that the Spanish city of Cordova should mark a more brilliant Mohammedan intellectual epoch than ever obtained in Asia or Africa. The Cordovan Age lasted three hundred years in glory, and was the more remarkable because the rest of Europe was sunk in darkness. At its very close, the rest of Europe emerged into buoyancy and brilliance in the great Gothic Age. It was just at this juncture that two philosophers, one a Mohammedan, the other a Jew—Averrhoes and Maimonides—added crowning renown to Cordova. These men were close contemporaries; they died within a few years of each other, the first passing away in 1198 and the second in 1204. They were also closely associated in their professional careers: Averrhoes was a jurist and physician; Maimonides was also a physician. Both were philosophers, and both were commentators on Aristotle; both instructed their fellow-religionists in the greater freedom of the Aristotelian philosophy. Both wrote in Arabic. In later life both men occupied important positions: Averrhoes was Kadi of Cordova; Maimonides, Rabbi of Cairo. Finally, both men were suspected by the stricter sort of Mohammedans and Jews of being heretics. Each man's writings had caused severe criticism among the narrow constructionists, whether Mohammedan or Jewish, who, like those of to-day, took fright at any apparent rationalism. Among broad constructionists everywhere, however, these philosophers were hailed as they deserved. Dante even puts Averrhoes alongside other glorious sages of the heathen world. Many Christian schoolmen also admired the commentaries of Maimonides equally with the more pantheistic interpretations of Averrhoes, gladly recognizing the fact that philosophic truth in general had become the gainer. A distinct echo of the philosophy of Maimonides was to be found some centuries later in the system of Spinoza.

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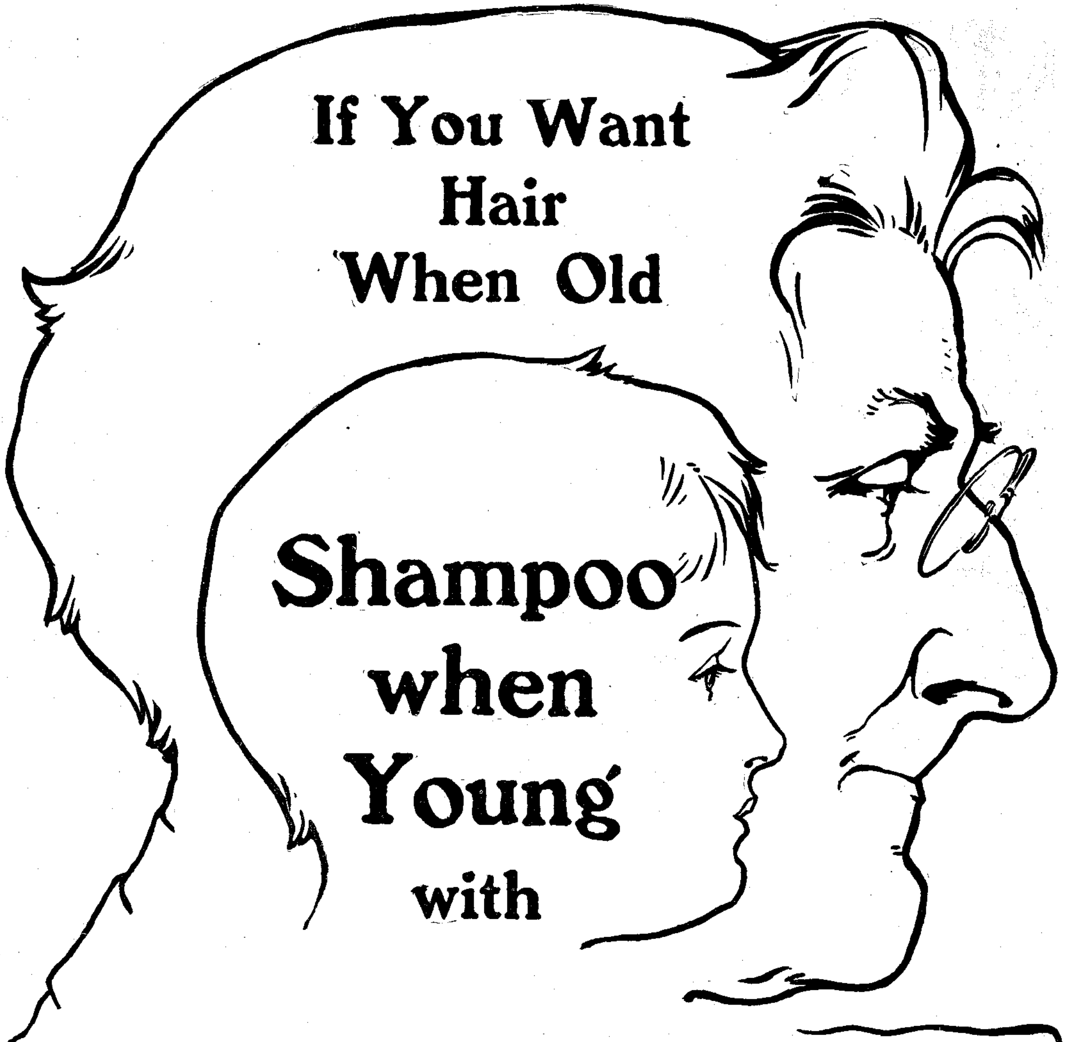
[1] Letters of Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Strachey. Duffield & Co., New York. $3.50.

[1] The Guide for the Perplexed. By Moses Maimonides. Translated by M. Friedländer, Ph.D. (Second Edition, Revised.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.



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¶ All first-class dealers sell ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonic. Be sure to get the genuine ED. PINAUD'S. Avoid inferior substitutes.

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